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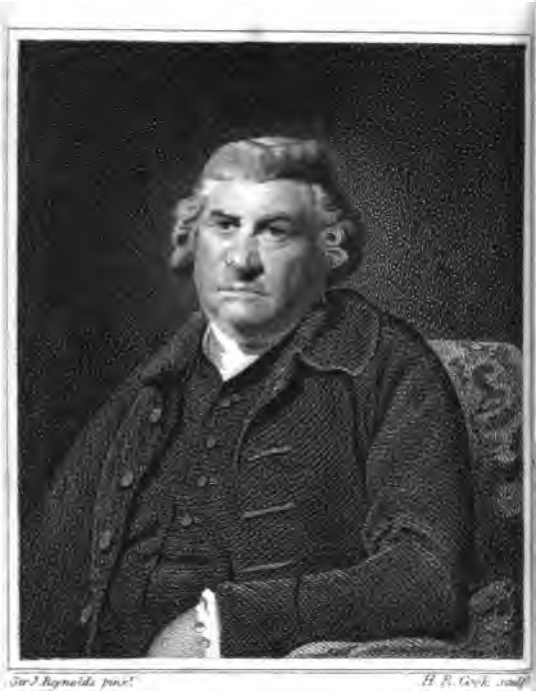

THE REV.D THOMAS WARTON.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER:

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

AND

THE CRITICAL REMARKS

OF

HUGHES, SPENCE, WARTON, UPTON, AND HURD.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit. POPE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

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SPENSER'S POEMS.

MR. HUGHES'S

ESSAY

ON

ALLEGORICAL POETRY.

It is a misfortune, as Mr. Waller observes, which attends the writers of English poetry, that they can hardly expect their works should last long in a tongue which is daily changing; that, whilst they are new, envy is apt to prevail against them; and, as that wears off, our language itself fails. Our poets, therefore, he says, should imitate judicious statuaries, that choose the most durable materials; and should carve in Latin or Greek, if they would have their labours preserved for ever.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage he has mentioned, we have two ancient English poets, Chaucer and Spenser, who may, perhaps, be reckoned as exceptions to this remark: these seem to have taken deep root, like old British oaks, and to flourish in defiance of all the injuries of time and weather. The former is, indeed,

much more obsolete in his style than the latter; but it is owing to an extraordinary native strength in both that they have been able thus far to survive amidst the changes of our tongue, and seem rather likely, among the curious at least, to preserve the knowledge of our ancient language, than to be in danger of being destroyed with it, and buried under its ruins.

Though Spenser's affection to his master Chaucer led him in many things to copy after him, yet those who have read both will easily observe that these two geniuses were of a very different kind. Chaucer excelled in his characters, Spenser in his descriptions. The first studied humour, was an excellent satirist, and a lively but rough painter of the manners of that rude age in which he lived; the latter was of the serious turn, had an exalted and elegant mind, a warm and boundless fancy, and was an admirable imager of virtues and vices, which was his particular talent. The embellishments of description are rich and lavish in him beyond comparison; and as this is the most striking part of poetry, especially to young readers, I take it to be the reason that he has been the father of more poets among us than any other of our writers; poetry being first kindled in the imagination, which Spenser writes to more than any one, and the season of youth being the most susceptible of the impression. It will not seem strange, therefore, that Cowley,

as himself tells us, first caught his flame by reading Spenser; that our great Milton owned him for his original, as Mr. Dryden assures us; and that Dryden studied him, and has bestowed more frequent commendations on him than on any other English poet.

The most known and celebrated of his Works, though I will not say the most perfect, is the *Faerie Queene*: it is conceived, wrought up, and coloured with a stronger fancy, and discovers more the particular genius of Spenser than any of his other writings. The Author, in a Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, having called this poem a continued allegory, or dark conceit, it may not be improper to offer some Remarks on Allegorical Poetry in general, by which the beauties of this Work may more easily be discovered by ordinary readers. I must, at the same time, beg the indulgence of those, who are conversant with critical discourses, to what I shall here propose; this being a subject something out of the way, and not expressly treated upon by those who have laid down rules for the art of poetry.

An Allegory is a fable or story in which, under imaginary persons or things, is shadowed some real action or instructive moral; or, as I think it is somewhere very shortly defined by Plutarch, it is that 'in which one thing is related, and another thing is understood.' It is a kind of poetical picture, or

hieroglyphick, which, by its apt resemblance, conveys instruction to the mind by an analogy to the senses, and so amuses the fancy, whilst it informs the understanding. Every allegory has, therefore, two senses, the literal and the mystical: the literal sense is like a dream or vision, of which the mystical sense is the true meaning or interpretation.

This will be more clearly apprehended by considering, that as a simile is but a more extended metaphor, so an allegory is a kind of continued simile, or an assemblage of similitudes drawn out at full length. Thus, when it is said that Death is the offspring of Sin, this is a metaphor, to signify that the former is produced by the latter, as a child is brought into the world by its parent. Again, to compare Death to a meagre and ghastly apparition, starting out of the ground, moving towards the spectator with a menacing air, and shaking in his hand a bloody dart, is a representation of the terrours which attend that great enemy to human nature. But let the reader observe, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with that exquisite fancy and skill this common metaphor and simile, and the moral contained in them, are extended and wrought up into one of the most beautiful allegories in our language.

The resemblance which has been so often observed in general between poetry and painting is

yet more particular in allegory, which, as I said before, is a kind of picture in poetry. Horace has, in one of his Odes, pathetically described the ruinous condition of his country after the Civil wars, and the hazard of its being involved in new dissensions, by the emblem of a ship shattered with storms, and driven into port with broken masts, torn sails, and disabled rigging, and in danger of being forced, by new storms, out to sea again. There is nothing said in the whole Ode but what is literally applicable to a ship; but it is generally agreed that the thing signified is the Roman State. Thus Rubens, who had a good allegorical genius in painting, has, in his famous work of the Luxemburg gallery, figured the government of France, on Lewis XIII.'s arriving at age, by a galley. The King stands at the helm; Mary of Medicis, the Queen-mother and Regent, puts the rudder in his hand; Justice, Fortitude, Religion, and Public Faith, are seated at the oars; and other Virtues have their proper employments in managing the sails and tackle.

By this general description of Allegory, it may easily be conceived, that in works of this kind there is a large field open to invention, which among the Ancients was universally looked upon to be the principal part of poetry. The power of raising images or resemblances of things, giving them life and action, and presenting them as it were before the eyes, was thought to have

something in it like creation; and it was probably for this fabling part that the first authors of such works were called Poets or Makers, as the word signifies, and as it is literally translated and used by Spenser; though the learned Gerard Vossius* is of opinion that it was rather for the framing their verses. However, by this art of fiction or allegory, more than by the structure of their numbers, or what we now call Versification, the poets were distinguished from historians and philosophers, though the latter sometimes invaded the province of the poet, and delivered their doctrines likewise in allegories or parables: and this, when they did not purposely make them obscure in order to conceal them from the common people, was a plain indication that they thought there was an advantage in such methods of conveying instruction to the mind; and that they served for the more effectual engaging the attention of the hearers, and for leaving deeper impressions on their memories.

Plutarch, in one of his discourses, gives a very good reason for the use of fiction in poetry, because 'Truth of itself is rigid and austere, and 'cannot be moulded into such agreeable forms as 'fiction can. For neither the numbers,' says he, 'nor the ranging of the words, nor the ele-'vation and elegance of the style, have so many 'graces as the artful contrivance and disposition

* De Arte Poetica, cap. 3, § 16. HUGHES.

of the fable.' For this reason, as he relates it after Plato, when the wise Socrates himself was prompted by a particular impulse to the writing of verses, being by his constant employment in the study of truth a stranger to the art of invention, he chose for his subject the Fables of Æsop, 'not thinking,' says Plutarch, 'that any thing could be 'poetry which was void of fiction.' The same author makes use of a comparison, in another place, which I think may be most properly applied to allegorical poetry in particular; that 'as 'grapes on a vine are covered by the leaves 'which grow about them, so under the pleasant 'narrations and fictions of the poets there are 'couched many useful morals and doctrines.'

It is for this reason, that is to say, in regard to the moral sense, that allegory has a liberty indulged to it beyond any other sort of writing whatsoever; that it often assembles things of the most contrary kinds in nature, and supposes even impossibilities; as that a golden bough should grow among the common branches of a tree, as Virgil has described it in the Sixth Book of his *Æneis*. Allegory is indeed the Fairy Land of poetry, peopled by imagination; its inhabitants are so many apparitions; its woods, caves, wild beasts, rivers, mountains, and palaces, are produced by a kind of magical power, and are all visionary and typical; and it abounds in such licences as would be shocking and monstrous,

if the mind did not attend to the mystick sense contained under them. Thus, in the *Fables of Æsop*, which are some of the most ancient allegories extant, the author gives reason and speech to beasts, insects, and plants; and by that means covertly instructs mankind in the most important incidents and concerns of their lives.

I am not insensible that the word Allegory has been sometimes used in a larger sense than that to which I may seem here to have restrained it, and has been applied indifferently to any poem which contains a covered moral, though the story or fable carries nothing in it that appears visionary or romantick. it may be necessary, therefore, to distinguish Allegory into the two following kinds:

The first is that in which the story is framed of real or historical persons, and probable or possible actions; by which, however, some other persons and actions are typified or represented. In this sense the whole *Æneis* of Virgil may be said to be an Allegory, if we consider Æneas as representing Augustus Cæsar, and his conducting the remains of his countrymen from the ruins of Troy to a new settlement in Italy, as emblematical of Augustus's modelling a new government out of the ruins of the aristocracy, and establishing the Romans, after the confusion of the Civil war, in a peaceable and flourishing con-

dition. It does not, I think, appear that Homer had any such design in his poems, or that he meant to delineate his contemporaries or their actions under the chief characters and adventures of the Trojan war: and though the illusion I have mentioned in Virgil is a circumstance which the author has finely contrived to be coincident to the general frame of his story, yet he has avoided the making it plain and particular, and has thrown it off in so many instances from a direct application, that his poem is perfect without it. This, then, for distinction, should, I think, rather be called a Parallel than an Allegory; at least in Allegories framed after this manner the literal sense is sufficient to satisfy the reader, though he should look no further; and, without being considered as emblematical of some other persons or action, may of itself exhibit very useful morals and instructions. Thus the morals which may be drawn from the *Æneis* are equally noble and instructive, whether we suppose the real hero to be Æneas or Augustus Cæsar.

The second kind of Allegory, and which, I think, may more properly challenge the name, is that in which the fable or story consists for the most part of fictitious persons or beings, creatures of the poet's brain, and actions surprising, and without the bounds of probability or nature. In works of this kind it is impossible

for the reader to rest in the literal sense, but he is of necessity driven to seek for another meaning under these wild types and shadows. This grotesque invention claims, as I have observed, a licence peculiar to itself, and is what I would be understood, in this discourse, more particularly to mean by the word Allegory. Thus Milton has described it in his poem called *Il Penseroso*, where he alludes to the *Squire's Tale* in Chaucer:

'Or call up him that left half-told
'The story of Cambuscan bold,
'Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
'And who had Canace to wife,
'That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
'And of the wondrous horse of brass,
'On which the Tartar king did ride:
'And if aught else great bards beside
'In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
'Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
'Of forests, and enchantments drear,
'Where more is meant than meets the ear.'

It may be proper to give an instance or two by which the distinction of this last kind of Allegory may more plainly appear.

The story of Circe, in the *Odyssey*, is an allegorical fable, of which there are perhaps more copies and imitations than of any other whatever. Her offering a cup, filled with intoxicating liquor, to her guests; her mingling

poison with their food, and then by magical arts turning them into the shapes of swine; and Ulysses resisting her charms by the virtue of an herb called Moly, which he had received from the god Mercury, and restoring his companions to their true persons, are all fictions of the last kind I have mentioned. The person of the goddess is likewise fictitious, and out of the circle of the Grecian divinities; and the adventures are not to be understood but in a mystical sense. The episode of Calypso, though somewhat of the same kind, approaches nearer to nature and probability; but the story of Dido in the *Æneis*, though copied from the Circe and Calypso, and formed on the same moral, namely, to represent a hero obstructed by the allurements of pleasure, and at last breaking from them, and, though Mercury likewise assists in it to dissolve the charm, yet is not necessarily to be looked upon as an allegory; the fable does not appear merely imaginary or emblematical; the persons are natural, and, excepting the distance of time, which the criticks have noted between the real Æneas and Dido, (a circumstance which Virgil, not being bound to historical truth, wilfully neglected,) there is nothing which might not really have happened. Ariosto's Alcina, and the Armida of Tasso, are copies from the same original: these again are plainly allegorical. The whole literal sense of the latter is a kind of vision, or a scene of imagination, and is every

where transparent, to show the moral sense which is under it. The Bower of Bliss, in the Second Book of the *Faerie Queene*, is, in like manner, a copy from Tasso; but the ornaments of description, which Spenser has transplanted out of the Italian poem, are more proper in his work, which was designed to be wholly allegorical, than in an epick poem, which is superiour in its nature to such lavish embellishments. There is another copy of the Circe, in the dramatick way, in a Mask, by our famous Milton, the whole plan of which is allegorical, and is written, with a very poetical spirit, on the same moral, though with different characters.

I have here instanced in one of the most ancient and best imagined allegories extant. Scylla, Charybdis, and the Syrens, in the same poem, are of the same nature, and are creatures purely allegorical: but the Harpies in Virgil, which disturbed Æneas and his followers at their banquet, as they do not seem to exhibit any certain moral, may probably have been thrown in by the poet only as an omen, and to raise what is commonly called the Wonderfull, which is a property as essential to epick poetry as probability. Homer's giving* speech to the river Xanthus in the *Iliad*, and to

* Homer's giving *speech* to *the* river *Xanthus*, *and to the* horses *of Achilles*, &c.] Homer's giving speech to the *horse*, (not *horses*) of Achilles, is indeed a bold fiction; but his giving speech to the river Xanthus is not so, nor ought it to be reckoned more marvellous than his making Jupiter and Juno speak: for Xanthus was not the water, the river, but *the god of the river*, as Neptune is the god of the sea. JORTIN.

the horses of Achilles, seem to be inventions of of the kind, and might be designed to fill the reader with astonishment and concern, and with an apprehension of the greatness of an occasion which, by a bold fiction of the poet, is supposed to have produced such extraordinary effects.

As Allegory sometimes, for the sake of the moral sense couched under its fictions, gives speech to brutes, and sometimes introduces creatures which are out of nature, as goblins, chimeras, fairies, and the like; so it frequently gives life to virtues and vices, passions and diseases, to natural and moral qualities, and represents them acting as divine, human, or infernal persons. A very ingenious writer calls these characters *shadowy beings**, and has with good reason censured the employing them in just epick poems. Of this kind are Sin and Death, which I mentioned before in Milton, and Fame in Virgil. We find, likewise, a large group of these shadowy figures placed in the Sixth Book of the *Æneis*, at the entrance into the infernal regions; but as they are only shown there, and have no share in the action of the poem, the description of them is a fine allegory, and extremely proper to the place where they appear.

'Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisq; in faucibus Orci,
'Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;

* Spectator, Vol. IV. No. 273. HUGHES.

' Pallentesq; habitant Morbi, tristisq; Senectus,
' Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas;
' Terribiles visu Formæ; Lethumq; Labosque;
' Tum consanguineus Lethi Sopor, et mala Mentis
' Gaudia; mortiferumq; adverso in limite Bellum;
' Ferreiq; Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens,
' Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.
' In medio ramos annosaq; brachia pandit
' Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam sedem Somnia vulgo
' Vana tenere ferunt foliisq; sub omnibus hærent.'

As persons of this imaginary life are to be excluded* from any share of action in epick poems, they are yet less to be endured in the drama; yet we find they have sometimes made their appearance on the ancient stage. Thus, in a tragedy of Æschylus, Strength is introduced assisting Vulcan to bind Prometheus to a rock; and in one of Euripides, Death comes to the house of Admetus to demand Alcestis, who had offered herself to die to save her husband's life. But what I have

* *are to be excluded*] Why so? And by what law? Somnus is introduced as acting in the *Iliad* more than once, as also in other heroick poems; and Ὕπνος καὶ Θανάτος, Sleep and Death, are appointed to carry off the body of Sarpedon, and have a place in Hesiod's *Theogonia*, ver. 759. In a poem which is built upon a Jewish or Christian plan, a mixture of true religion and fable, good and bad angels in one place, and Jupiter and Juno in another, is perhaps justly liable to censure, though great poets have not avoided it. But to allow a poet to introduce Mars and Minerva, and to forbid him to make use of Sleep, and Death, and Fear, and Discord, &c. as actors, seems to be injudicious, founded upon a weak prejudice, that the latter have not in our imagination as good a right to be persons as the former. The heathen *theology* is to be taken from the heathen writers; and whatever is a deity in Homer and Hesiod, has perpetual and incontestible right to be a poetical god.
JORTIN.

here, said of epick and dramatick poems does not extend to such writings, the very frame and model of which is designed to be Allegorical; in which, therefore, as I said before, such unsubstantial and symbolical actors may be very properly admitted.

Every Book of the *Faerie Queene* is fruitful of these visonary beings, which are invented and drawn with a surprising strength of imagination. I shall produce but one instance here, which the reader may compare with that just mentioned in Virgil, to which it is no way inferior; it is in Book II. where Mammon conducts Guyon through a cave under ground to show him his treasure.

'At length they came into a larger space,
'That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,
'Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
'That streight did lead to Plutoe's grisely rayne:
'By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
'And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
'The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
'The other brandished a bloody knife;
'And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten Life.

'On the other side in one consort there sate
'Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
'Disloyal Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
'But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
'Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
'And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
'And found no place wher safe he shroud him might:

'Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
'And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

'And over them sad Horror with grim hew
'Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
'And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
'The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
'Of death and dolor telling sad tidings:
'Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
'A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
'That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
'Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

'All these before the gates of Pluto lay, &c.'

The posture of Jealousy, and the motion of Fear, in this description, are particularly fine. These are instances of Allegorical persons, which are shown only in one transient view. The reader will every where meet with others in this Author, which are employed in the action of the poem, and which need not be mentioned here.

Having thus endeavoured to give a general idea of what is meant by Allegory in poetry, and shown what kind of persons are frequently employed in it, I shall proceed to mention some properties which seem requisite in all well-invented fables of this kind.

There is no doubt but men of critical learning, if they had thought fit, might have given us rules about Allegorical writing, as they have done about epick, and other kinds of poetry; but they

have rather chosen to let this forest remain wild, as if they thought there was something in the nature of the soil which could not so well be restrained and cultivated in enclosures. What Sir William Temple observes about rules in general, may perhaps be more particularly applicable to this; that 'they may possibly hinder some from being very bad poets, but are not capable of making any very good one.' Notwithstanding this, they are useful to help our observation in distinguishing the beauties and the blemishes in such works as have been already produced. I shall therefore beg leave to mention four qualities which I think are essential to every good Allegory; the three first of which relate to the Fable, and the last to the Moral.

The first is, that it be lively and surprising. The Fable, or literal sense, being that which most immediately offers itself to the reader's observation, must have this property, in order to raise and entertain his curiosity. As there is, therefore, more invention employed in a work of this kind than in mere narration, or description, or in general amplifications on any subject, it consequently requires a more than ordinary heat of fancy in its first production. If the Fable, on the contrary, is flat, spiritless, or barren of invention, the reader's imagination is not affected, nor his attention engaged, though the instruction

conveyed under it be ever so useful or important.

The second qualification I shall mention is elegance, or a beautiful propriety and aptness in the Fable to the subject on which it is employed. By this quality the invention of the poet is restrained from taking too great a compass, or losing itself in a confusion of ill-sorted ideas. Such representations as that mentioned by Horace, of dolphins in a wood, or boars in the sea, being fit only to surprise the imagination, without pleasing the judgment. The same Moral may likewise be expressed in different Fables, all of which may be lively and full of spirit, yet not equally elegant, as various dresses may be made for the same body, yet not equally becoming. As it therefore requires a heat of fancy to raise images and resemblances, it requires a good taste to distinguish and range them, and to choose the most proper and beautiful, where there appears an almost distracting variety. I may compare this to Æneas searching in the wood for the golden bough; he was at a loss where to lay his hand, till his mother's doves, descending in his sight, flew before him, and perched on the tree where it was to be found.

Another essential property is, that the Fable be every where consistent with itself. As licentious as Allegorical fiction may seem in some re-

spects, it is, nevertheless, subject to this restraint. The poet is, indeed, at liberty in choosing his story, and inventing his persons, but, after he has introduced them, he is obliged to sustain them in their proper characters, as well as in more regular kinds of writing. It is difficult to give particular rules under this head; it may suffice to say that this wild nature is, however, subject to an economy proper to itself; and, though it may sometimes seem extravagant, ought never to be absurd. Most of the Allegories in the *Faerie Queene* are agreeable to this rule; but in one of his other poems the Author has manifestly transgressed it; the poem I mean is that which is called *Prothalamion*. In this the two brides are figured by two beautiful swans sailing down the river Thames. The Allegory breaks, before the reader is prepared for it; and we see them, at their landing, in their true shapes, without knowing how this sudden change is effected. If this had been only a simile, the poet might have dropped it at pleasure; but, as it is an Allegory, he ought to have made it of a piece, or to have invented some probable means of coming out of it.

The last property I shall mention is, that the Allegory be clear and intelligible; the Fable being designed only to clothe and adorn the Moral, but not to hide it, should, methinks, resemble the draperies we admire in some of the

ancient statues, in which the folds are not too many, nor too thick, but so judiciously ordered, that the shape and beauty of the limbs may be seen through them.

It must be confessed, that many of the ancient Fables appear to us, at this distance of time, very perplexed and dark; and, if they had any Moral at all, it is so closely couched, that is very difficult to discover it. Whoever reads the Lord Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*, will be convinced of this. He has employed a more than ordinary penetration to decipher the most known traditions in the Heathen mythology; but his interpretations are often far-fetched, and so much at random, that the reader can have no assurance of their truth. It is not to be doubted that a great part of these fables were allegorical, but others might have been stories designed only to amuse, or to practise upon the credulity of the vulgar; or the doctrines they contained might be purposely clouded, to conceal them from common knowledge. But though, as I hinted in the former part of this discourse, this may have been a reason among philosophers, it ought not to be admitted among poets. An Allegory which is not clear is a riddle, and the sense of it lies at the mercy of every fanciful interpreter.

Though the epick poets, as I have shown, have sprinkled some Allegories through their poems, yet it would be absurd to endeavour to

understand them every where in a mystical sense. We are told of one Metrodorus Lampsacenus, whose works are lost, that turned the whole writings of Homer into an Allegory: it was, doubtless, by some such means that the principles of all arts and sciences whatever, were discovered in that single author; for nothing can escape an expositor who proceeds in his operations like a Rosycrucian, and brings with him the gold he pretends to find.

It is surprising that Tasso, whose *Jerusalem* was, at the time when he wrote, the best plan of an epick poem after Virgil, should be possessed with this affectation, and should not believe his work perfect till he had turned it into a mystery. I cannot help thinking that the Allegory, as it is called, which he has printed with it, looks as if it were invented after the poem was finished. He tells us that the Christian army represents man; the city of Jerusalem, civil happiness; Godfrey, the understanding; Rinaldo and Tancred, the other powers of the soul; and that the body is typified by the common soldiers; with a great deal more that carries in it a strong cast of enthusiasm. He is indeed much more intelligible when he explains the flowers, the fountains, the nymphs, and the musical instruments, to figure to us sensual pleasures under the false appearance of good; but, for the rest, I appeal to any one who is acquainted with that poem, whether he would ever have discovered these mysteries if the poet

had not let him into them? or whether even, after this, he can keep them long in his mind while he is reading it?

Spenser's conduct is much more reasonable. As he designed his Poem upon the plan of the Virtues by which he has entitled his several Books, he scarce ever loses sight of this design, but has almost every where taken care to let it appear. Sir William Temple, indeed, censures this as a fault, and says, that though his flights of fancy were very noble and high, yet his moral lay so bare that it lost the effect: but I confess I do not understand this: a moral which is not clear is, in my apprehension, next to no moral at all.

It would be easy to enumerate other properties, which are various, according to the different kinds of Allegory, or its different degrees of perfection. Sometimes we are surprised with an uncommon moral, which ennobles the fable that conveys it; and at other times we meet with a known and obvious truth, placed in some new and beautiful point of light, and made surprising by the fiction under which it is exhibited. I have thought it sufficient to touch upon such properties only as seem to be the most essential, and perhaps many more might be reduced under one or other of these general heads.

I might here give examples of this noble and ancient kind of writing out of the Books of Holy

Writ, and especially the Jewish Prophets, in which we find a spirit of poetry surprisingly sublime and majestick; but these are obvious to every one's reading. The East seems indeed to have been principally the region of these figurative and emblematical writings. Sir John Chardin, in his *Travels*, has given us a translation of several pieces of modern Persian poetry, which show that there are traces of the same genius remaining among the present inhabitants of those countries. But, not to prolong this Discourse, I shall only add one instance of a very ancient Allegory, which has all the properties in it I have mentioned; I mean that in Xenophon, of the Choice of Hercules, when he is courted by Virtue and Pleasure, which is said to have been the invention of Prodicus. This fable is full of spirit and elegance; the characters are finely drawn, and consistent, and the moral is clear. I shall not need to say any thing more of it, but refer the reader to the second volume of the Tatler, where he will find it very beautifully translated.

After what has been said, it must be confessed that, excepting Spenser, there are few extraordinary instances of this kind of writing among the Moderns. The great mines of invention have been opened long ago, and little new ore seems to have been discovered or brought to light by latter ages. With us the art of framing fables,

apologues, and allegories, which was so frequent among the writers of antiquity, seems to be, like the art of painting upon glass, but little practised, and in a great measure lost. Our colours are not so rich and transparent, and are either so ill prepared, or so unskilfully laid on, that they often sully the light which is to pass through them, rather than agreeably tincture and beautify it. Boccalini must be reckoned one of the chief modern masters of Allegory; yet his *Fables* are often flat and ill chosen, and his invention seems to have been rather fruitful than elegant. I cannot, however, conclude this Essay on Allegory without observing, that we have had the satisfaction to see this kind of writing very lately revived by an excellent genius among ourselves, in the true spirit of the Ancients. I need only mention the Visions in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, by Mr. Addison, to convince every one of this. The Table of Fame, the Vision of Justice, that of the different Pursuits of Love, Ambition, and Avarice; the Vision of Mirza, and several others; and especially that admirable Fable of the two Families of Pain and Pleasure, which are all imagined and writ with the greatest strength and delicacy, may give the reader an idea, more than any thing I can say, of the perfection to which this kind of writing is capable of being raised. We have likewise, in the second volume of the *Guardian*, a very good example, given us

by the same hand, of an Allegory in the particular manner of Spenser. HUGHES.

MR. HUGHES'S

REMARKS

ON THE FAERIE QUEENE.

BY what has been offered in the foregoing Discourse on Allegorical Poetry, we may be able not only to discover many beauties in the *Faerie Queene*, but likewise to excuse some of its irregularities. The chief merit of this poem consists in that surprising vein of fabulous invention which runs through it, and enriches it every where with imagery and descriptions more than we meet with in any other modern poem. The Author seems to be possessed of a kind of poetical magick; and the figures he calls up to our view rise so thick upon us, that we are at once pleased and distracted by the exhaustless variety of them, so that his faults may, in a manner, be imputed to his excellencies: his abundance betrays him into excess, and his judgment is overborne by the torrent of his imagination.

That which seems the most liable to exception in this Work is the model of it, and the choice the Author has made of so romantick a story.

The several Books appear rather like so many several poems than one entire fable: each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest; and though some of the persons make their appearance in different Books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince Arthur is, indeed, the principal person, and has therefore a share given him in every Legend; but his part is not considerable enough in any one of them: he appears and vanishes again like a spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon to consider him as the hero of the Poem.

These are the most obvious defects in the Fable of the *Faerie Queene*. The want of unity in the story makes it difficult for the reader to carry it in his mind, and distracts too much his attention to the several parts of it; and indeed the whole frame of it would appear monstrous, if it were to be examined by the rules of epick poetry, as they have been drawn from the practice of Homer and Virgil: but as it is plain the Author never designed it by those rules, I think it ought rather to be considered as a poem of a particular kind, describing, in a series of Allegorical adventures or episodes, the most noted virtues and vices. To compare it, therefore, with the models of Antiquity, would be like drawing a parallel between the Roman and the Gothick architecture. In the first there is, doubtless, a more natural grandeur and simplicity;

in the latter we find great mixtures of beauty and barbarism, yet assisted by the invention of a variety of inferior ornaments; and, though the former is more majestick in the whole, the latter may be very surprising and agreeable in its parts.

It may seem strange, indeed, since Spenser appears to have been well acquainted with the best writers of Antiquity, that he has not imitated them in the structure of his story. Two reasons may be given for this: the first is, that, at the time when he wrote, the Italian poets, whom he has chiefly imitated, and who were the first revivers of this art among the Moderns, were in the highest vogue, and were universally read and admired: but the chief reason was, probably, that he chose to frame his Fable after a model which might give the greatest scope to that range of fancy which was so remarkably his talent. There is a bent in nature which is apt to determine men that particular way in which they are most capable of excelling; and, though it is certain he might have formed a better plan, it is to be questioned whether he could have executed any other so well.

It is probably for the same reason that, among the Italian poets, he rather followed Ariosto, whom he found more agreeable to his genius than Tasso, who had formed a better plan, and from whom he has only borrowed some

particular ornaments; yet it is but justice to say, that his plan is much more regular than that of Ariosto. In the *Orlando Furioso* we every where meet with an exuberant invention, joined with great liveliness and facility of description, yet debased by frequent mixtures of the comick genius, as well as many shocking indecorums. Besides, in the huddle and distraction of the adventures, we are for the most part only amused with extravagant stories, without being instructed in any moral. On the other hand, Spenser's Fable, though often wild, is, as I have observed, always emblematical; and this may very much excuse likewise that air of romance in which he has followed the Italian author. The perpetual stories of knights, giants, castles, and enchantments, and all that train of legendary adventures, would indeed appear very trifling, if Spenser had not found a way to turn them all into Allegory, or if a less masterly hand had filled up his draught; but it is surprising to observe how much the strength of the painting is superior to the design. It ought to be considered, too, that, at the time when our Author wrote, the remains of the old Gothick chivalry were not quite abolished: it was not many years before that the famous Earl of Surry, remarkable for his wit and poetry in the reign of King Henry VIII., took a romantick journey to Florence, the place of his mistress's birth, and published there a challenge against all

nations in defence of her beauty. Justs and tournaments were held in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Philip Sidney tilted at one of these entertainments, which was made by the French Ambassador, when the treaty of marriage was on foot with the Duke of Anjou: and some of our historians have given us a very particular and formal account of preparations, by marking out lists, and appointing judges, for a trial by combat, in the same reign, which was to have decided the title to a considerable estate, and in which the whole ceremony was perfectly agreeable to the fabulous descriptions in books of Knight-errantry. This might render his story more familiar to his first readers; though knights in armour, and ladies-errant, are as antiquated figures to us, as the court of that time would appear, if we could see them now in their ruffs and fardingales.

There are two other objections to the plan of the *Faerie Queene* which, I confess, I am more at a loss to answer. I need not, I think, be scrupulous in mentioning freely the defects of a Poem which, though it was never supposed to be perfect, has always been allowed to be admirable.

The first is, that the scene is laid in Fairy Land, and the chief actors are Fairies. The reader may see their imaginary race and history in Book II. at the end of Canto X.; but, if he

is not prepared beforehand, he may expect to find them acting agreeably to the common stories and traditions about such fancied beings. Thus Shakspeare, who has introduced them in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has made them speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their supposed characters: but the Fairies in this Poem are not distinguished from other persons. There is this misfortune, likewise, attends the choice of such actors, that, having been accustomed to conceive of them in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raise our ideas, and to imagine a Fairy encountering with a monster or a giant. Homer has pursued a contrary method, and represented his heroes above the size and strength of ordinary men; and it is certain that the actions of the *Iliad* would have appeared but ill proportioned to the characters, if we were to have imagined them all performed by pigmies.

But, as the actors our Author has chosen are only fancied beings, he might possibly think himself at liberty to give them what stature, customs, and manners, he pleased. I will not say he was in the right in this: but it is plain that by the literal sense of Fairy Land he only designed an Utopia, an imaginary place; and by his Fairies, persons of whom he might invent any action proper to humankind, without being restrained, as he must have been if he

had chosen a real scene and historical characters. As for the mystical sense, it appears both by the Work itself, and by the Author's explanation of it*, that his Fairy Land is England, and his Fairy Queen queen Elizabeth, at whose command the adventure of every Legend is supposed to be undertaken.

The other objection is, that, having chosen an historical person, Prince Arthur, for his principal hero, who is no Fairy, yet is mingled with them, he has not, however, represented any part of his history: he appears here, indeed, only in his minority, and performs his exercises in Fairy Land as a private gentleman; but we might at least have expected that the fabulous accounts of him, and his victories over the Saxons, should have been worked into some beautiful vision or prophecy; and I cannot think Spenser would wholly omit this, but am apt to believe he had done it in some of the following Books which were lost.

In the moral introductions to every Book, many of which have a great propriety and elegance, the Author has followed the example of Ariosto. I will only beg leave to point out some of the principal beauties in each Book, which may yet more particularly discover the genius of the Author.

If we consider the First Book as an entire

* Vide Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

work of itself, we shall find it to be no irregular contrivance: there is one principal action, which is completed in Canto XII.; and the several incidents or episodes are proper, as they tend either to obstruct or promote it. The same may be said of some other of the following Books, though I think they are not so regular as this. The Author has shown judgment in making his Knight of the Red Cross, or St. George, no perfect character, without which many of the incidents could not have been represented. The character of Una, or Truth, is very properly opposed by those of Duessa, or Falsehood, and Archimago, or Fraud. Spenser's particular manner, which (if it may be allowed) I would call his painter-like genius, immediately shows itself in the figure of Errour, who is drawn as a monster, and that of Hypocrisy as a hermit. The description of the former of these, in the mixed shape of a woman and a serpent, surrounded with her offspring, and especially that circumstance of their creeping into her mouth on the sudden light which glanced upon them from the Knight's armour, incline one to think that our great Milton had it in his eye when he wrote his famous episode of Sin and Death. The artifices of Archimago and Duessa, to separate the Knight from Una, are well invented, and intermingled with beautiful strokes

of poetry; particularly in that episode where the magician sends one of his spirits to fetch a false dream from the house of Morpheus:

'Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
'And low, where dawning day does never peep,
'His dwelling is.'

Mr. Rymer, as I remember, has, by way of comparison, collected from most of the ancient and modern poets the finest descriptions of the Night, among all which he gives the preference to the English poets: this of Morpheus, or Sleep, being a poetical subject of the same kind, might be subjected to a like trial; and the reader may particularly compare it with that in Book XI. of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, to which, I believe, he will not think it inferiour.

The miraculous incident of a tree shedding drops of blood, and a voice speaking from the trunk of it, is borrowed from that of Polidorus, in Book III. of Virgil's *Æneis*. Ariosto and Tasso have both copied the same story, though in a different manner It was impossible that the modern poets, who have run so much into the taste of romance, should let a fiction of this kind escape their imitation.

The adventures which befal Una, after she is forsaken by the Knight; her coming to the house of Abessa, or Superstition; the conster-

nation occasioned by that visit; her reception among the savages; and her civilising them; are all very fine emblems. The education of Satyrane, a young Satyr, is described on this occasion with an agreeable wildness of fancy.

But there is one episode in this Book which I cannot but particularly admire; I mean that in Canto V., where Duessa the witch seeks the assistance of Night, to convey the body of the wounded Pagan to be cured by Æsculapius in the regions below. The Author here rises above himself, and is got into a track of imitating the Ancients, different from the greatest part of his Poem. The speech in which Duessa addresses Night is wonderfully great, and stained with that impious flattery which is the character of Falsehood, who is the speaker:

'O thou, most auncient grandmother of all,
'More old than Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,
'Or that great house of gods cælestiall;
'Which wast begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
'And sawst the secrets of the world unmade!'

As Duessa came away hastily on this expedition, and forgot to put off the shape of Truth, which she had assumed a little before, Night does not know her: this circumstance, and the discovery afterwards, when she owns her for her daughter, are finely emblematical. The images of Horrour are raised in a very masterly manner; Night

takes the witch into her chariot, and being arrived where the body lay, they alight.

'And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
'The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay;
'As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
'With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
'And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
'The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
'With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
'And hungry wolves continually did howle
'At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.'

They steal away the body, and carry it down, through the cave Avernus, to the realms of Pluto. What strength of painting is there in the following lines!

—— 'On every side them stood
'The trembling ghosts, with sad amazed mood,
'Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
'With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
'Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
'To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.'

Longinus, commending a description in Euripides of Phaëton's journey through the heavens, in which the turnings and windings are marked out in a very lively manner, says, That the soul of the poet seems to mount the chariot with him, and to share all his dangers. The reader will find himself in a like manner transported

throughout this whole episode, which shows that it has in it the force and spirit of the most sublime poetry.

The first appearance of Prince Arthur, in this Book, is represented to great advantage, and gives occasion to a very finished description of a martial figure. How sprightly is that image and simile in the following lines!

'Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
'A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
'With sprinaled pearle and gold full richly drest,
'Did shake, and seemed to daunce for iollity;
'Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
'On top of greene Selinis all alone,
'With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
'Whose tender lockes do tremble every one
'At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.'

I must not omit mentioning the House of Pride, and that of Holiness, which are beautiful Allegories in different parts of this Book. In the former of these there is a minute circumstance which is very artificial; for the reader may observe, that the six counsellors which attend Pride in her progress, and ride on the beasts which draw her chariot, are placed in that order in which the Vices they represent naturally produce and follow each other. In the dungeon among the captives of Pride, the poet has represented Nebuchadnezzar, Crœsus, Antiochus, Alexander, and several other eminent persons, in cir-

circumstances of the utmost ignominy. * The moral is truly noble; for upon the sight of so many illustrious slaves, the Knight hastens from the place, and makes his escape.

The description of Despair in Canto IX. is that which is said to have been taken notice of by Sir Philip Sidney: but I think the speech of Despair, in which the distempered reasonings that are apt to agitate the heart of a man abandoned to this passion are so pathetically represented, is much superiour to the description.

Among the Allegories in Canto X. it is impossible not to distinguish that venerable figure of Contemplation, in his hermitage on the top of a hill, represented as an old man almost wasted away in study:

'With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
'As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
'The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.'

The Knight and his companion inquire of him,

'Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
'To that most glorious house that glistreth bright
'With burning starres and ever-living fire?'

This is extremely noble, as well as the old man's

* *The moral is truly noble*, &c.] I agree with Mr. Hughes; but I think Spenser was very injudicious in placing Scipio among them, which ever of the Scipios he meant. I take it for granted that he meant Scipio Africanus. JORTIN.

showing him, from the top of the hill, the heavenly Jerusalem, which was proper to animate the hero against the combat in which he is presently after engaged: his success in that combat, and his marrying Una, are a very just conclusion of this Book, and of its chief Allegory.

It would be easy to point out many instances, besides those I have mentioned, of the beauties in this Book; yet these few will give the reader a taste of that poetical spirit and genius for Allegory which every where shine in this Author. It would be endless to take notice of the more minute beauties of his epithets, his figures, and his similes, which occur in almost every page. I shall only mention one or two as a specimen. That image of Strength, in striking a club into the ground, which is illustrated by the following simile, is very great:

'As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
'To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
'Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
'Enrold in flames, and smouldring dearment,
'Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
'The fierce threeforked engin, making way,
'Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
'And all that might his angry passage stay;
'And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

'His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
'He could not reaven up againe, &c.

As also that of a giant's fall;

'That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
'High growing on the top of rocky cliff,
'Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be;
'The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift
'Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearfull drift.'

These are such passages as we may imagine our excellent Milton to have studied in this Author. And here, by the way, it is remarkable that as Spenser abounds with such thoughts as are truly sublime, so he is almost every where free from the mixture of little conceits, and that low affectation of wit which so much infected both our verse and prose afterwards, and from which scarce any writer of his own time, besides himself, was free.

I shall shorten my Remarks on the following Books; yet the beauties in them rise so thick, that I must not pass them by without mentioning some. The Second Legend is framed on the Virtue of Temperance, which gives the Author opportunity to lay out in description all the most luxurious images of pleasure, riches, and riot, which are opposed to it, and consequently makes it one of the most poetical Books of this whole Work. Sir Guyon is the hero, and the poet has given him Sobriety, in the habit of

a palmer, for his guide and counsellor; as Homer has supposed Minerva or Wisdom, in the shape of Mentor, to attend Telemachus in his travels, when he is seeking out his father Ulysses. That shining description of Belphœbe, as a huntress, like Venus in Virgil, appearing to her son Æneas, is designed as a compliment on Queen Elizabeth, and is therefore wrought up with the most finished beauty. Her speech in praise of that true glory which is only attained by labour and study, is not only extremely proper to the subject of this Book, but admirable, if we consider it as the sense of that Princess, and as a short character of so active and glorious a reign.

'Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
'Who seekes with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest fynd:

'In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
'And will be found with perill and with paine;
'Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
'Unto her happy mansion attaine:
'Before her gate High God did Sweate ordaine,
'And wakefull Watches, ever to abide:
'But easy is the way and passage plaine
'To Pleasure's pallace; it may soon be spide,
'And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.'

Such passages as these kindle in the mind a generous emulation, and are an honour to the art of poetry, which ought always to recommend

worthy sentiments. The reader may see in Canto VI. a character quite opposite to this, in that of Idleness, who draws Sir Guyon for a while from his guide, and lays him asleep in her island. Her song with which she charms him into a slumber,

'Behold, O Man! that toilesome paines deost take,
'The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes, &c.'

is very artfully adapted to the occasion, and is a contrast to that speech of Belphœbe I have just quoted.

The episode of Mammon, who in the palmer's absence leads Sir Guyon into his cave, and tempts him with a survey of his riches, very properly diversifies the entertainment in this Book, and gives occasion to a noble speech against riches, and the mischievous effects of them. I have, in the Discourse on Allegory, taken notice of the fiends and spectres which are placed in crowds at the entrance to this place. The Author supposes the House of Riches to lie almost contiguous to hell; and the guard he sets upon it expresses a very just moral:

'Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
'Day and night keeping wary watch and ward.'

The light which is let into this place,

'Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
'Or as the moone clothed with cloudy night:'

The smokiness of it, and the slaves of Mammon working at an hundred furnaces, are all described in the most lively manner; as their sudden looking at Sir Guyon is a circumstance very naturally represented. The walks, through which Mammon afterwards leads the Knight, are agreeably varied. The description of Ambition, and of the Garden of Proserpine, are good Allegories; and Sir Guyon's falling into a swoon on his coming into the open air gives occasion to a fine machine of the appearance of an heavenly spirit in the next Canto, by whose assistance he is restored to the Palmer.

I cannot think the poet so successful in his description of the House of Temperance, in which the Allegory seems to be debased by a mixture of too many low images, as Diet, Concoction, Digestion, and the like, which are represented as persons: but the allegorical description of Memory, which follows soon after, is very good.

The IXth Canto, in which the author has made an abridgement of the old British history, is a very amusing digression, but might have been more artfully introduced. Homer or Virgil would not have suffered the action of the poem to stand still whilst the hero had been reading

over a book; but would have put the history into the mouth of some proper person to relate it. But I have already said that this Work is not to be examined by the strict rules of epick poetry.

The last Canto of this Second Book being designed to show the utmost trial of the Virtue of Temperance, abounds with the most pleasurable ideas and representations which the fancy of the Poet could assemble together; but, from the 58th stanza to the end, it is for the most part copied, and many whole stanzas translated, from the famous episode of Armida in Tasso. The reader may observe, that the Italian genius for luxury appears very much in the descriptions of the garden, the fountain, and the nymphs; which, however, are finely amplified and improved by our English poet. I shall give but one instance in the following celebrated stanza, which, to gratify the curiosity of those who may be willing to compare the copy with the original, I shall set down in Italian.

'Vezzosi augelli, infra le verdi fronde,
'Temprano à prova lascivette note:
'Mormora l'aura, e fà le foglie e l'onde
'Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
'Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
'Quando cantan gli augei, piu lieve scote.
'Sia caso od arte, hor accompagna, ed hora
'Alterna i versi lor la Musica ora.'

Spenser has two stanzas on this thought, the last of which only is an imitation of Tasso, but with finer turns of the verse, which are so artificial, that he seems to make the musick he describes.

'Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
'Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
'Such as attonce might not on living ground,
'Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
'Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
'To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
'For all that pleasing is to living eare
'Was there consorted in one harmonee;
'Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

'The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
'Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
'Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
'To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
'The silver-sounding instruments did meet
'With the base murmure of the water's fall;
'The water's fall, with difference discreet,
'Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
'The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.'

Sir Guyon and the Palmer, rescuing the youth who was held captive by Acrasia in this delightful mansion, resembles that of the two warriours recovering Rinaldo from the charms of Armida in the Italian poem.

In the Third Book, the character of Britomartis, a lady-errant, who is the heroine, and performs the chief adventure, resembles Ariosto's

Bradamante, and Tasso's Clarinda; as they are all copies of the Camilla in Virgil.

Among the chief beauties in this book, we may reckon that episode in which Britomartis goes to the cave of Merlin, and is entertained with a prophetical account of her future marriage and offspring. This thought is remotely taken from Virgil, but more immediately from Ariosto, who has represented Bradamante on the like occasion making a visit to the tomb of Merlin, which he is forced for that purpose to suppose to be in Gaul; where she sees, in like manner, in a vision, the heroes and captains who were to be her descendants.

The story of Marinell, and that of the birth of Belphœbe and Amoret, in which the manner of Ovid is well imitated, are very amusing. That complaint against Night, at the end of Canto IV.

'Night! thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,
'Sister of heavie Death, and nourse of Woe, &c.'

though it were only considered as detached from the rest, might be esteemed a very fine piece of poetry. But there is nothing more entertaining in this whole Book than the prospect of the Gardens of Adonis, which is varied from the Bower of Bliss in the former Book, by an agreeable mixture of philosophical fable. The figure of

Time, walking in this garden, spoiling the beauty of it, and cutting down the flowers, is a very fine and significant Allegory.

I cannot so much commend the story of the Squire of Dames, and the intrigue between Paridell and Hellenore: these passages savour too much of the coarse and comick mixtures in Ariosto: but that image of Jealousy, at the end of Canto X. grown to a savage, throwing himself into a cave, and lying there without ever shutting one eye, under a craggy clift just threatening to fall, is strongly conceived, and very poetical. There is likewise a great variety of fancy in drawing up and distinguishing, by their proper emblems, the visionary persons in the Mask of Cupid, which is one of the chief embellishments of this Book.

In the story of Cambel and Canace, in Book IV. the author has taken the rise of his invention from the Squire's Tale in Chaucer, the greatest part of which was lost. The battle of Cambel with the three brethren, and the sudden parting of it by that beautiful machine of the appearance of Concord, who by a touch of her wand charms down the fury of the warriours, and converts them into friends, is one of the most shining passages in this Legend. We may add to this the fiction concerning the Girdle of Florimel, which is a good Allegory; as also the description of Até, or Discord; that of Care, working like a

smith, and living amidst the perpetual noise of hammers; and especially the Temple of Venus, which is adorned with a great variety of fancy. The prayer of a lover in this temple, which begins,

'Great Venus! queene of beauty, and of grace,'

is taken from Lucretius's invocation of the same goddess in the beginning of his poem, and may be reckoned one of the most elegant translations in our language. The continuation of the fable of Marinel, though not so strictly to the subject of this Legend, gives occasion to the Poet to introduce that admirable episode of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, with the train of the sea-gods, nymphs, and rivers, and especially those of England and Ireland, that were present at the ceremony; all which are described with a surprising variety, and with very agreeable mixtures of geography; among which Spenser has not forgot to mention his Mulla, the river which ran through his own grounds.

Besides the general morals and allegories in the *Faerie Queene*, there are some parallel passages and characters which, as I have said, were designed to allude to particular actions and persons; yet no part is so full of them as Book V. which, being framed on the Virtue of Justice, is a kind of figurative representation of Queen

Elizabeth's reign. Here we meet with her again, under the name of Mercilla; we see her sending relief to Belge, or the Netherlands, and reducing the tyrannical power of Geryoneo, or Spain. Her court and attendants are drawn with a majesty suitable to her character. The reader will easily perceive that the Trial of the Queen of Scots is shadowed in Canto IX.; but the Poet has avoided the catastrophe of her death, and has artfully touched on the Queen's reluctance and tenderness in that affair, by which he has turned the compliment on her justice into another on her mercy.

Talus with his iron flail, who attends Artegall, is a bold allegorical figure, to signify the execution of justice.

The next Book, which is the Sixth, is on the subject of Courtesy. I shall not prolong this Discourse to trace out particular passages in it, but only mention that remarkable one in Canto X. where the Author has introduced himself under the person of Colin Clout. That vein of pastoral, which runs through this part of the Work, is indeed different from the rest of the Poem: but Tasso, in a more regular plan, has mingled the Pastoral taste with the Heroick, in his representation of Erminia among the shepherds. The picture, which Spenser has here given us of his mistress dancing among the Graces, is a very agreeable one, and discovers all

the skill of the painter, assisted by the passion of the lover.

Though the remaining six Books, which were to have completed this beautiful and moral Poem, are lost, we have a noble fragment of them preserved in the Two Cantos of Mutability. This is, in my opinion, the most sublime and best invented allegory in the whole Work. The Fable of Arlo-Hill, and of the river Molanna, which is a digression on this occasion, has all the beauty we admire in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid: but the pedigree of Mutability, who is represented as a giantess; her progress from the earth to the circle of the moon; the commotion she raises there, by endeavouring to remove that planet from the sky; and the shadow which is cast, during the attempt, on the inhabitants of the earth, are greatly imagined. We find several strains of invention in this Fable, which might appear not unworthy even of Homer himself. Jupiter is alarmed, and sends Mercury to know the reason of this strife, and to bring the offender before him. How Homer-like are those lines, after he has concluded his speech among the gods?

'So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
'(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
'Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
'And even the highest powers of heaven to check,)
'Made signe to them in their degrees to speake.

And afterwards;

——————— 'With that he shooke
'His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
'And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
'And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.'

The simile, likewise, in which the gods are represented looking on Mutability with surprise,

——————— 'Like a sort of steeres,
'Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
'Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres, &c.'

is very much in the simplicy of that old father of heroick poetry. Mutability appeals from Jupiter to Nature, before whom she obtains a hearing. The Poet on this occasion has, with a most abundant fancy, drawn out to a review the four Seasons, the Months, Day and Night, the Hours, Life and Death; Change asserts her dominion over them all, and over the heavens themselves: all creatures are represented looking up in the face of Nature, in expectation of the sentence. The conclusion is great, and contains a noble moral; that though all things are varied, and shift their forms, they do not perish, but return to their first beings; and that Mutability only shall be at last entirely destroyed, and the time shall come in which Change shall be no more.

I have not yet said any thing concerning Spenser's Versification, in which, though he is not always equal to himself, it may be affirmed that he is superiour to all his contemporaries, and even to those that followed him for some time, except Fairfax, the applauded translator of Tasso. In this he commendably studied the Italians, and must be allowed to have been a great improver of our English numbers: before his time musick seems to have been so much a stranger to our poetry, that, excepting the Earl of Surry's Lyricks, we have very few examples of verses that had any tolerable cadence. In Chaucer there is so little of this, that many of his lines are not even restrained to a certain number of syllables. Instances of this loose verse are likewise to be found in our Author, but it is only in such places where he has purposely imitated Chaucer, as in the Second Eclogue, and some others. This great defect of harmony put the Wits in Queen Elizabeth's reign upon a design of totally changing our numbers, not only by banishing rhyme, but by new-moulding our language into the feet and measures of the Latin poetry. Sir Philip Sidney was at the head of this project, and has accordingly given us some Hexameter and Pentameter verses in his Arcadia: but the experiment soon failed; and though our Author, by some passages in his Letters to Mr. Harvey, seems not to have disapproved it, yet it

does not appear, by those poems of his which are preserved, that he gave it any authority by his example.

As to the Stanza in which the *Faerie Queene* is written, though the Author cannot be commended for his choice of it, yet it is much more harmonious in its kind than the heroick verse of that age: it is almost the same with what the Italians call their Ottave Rime, which is used both by Ariosto and Tasso, but improved by Spenser, with the addition of a line more in the close, of the length of our Alexandrines. The defect of it in long or narrative poems is apparent: the same measure, closed always by a full stop, in the same place, by which every stanza is made as it were a distinct paragraph, grows tiresome by continual repetition, and frequently breaks the sense, when it ought to be carried on without interruption. With this exception the reader will, however, find it harmonious, full of well-sounding epithets, and of such elegant turns on the thought and words, that Dryden* himself owns he learned these graces of verse chiefly from our Author, and does not scruple to say, that, 'in this particular, only Virgil surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.'—HUGHES.

* Dedication to Juvenal. HUGHES.

MR. SPENCE'S

DISSERTATION

ON THE

DEFECTS OF SPENSER'S ALLEGORY.

THE faults of Spenser, in relation to his Machinery or Allegories, seem to me to be all reducible to three general heads. They arise either from the poet's mixing the fables of Heathenism with the truths of Christianity; or from his misrepresenting the Allegories of the ancients; or from something that is wrong in the Allegories of his own invention. As to the two former, I shall not have much to say; but shall beg leave to be a little more diffuse, as to the third.

The strongest instance I can recollect of the first kind, his mixing Christianity and Heathenism together, is in that short view, which he gives of the infernal regions, in the seventh Canto of the second Book. The particular part I mean, is * where he speaks of Jupiter and Tan-

* *where he speaks*, &c.] If any should be offended to find Pontius Pilate, and Tantalus, in the same place of punishment, I think it might be said, by way of apology, that wicked men will suffer hereafter in some state or place of punishment, proportionable to their crimes; and that the poet, who describes such a place, is at liberty to send thither what wicked persons soever he pleases, provided he acts according to poetical decorum. UPTON.

talus, and of Pontius Pilate and our Saviour, almost in the same breath.

The instances of Spenser's misrepresenting the stories, and allegorical personages, of the ancients, are not uncommon in this poem. Thus, in a former view of hell, he speaks of Esculapius as in eternal torments, B. i. C. v. st. 40 to 43. In another place, he introduces a company of Satyrs, to save a Lady from a rape (B. i. C. vi. st. 6 to 19); though their distinguishing character was lust: and makes Sylvanus the god or govenour of the Satyrs, (B. i. C. vi. st. 15.) a dignity which the ancients never speak of for him; no more than of the ivy-girdle, which he gives him, round his waist, B. i. C. vi. st. 14. It is with the same sort of liberty, as I take it, that he describes the day, or morning, as having purple hair, B. i. C. v. st. 10; the Sirens, as half-fish, B. ii. C. xii. st. 31; * and Bacchus, as fat, B. iii. C. i. st. 51: that he speaks of Clio, as Apollo's wife, B. i. C. xi. st. 5; and of Cupid

* *and Bacchus, as fat*;] This is a misrepresentation, very common among the modern artists; and from them, I suppose, has stolen into the works of our poets. It is not only to be proved from our sign-posts: for some tolerable statuaries, and some very good painters, even in Italy, have given into it. SPENCE.

Fat is a proper epithet for Bacchus; because drinking makes people fat-bellied: hence he is called ΓΑΣΤΡΩΝ by Charon in Aristophanes, Βατ. v. 202. He is likewsse pictured plump and fat in Gorlæus, Gemm. 205. Which gem Casaubon has printed and illustrated in his treatise, *De Satyrica Poesi*. UPTON.

as brother to the Graces, B. ii. C. viii. st. 6: and that he represents Orion, in one place, * as flying from a snake, in the heavens, B. ii. C. ii. st. 46; and, in another, as a water-god, and one of the attendants of Neptune. The latter is in Spenser's account of the marriage of the Thames and Medway; in which he has greatly increased Neptune's court; and added several deities as attendants to that god; which were never regarded as such by any of the ancients, B. iv. C. xi. st. 15.

This may be sufficient to show, that, where Spenser does introduce the Allegories of the ancient poets, he does not always follow them so exactly as he might; and in the Allegories which are purely of his own invention, though his invention is one of the richest and most beautiful that perhaps ever was, I am sorry to say, that he does not only fall very short of that simplicity and propriety which is so remarkable in the works of the ancients; but runs now and then into thoughts, that are quite unworthy so great a genius. I shall mark out some of these faults, that appear even through all his beauties; and which may, perhaps, look quite gross, when they are thus taken from them, and laid together by themselves: but if they should prejudice a reader

* *as flying from a snake.*] The poet means that the sun was almost beginning to rise, and that Orion was setting as Orion flying from the snake, alludes to his figure and position on the sphere or globe. UPTON.

at all against so fine a writer; let him read almost any one of his entire Cantos, and it will reconcile him to him again. The reason of my producing these instances, is only to show what faults the greatest Allegorist may commit; whilst the manner of allegorising is left upon so unfixed and irregular a footing as it was in his time, and is still among us.

The first sort of fault I shall mention, from such Allegories of Spenser as are purely of his own invention, is their being sometimes too complicated, or over-done. Such for example are his representations of Scandal, Discord, and Pride.

Scandal is, what Spenser calls, the Blatant Beast: and indeed he has made a very strange beast of him. He says, that his mouth was as wide as a peck, B. vi. C. xii. st. 26: and that he had a thousand tongues in it; of dogs, cats, bears, tygers, men, and serpents, B. vi. C. xii. st. 28.

There is a duplicity in his figure of Discord, which is carried on so far as to be quite preposterous. He makes her hear double, and look two different ways; he splits her tongue, and even her heart, in two; and makes her act contrarily with her two hands; and walk forward with one foot, and backward with the other, at the same time, B. iv. C. i. st. 29.

There is a great deal of apparatus in Spenser's

manner of introducing Pride, in a personal character: and she has so many different things and attributes about her, that was this show to be represented, (in the manner of our old Pageants,) they would rather set one a guessing what they meant themselves, than serve to point out who the principal figure should be. She makes her appearance, exalted in a high chariot, drawn by six different creatures: every one of them carrying a Vice, as a postilion, on his back; and all drove on by Satan, as charioteer, B. i. C. iv. st. 18, &c. The six Vices are Idlenesse on an ass; Gluttony, on a hog; Lechery, on a goat; Avarice, on a camel laden with gold; Envy, eating a toad, and riding on a wolf; and Wrath, with a fire-brand in his hand riding on a lion. The account of each of these particular Vices in Spenser, is admirable: the chief fault I find with it is, that it is too complex a way of characterising Pride in general; and may possibly be as improper in some few respects, as it is redundant in others.

There is another particular in some of Spenser's Allegories which I cannot but look upon as faulty, though it is not near so great a fault as the former. What I mean is his affixing such filthy ideas to some of his personages, or characters, that it half turns one's stomach to read his account of them. Such, for example, is the description of Errour, in the very first Canto of the poem;

of which we may very well say, in the poet's own words, on a like occasion, B. v. C. xi. st. 31.

'Such loathly matter were small lust to speak, or think.'

The third fault in the Allegories of Spenser's own invention is, that they are sometimes stretched to such a degree, that they appear extravagant rather than great; and that he is sometimes so minute, in pointing out every particular of its vastness to you, that the object is in danger of becoming ridiculous, instead of being admirable. This is not common in Spenser; the strongest instance of the few I can remember, is in his description of the dragon, killed by the knight of the red cross, in the last Canto of his first Book. The tail of this dragon, he tells you, wanted but very little of being three furlongs in length; the blood, that gushes from his wound, is enough to drive a water-mill; and his roar, is like that of a hundred hungry lyons, B. i. xi. st. 11, 22, 37.

The fourth class of faults in Spenser's Allegories consists of such as arise from their not being well invented. The reader will easily, I believe, allow me here, the three following postulata. That, in introducing Allegories, one should consider whether the thing is fit to be re-

presented as a person, or not. Secondly; that, if you choose to represent it as a human personage, it should not be represented with any thing inconsistent with the human form or nature. And thirdly; that, when it is represented as a man, you should not make it perform any action, which no man in his senses would do.

Spenser seems to have erred against the first of these maxims, in those lines in his description of the cave of Despair, B. iv. C. v. st. 38.

——'They for nought would from their worke refraine,
'Ne let his speeches come unto their eare:
'And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
'Like to the northren winde, that none could heare:
'Those Pensiveness did move; and Sighes the bellowes weare.'

Was a poet to say that sighs are 'the bellows that blow up the fire of love,' that would be only a metaphor: a poor one indeed; but not at all improper: but here they are realised, or rather metamorphosed into bellows; which I could never persuade myself to think any way proper. Spenser is perhaps guilty of the same sort of fault, in making Gifts, or Munera, a woman, B. v. C. ii. st. 9, 10, &c.: though that may be only a misnomer; for, if he had called her Bri-

bery, one should not have the same objection But the grossest instance in him of this kind, is in the ninth Canto of the Second Book, where he turns the human body into a castle; the tongue into the porter that keeps the gate; and the teeth, into two aad thirty warders dressed in white: See 21 to the end of the canto. Spenser seems to have erred against the second of these maxims, in representing the rigid execution of the laws under the character* of a man all made

* *of a man all made up of iron;*] It is doubtfull whether this idea be wholly of Spenser's invention, or borrowed partly from the ancients; for they speak of one *Talus*, (or rather *Talo*,) a severe law-giver in Crete. Τον ΤΑΛΩ, τον χαλκουν της Κρητης περιπολον, Lucian, tom. i. p. 804. ed. Blaeu. They might call him 'The brasen guardian of Crete,' because he secured them by his laws, affixed in the most publick places, on plates of brass; but whether they had any idea of this *Talus*, as a brasen man, I know not. SPENCE.

The character of executing justice, attributed by the poet to *Talus*, is agreeable to that which he bears in ancient story; nor has Spenser greatly varied from antiquity in the make of this wonderful man; for he is there said to be formed of brass; and, by our author, of iron. See Plato, in *Minoe*, Plat. Opp. vol. i. p. 230. ed. Serran. Νομοφυλακι γαρ αυτω [Ραδαμανθω] εχρητο ὁ Μινως κατα αςυ· τα δε κατα την αλλην Κρητην τω ΤΑΛΩ. Ο γαρ ΤΑΛΩΣ τρις περιηει του ενιαυτου κατα τας κωμας, φυλαττων τους νομους εν αυταις εν χαλκοις γραμματειοις εχων γεγραμμενους· ὁθεν ΧΑΛΚΟΥΣ εκληθη

As to the circumstance of Talus traversing the isle of Crete, it exactly corresponds with what Spenser says afterwards of his iron man, who did the same in Ierne, F. Q. v. vii. 26. Plato has told us, that *Talus* was denominated brasen, on account of his carrying the laws about him, written in brasen tables; but Apollonius informs us, that he was actually made of brass, and invulnerable, *Argon.* L. iv. ver. 1645.

up of iron, B. v. C. i. st. 12; and Bribery, (or the lady Munera, before mentioned,) as a woman

Αλλ' ηλοι το μεν αλλο δεμας, καὶ γυια, τετυκτο
Χαλκειος, καὶ αρρηκτος· ὑπαι δε οἱ εσκε τενοντος
Συριγξ αἱματοεσσα κατα σφυρον· αυταρ ὁ τηνγε
Λεπτος υμην ζωης εχε πειρατα καὶ θανατοιο.

Apollonius likewise takes notice of his circuiting Crete three times a year, ib. ver. 1648.

Τρις περι χαλκειοις Κρητην ποσι δινευοντα.

Apollodorus will farther illustrate this matter. "Εντευθεν αναχθεντες [Αργοναυται] κωλυονται Κρητη προσισχειν ὑπο ΤΑΛΩ· τουτον οἱ μεν του χαλκου γενους ειναι λεγουσιν· οἱ δε ὑπο Ηφαιστου Μινω δοθηναι· ὁς ην ΚΑΛΚΟΥΣ ΑΝΗΡ· οἱ δε Ταυρον αυτον λεγουσιν. Ειχε δε φλεβα μιαν απο αυχενος κατατεινουσαν αχρι σφυρων· κατα δε το δερμα της φλεβος ηλος διηριστο χαλκους. Ουτος ὁ ΤΑΛΩΣ τρις ἑκαστης ἡμερας την νησον περιτροχαζων ετηρει." Bibliothec. b. i. c. 26. This marvellous swiftness of Talus is likewise referred to by our author, F. Q. v. 1. 20. And is alluded to by Catullus, in his Ode to Camerius, where he tells him that he should not be able to pursue him, *Car.* lvi.

"Non *Custos* si ego fingar ille *Cretum*."

Orpheus, or rather Onamacritus, calls *Talus*, in his *Argonauticks*, v. 1348. Χαλκειον τριγιγαντα, 'The brasen triple-'giant.' The circumstance of *Talus's* iron flail is added from our author's imagination. T. WARTON.

Justice is attended with power sufficient to execute her righteous doom. The moral is apparent; and the moral should lead us to understand the fable; which yet seems to me to have been misunderstood. Who is ignorant of the history of *Talus*, mentioned by Plato, Apollonius Rhodius, &c. and by almost all the mythologists? But Spenser's *Talus* is not the *Cretan Talus*; though imaged from him. He was a *judge*; this is an *executioner*. He was said to have been a *brasen* man; imaging the laws which were engraven in *brasen tables*.

——'Nec verba minacia fixo
'*Ære* legebantur.' Ov. *Met.* i. 91.

with golden hands, and silver feet, B. v. C. ii. st. 10: and against the third, where he describes Desire, as holding coals of fire in his hands and blowing them up into a flame, B. iii. C. xii. st. 91: which last particular is some degrees worse than Ariosto's bringing in Discord, in his *Orlando Furioso*, with a flint and steel, to strike fire in the face of Pride, C. xviii. st. 34.

The fifth sort of faults is when the allegorical personages, though well invented, are not well marked out. There are many instances of this in Spenser, which are but too apt to put one in mind of the fancifulness and whims of *Ripa and Venius. Thus, in one Canto, Doubt is repre-

These laws he is said to have carried about with him, when he went his circuit in Crete, and partly from his severity, and partly from the tables of brass which he carried about with him, he was called a brasen man, ἄθρι χαλκῆς ἐκλήθη, says Plato in *Minos*. But how properly does Spenser depart from ancient mythology, having a mythology of his own! Spenser's Talus is no *Judge*; therefore not a *brasen man*: but he is an *executioner*, an IRON man, imaging his unfeeling and rigid character. UPTON.

* *Ripa and Venius.*] Ripa was the author of an Italian work, entitled *Iconologia*, which has been translated into English and six other languages; and has been, it seems, thought a good model! Amongst his odd figures, Flattery is represented by a lady with a flute in her hand, and a stag at her feet; because stags are said to love musick so, as to suffer themselves to be taken if you play to them on a flute. Beauty, by a naked lady, with a globe and compasses in her hand, and her head in a cloud; because, the true idea of beauty is hard to be conceived. Fraud, by a woman with two different faces and heads, with two hearts in one hand and a mask in the other, &c. &c. These surely are instances of improper and unnatural allegories; and I might be able perhaps to give ten times as many of the same kind, was I to consult all the strange figures he has given us in this work.

sented as walking with a staff, that shrinks under him, B. iii. C. xii. st. 10; Hope, with an aspergoire, or the instrument the Roman catholicks use for sprinkling sinners with holy water, ib. st. 13; Dissimulation, as twisting two clews of silk together, ib. st. 14; Grief, with a pair of pincers, ib. st. 16; and pleasure, with an humble-bee in a phial, ib. st. 18: and in another, (in the procession of the months and seasons,) February is introduced in a waggon, drawn by two fishes, B. vii. C. ii. st. 43; May, as riding on Castor and Pollux, ib. st. 34: June is mounted on a crab, ib. st. 35; October, on a scorpion, ib. st. 39: and November comes in, on a Cen-

Venius was the author of a work, consisting of several allegorical pictures taken from the works of Horace, and therefore called *Horace's Emblems*. He was a Dutch painter, and born at Leyden in 1556. He studied at Antwerp in the most flourishing times of that school, and was the famous Rubens's master. In spite of all this, his patterns are almost as full of faults as Ripa's; though his faults are of a very different kind; Ripa's allegorical fancies being defective, most commonly, as far-fetched and obscure; whereas Venius's faults are generally owing to his following his author in too literal and frivolous a manner. Thus, if Horace says, 'Misce stultitiam consiliis 'brevem,' Venius takes *brevis* personally; and so represents Folly as a little short child, of not above three or four years old.——In the emblem, which answers Horace's 'Raro antece-'dentem scelestum deseruit pede Pœna claudo,' you have punishment with a wooden leg; and, for 'Pulvis et umbra 'sumus,' a dark-burying vault, with dust sprinkled about the floor, and a shadow walking upright between two ranges of urns.——For, 'Virtus est vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima 'stultitia caruisse,' you see seven or eight Vices pursuing Virtue, and Folly just at the heels of Wisdom, &c. &c. In his single figures we meet with Envy eating part of her own heart; Poverty distinguished by a cabbage, because she lives upon herbs; Labour, carrying an ox's head on his back; and Fear with a hare standing upon his shoulders, &c. SPENCE.

taur, all in a sweat; because, (as the poet observes,) he had just been fatting his hogs, ib. st. 40.

This might, full as well, have been ranged under my sixth and last class of faults in Spenser's Allegories; consisting of such instances as, I fear, can scarce be called by any softer name, than that of Ridiculous Imaginations. Such, I think, is that idea of Ignorance, in the first Book, where he is made to move with the back part of his head foremost, C. viii. st. 31; and that of Danger, in the fourth, with Hatred, Murder, Treason, &c. in his back, C. x. st. 16, 17, and 20. Such is the sorrowful lady, with a bottle for her tears, and a bag to put her repentance into; and both running out almost as fast as she puts them in, B. vi. C. viii. st. 24. Such is the thought of a vast giant's shrinking into an empty form, like a bladder, B. i. C. viii. st. 24; the horses of Night foaming tar, B. i. C. v. st. 28; Sir Guyon putting a padlock on the tongue of Occasion, B. ii. C. iv. st. 12; and Remorse nipping St. George's heart, B. i. C. x. st. 27.

Had Spenser formed his Allegories on the plan of the ancient poets and artists, as much as he did from Ariosto and the Italian allegorists, he might have followed nature much more closely; and would not have wandered so often into such strange and inconsistent imaginations. I am apt

to believe, that he considered the *Orlando Furioso*, in particular, as a poem wholly serious; though the author of it certainly wrote it partly in jest. There are several lines and passages in it, that must have been intended for burlesque; and they surely consider that poem in the truest light, who consider it as a work of a mixed nature; as something between the professed gravity of Tasso, and the broad laugh of Berni and his followers. Perhaps Spenser's taking some things to be said seriously, which Ariosto meant for ridicule, may have led him now and then to say things that are ridiculous, where he meant to be very serious.

However that be, we may reasonably conclude, from so great failures as I have mentioned in so great a man, (whether they arise from his too much indulging the luxuriance of his own fancy, or from his copying after so irregular a pattern,) that it would be extremely useful for our poets in general, to follow the plan of Allegory, as far as it is settled to their hands by the ancients; at least, till some modern may have invented and established some better plan for them to go upon; a thing, which I do not expect to see done in our days. SPENCE.

MR. WARTON'S

REMARKS

ON THE

PLAN AND CONDUCT OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

When the works of Homer and of Aristotle began to be restored and studied in Italy, when the genuine and uncorrupted sources of ancient poetry and ancient criticism were opened, and every species of literature at last emerged from the depths of Gothick ignorance and barbarity; it might have been expected, that, instead of the romantick manner of poetical composition introduced and established by the Provencial bards, a new and more legitimate taste of writing would have succeeded. With these advantages it was reasonable to conclude, that unnatural events, the machinations of imaginary beings, and adventures entertaining only as they were improbable, would have given place to justness of thought and design, and to that decorum which nature dictated, and which the example and the precept of antiquity had authorised. But it was a long time before such a change was effected. We find Ariosto, many years after the revival of

letters, rejecting truth for magick, and preferring the ridiculous and incoherent excursions of Boyardo to the propriety and uniformity of the Grecian and Roman models. Nor did the restoration of ancient learning produce any effectual or immediate improvement in the state of criticism. Beni, one of the most celebrated criticks of the sixteenth century, was still so infatuated with a fondness for the old Provencial vein, that he ventured to write a regular dissertation*, in which he compares Ariosto with Homer.

Trissino, who flourished a few † years after Ariosto, had taste and boldness enough to publish an epick poem‡, written in professed imitation of the *Iliad*. But this attempt met with little regard or applause for the reason on which its real merit was founded. It was rejected as an insipid and uninteresting performance, having few devils or enchantments to recommend it. To Trissino succeeded Tasso, who, in his *Gierusaleme Liberata*, took the ancients for his guides; but was still too sensible of the popular prejudice in favour of ideal beings, and romantick adventures, to neglect or omit them entirely. He had studied, and acknowledged the beauties of classical purity. Yet

* 'Comparazione di T. Tasso con Omero e Virgilio, insieme con la difesa dell' Ariosto paragonato ad Omero, &c.' T. WARTON.

† He died 1550. Ariosto 1535. T. WARTON.

‡ *Italia Liberata* di Goti, 1524. It is in blank verse, which the author would have introduced instead of the *Terza* Rima of Dante, or the *Ottava* of Boccace. T. WARTON.

he still kept his first and favourite acquaintance, the old Provencial poets, in his eye. Like his own Rinaldo, who after he had gazed on the diamond shield of truth, and with seeming resolution was actually departing from Armida and her enchanted gardens, could not help looking back upon them with some remains of fondness. Nor did Tasso's Poem, though composed in some measure on a regular plan, give its author, among the Italians, at least, any greater share of esteem and reputation on that account. Ariosto, with all his extravagancies, was still preferred. The superiority of the *Orlando Furioso* was at length established by a formal decree of the Academicians della Crusca, who, amongst other literary debates, held a solemn court of inquiry concerning the merit of both poems.

Such was the prevailing taste, when Spenser projected the *Faerie Queene*: a poem which, according to the practice of Ariosto, was to consist of allegories, enchantments, and romantick expeditions, conducted by knights, giants, magicians, and fictitious beings. It may be urged that Spenser made an unfortunate choice, and discovered but little judgment, in adopting Ariosto for his example, rather than Tasso, who had so evidently exceeded his rival, at least in conduct and decorum. But our author naturally followed the poem which was most celebrated and popular. For, although the French critick

universally gave the preference to Tasso, yet, in Italy, the partisans on the side of Ariosto were by far the most powerful, and consequently in England: for Italy, in the age of queen Elizabeth, gave laws to our island in all matters of taste, as France has done ever since. At the same time it may be supposed, that, of the two, Ariosto was Spenser's favourite; and that he was naturally biassed to prefer that plan which would admit the most extensive range for his unlimited imagination. What was Spenser's particular plan, in consequence of this choice, and how it was conducted, I now proceed to examine.

* The poet supposes, that the FAERIE QUEENE, according to an established annual custom, held a magnificent feast, which continued twelve days; on each of which, respectively, twelve several complaints are presented before her. Accordingly, in order to redress the injuries which were the occasion of these several complaints, she dispatches, with proper commissions, twelve different Knights, each of which, in the particular adventure allotted to him, proves an example of some particular virtue, as of holiness, temperance, justice, chastity; and has one complete Book assigned to him, of which he is the hero. But, besides these twelve knights, severally exemplifying twelve moral virtues, the poet has consti-

* See Spenser's Letter to Sir W. Raleigh, &c. T. WARTON.

tuted one principal knight, or general hero, viz. PRINCE ARTHUR. This personage represents Magnificence; a virtue which is supposed to be the perfection of all the rest. He moreover assists in every Book, and the end of his actions is to discover and win GLORIANA, or *Glory*. In a word, in this character the poet professes to pourtray, 'THE IMAGE OF A BRAVE KNIGHT PERFECTED IN THE TWELVE PRIVATE MORAL VIRTUES.'

It is evident that our author, in establishing one hero, who seeking and attaining one grand end, which is GLORIANA, should exemplify one grand character, or a brave Knight perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, copied the cast and construction of the ancient Epick. But, sensible as he was of the importance and expediency of the unity of the hero and of his design, he does not, in the mean time, seem convinced of the necessity of that unity of action, by the means of which such a design should be properly accomplished. At least, he has not followed the method practised by Homer and Virgil, in conducting their respective heroes to the proposed end.

It may be asked with great propriety, how does ARTHUR execute the grand, simple, and ultimate design, intended by the poet? It may be answered, with some degree of plausibility, that by lending his respective assistance to each of the twelve Knights, who patronize the twelve

virtues, in his allotted defence of each, ARTHUR approaches still nearer and nearer to *Glory*, till at last he gains a complete possession. But surely to assist is not a sufficient service. This secondary merit is inadequate to the reward. The poet ought to have made this 'brave Knight' the leading adventurer. ARTHUR should have been the principal agent in vindicating the cause of Holiness, Temperance, and the rest. If our hero had thus, in his own person, exerted himself in the protection of the twelve virtues, he might have been deservedly styled the perfect Pattern of all, and consequently would have succeeded in the task assigned, the attainment of Glory. At present he is only a subordinate or accessory character. The difficulties and obstacles which we expect him to surmount, in order to accomplish his final achievement, are removed by others. It is not he who subdues the dragon, in the first Book, or quells the magician Busirane, in the third. These are the victories of St. George and of Britomart. On the whole, the twelve Knights do too much for ARTHUR to do any thing; or at least, so much as may be reasonably required from the promised plan of the poet. While we are attending to the design of the hero of the book, we forget that of the hero of the poem. Dryden remarks, 'We must do Spenser that justice to 'observe, that magnanimity [magnificence] which 'is the true character of Prince Arthur, shines

'throughout the whole poem; and succours the 'rest when they are in distress*.' If the magnanimity of Arthur did, in reality, thus shine in every part of the poem with a superiour and steady lustre, our author would fairly stand acquitted. At present it bursts forth but seldom, in obscure and interrupted flashes. 'To succour the rest 'when they are in distress,' is, as I have hinted, a circumstance of too little importance in the character of this universal champion. It is a service to be performed in the cause of the hero of the Epick Poem by some dependant or inferiour chief, the business of a Gyas or a Cloanthus.

On the whole, we may observe, that Spenser's adventures, separately taken as the subject of each single Book, have not always a mutual dependance upon each other, and consequently do not properly contribute to constitute one legitimate poem. Hughes, not considering this, has advanced a remark in commendation of Spenser's critical conduct, which is indeed one of the most blameable parts of it. 'If we consider the first Book as an 'entire work of itself, we shall find it to be no 'irregular contrivance. There is one principal 'action, which is completed in the twelfth Canto, 'and the several incidents are proper, as they 'tend either to obstruct or promote it.'

As the heroick poem is required to be one

* Dedication to the Translation of Juvenal. T. WARTON.

WHOLE, compounded of many various parts, relative and dependant, it is expedient that not one of those parts should be so regularly contrived, and so completely finished, as to become a WHOLE of itself. For the mind, being once satisfied in arriving at the consummation of an orderly series of events, acquiesces in that satisfaction. Our attention and curiosity are in the midst diverted from pursuing, with due vigour, the final and general catastrophe. But while each part is left incomplete, if separated from the rest, the mind, still eager to gratify its expectations, is irresistibly and imperceptibly drawn from part to part, till it receives a full and ultimate satisfaction from the accomplishment of one great event, which all those parts, following and illustrating each other, contributed to produce.

Our author was probably aware, that by constituting twelve several adventures for twelve several heroes, the want of a general connection would often appear. On this account, as I presume, he sometimes resumes and finishes, in some distant Book, a tale formerly begun and left imperfect. But, as numberless interruptions necessarily intervene, this proceeding often occasions infinite perplexity to the reader. And it seems to be for the same reason, that, after one of the twelve Knights has achieved the adventure of his proper Book, the poet introduces him, in the next Book, acting perhaps in an inferiour sphere,

and degraded to some less dangerous exploit. But this conduct is highly inartificial: for it destroys that repose which the mind feels after having accompanied a hero, through manifold struggles and various distresses, to success and victory. Besides, when we perceive him entering upon any less illustrious attempt, our former admiration is in some measure diminished. Having seen him complete some memorable conquest, we become interested in his honour, and are jealous concerning his future reputation. To attempt, and even to achieve, some petty posterious enterprise, is to derogate from his dignity, and to sully the transcendant lustre of his former victories.

Spenser perhaps would have embarrassed himself and the reader less, had he made every Book one entire detached poem of twelve Cantos, without any reference to the rest. Thus he would have written twelve different Books, in each of which he might have completed the pattern of a particular virtue in twelve Knights respectively: at present he has remarkably failed, in endeavouring to represent all the virtues exemplified in one. The poet might either have established TWELVE KNIGHTS without an ARTHUR, or an ARTHUR without TWELVE KNIGHTS. Upon supposition that Spenser was resolved to characterise the twelve moral virtues, the former plan perhaps would have been best: the latter is defective, as it necessarily wants simplicity. It is an action

consisting of twelve actions, all equally great and unconnected between themselves, and not compounded of one uninterrupted and coherent chain of incidents, tending to the accomplishment of one design.

I have before remarked, that Spenser intended to express the character of a hero perfected in the twelve moral virtues, by representing him as assisting in the service of all, till at last he becomes possessed of all. This plan, however injudicious, he certainly was obliged to observe. But in the third Book, which is styled the Legend of Chastity, Prince Arthur does not so much as lend his assistance in the vindication of that virtue. He appears indeed; but not as an agent, or even an auxiliary, in the adventure of the Book.

Yet it must be confessed, that there is something artificial in the poet's manner of varying from historical precision. This conduct is rationally illustrated by himself*. According to this plan, the reader would have been agreeably surprised in the last Book, when he came to discover that the series of adventures, which he had just seen completed, were undertaken at the command of the FAERIE QUEENE; and that the Knights had severally set forward to the execution of them, from her annual birth-day festival. But Spenser, in most of the Books, has injudiciously

* Letter to Sir W. Raleigh. T. WARTON.

forestalled the first of these particulars; which certainly should have been concealed till the last Book, not only that a needless repetition of the same thing might be prevented, but that an opportunity might be secured of striking the reader's mind with a circumstance new and unexpected.

But notwithstanding the plan and conduct of Spenser, in the poem before us, is highly exceptionable, yet we may venture to pronounce, that the scholar has more merit than his master in this respect; and that the *Faerie Queene* is not so confused and irregular as the *Orlando Furioso*. There is indeed no general unity which prevails in the former: but, if we consider every book, or adventure, as a separate poem, we shall meet with so many distinct, however imperfect, unities, by which an attentive reader is less bewildered, than in the maze of indigestion and incoherence, of which the latter totally consists, where we seek in vain either for partial or universal integrity:

——'Cum nec pes nec caput *uni*
'Reddatur *formæ*.' Hor. *Art. Poet.* v. 8.

Ariosto has his admirers, and most deservedly. Yet every classical, every reasonable critick must acknowledge, that the poet's conception in celebrating the MADNESS, or, in other words, de-

scribing the irrational acts, of a hero, implies extravagance and absurdity. Orlando does not make his appearance till the eighth book, where he is plaged in a situation not perfectly heroick. He is discovered to us in bed, desiring to sleep. His ultimate design is to find Angelica, but his pursuit of her is broken off in the thirtieth book; after which there are sixteen books, in none of which Angelica has the least share. Other heroes are likewise engaged in the same pursuit. After reading the first stanza, we are inclined to think, that the subject of the poem is the expedition of the Moors into France, under the emperor Agramante, to fight against Charlemagne; but this business is the most insignificant and inconsiderable part of it. Many of the heroes perform exploits equal, if not superiour, to those of Orlando; particularly Ruggiero, who closes the poem with a grand and important achievement, the conquest and death of Rodomont. But this event is not the completion of a story carried on, principally and perpetually, through the work.

This spirited Italian passes from one incident to another, and from region to region, with such incredible expedition and rapidity, that one would think he was mounted upon his winged steed Ippogrifo. Within the compass of ten stanzas, he is in England and the Hesperides, in the earth and the moon. He begins the history of a knight

in Europe, and suddenly breaks it off to resume the unfinished catastrophe of another in Asia. The reader's imagination is distracted, and his attention harassed, amidst the multiplicity of tales, in the relation of which the poet is at the same instant equally engaged. To remedy this inconvenience, the compassionate expositors have affixed, in some of the editions, marginal hints, informing the bewildered reader in what book and stanza the poet intends to recommence an interrupted episode. This expedient reminds us of the aukward artifice practised by the first painters. However, it has proved the means of giving Ariosto's admirers a clear comprehension of his stories, which otherwise they could not have obtained, without much difficulty. This poet is seldom read a second time in order; that is, by passing from the first canto to the second, and from the second to the rest in succession: by thus pursuing, without any regard to the proper course of the books and stanzas, the different tales, which though all somewhere finished, yet are at present so mutually complicated, that the incidents of one are perpetually clashing with those of another The judicious Abbé du Bos observes happily enough, that 'Homer is a geometrician in comparison of Ariosto.' His miscellaneous contents cannot be better expressed than by the two first verses of his exordium:

'Le Donne, i Cavalier, l'Arme, gli Amori,
'Le Cortesie, l'audaci Imprese, io canto.'

But it is absurd to think of judging either Ariosto or Spenser by precepts which they did not attend to. We, who live in the days of writing by rule, are apt to try every composition by those laws which we have been taught to think the sole criterion of excellence. Critical taste is universally diffused, and we require the same order and design which every modern performance is expected to have, in poems where they never were regarded or intended. Spenser, (and the same may be said of Ariosto,) did not live in an age of planning. His poetry is the careless exuberance of a warm imagination and a strong sensibility. It was his business to engage the fancy, and to interest the attention by bold and striking images*, in the formation, and the disposition of which, little labour or art was applied. The various and the marvellous were the chief sources of delight. Hence we find our author ransacking alike the regions of reality and romance, of truth and fiction, to find the proper decorations and furniture for his fairy structure. Born in such an age, Spenser wrote rapidly from

* Montesquieu has partly characterised Spenser, in the judgement he has passed upon the English poets, which is not true with regard to all of them. 'Leurs poetes auroient plus 'souvent cette rudesse originale de l'invention, qu'une cer-'taine delicatesse que donne le gout: on y trouveroit quelque 'chose qui approcheroit plus de la force de M. Angge, que de 'la grace de Raphael.' L'Esprit du Loix, liv. 19. chap. 27. The French critics are too apt to form their general notions of English poetry, from our fondness for Shakspeare.

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his own feelings, which at the same time were naturally noble. Exactness in his poem would have been like the cornice which a painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso. Spenser's beauties are like the flowers in Paradise:

——'Which not nice Art
'In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
'Pour'd forth profuse, on hill, and dale, and plain,
'Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
'The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
'Imbrown'd the noon-tide bowers.'
Par. L. B. iv. 241.

If the *Faerie Queene* be destitute of that arrangement and economy which epick severity requires, yet we scarcely regret the loss of these while their place is so amply supplied, by something which more powerfully attracts us: something, which engages the affections, the feelings of the heart rather than the cold approbation of the head. If there be any poem, whose graces please, because they are situated beyond the reach of art, and where the force and faculties of creative imagination delight, because they are unassisted and unrestrained by those of deliberate judgement, it is THIS. In reading Spenser if the critick is not satisfied, yet the reader is transported. T. WARTON.

MR. WARTON'S

REMARKS

ON

SPENSER'S IMITATIONS FROM OLD ROMANCES.

ALTHOUGH Spenser formed his *Faerie Queene* upon the fanciful plan of Ariosto, yet it must be confessed, that the adventures of his knights are a more exact and immediate copy of those which we meet with in old romances, or books of chivalry, than of those which form the *Orlando Furioso*. Ariosto's knights exhibit surprising examples of their prowess, and achieve many heroick actions. But our author's knights are more professedly engaged in revenging injuries, and doing justice to the distressed; which was the proper business, and ultimate end of the ancient knight-errantry. And thus, though many of Spenser's incidents are to be found in Ariosto, such as that of blowing a horn, at the sound of which the gates of a castle fly open, of the vanishing of an enchanted palace or garden after some knight has destroyed the enchanter, and the like; yet these are not more peculiarly the property of Ariosto, than they are

common to all ancient romances in general. Spenser's first Book is, indeed, a regular and precise imitation of such a series of action as we frequently find in books of chivalry. For instance; A king's daughter applies to a knight, that he would relieve her father and mother, who are closely confined to their castle, upon account of a vast and terrible dragon, that had ravaged their country, and perpetually laid wait to destroy them. The knight sets forward with the lady, encounters a monster in the way, is plotted against by an enchanter, and, after surmounting a variety of difficulties and obstacles, arrives at the country which is the scene of the dragon's devastation, kills him, and is presented to the king and queen, whom he has just delivered; marries their daughter, but is soon obliged to leave her, on account of fulfilling a former vow.

It may be moreover observed, that the circumstance of each of Spenser's twelve knights, departing from one place, by a different way, to perform a different adventure; exactly resembles that of the seven knights entering upon their several expeditions, in the well-known romance, entitled *The Seven Champions of Christendom*. In fact, these miraculous books were highly fashionable; and chivalry, which was the subject of them, was still practised and admired, in the

age of queen Elizabeth. See Hollinshead's *Chronicles*, vol. iii. p. 1315.

Among others, there is one romance which Spenser seems more particularly to have made use of. It is entitled, [*La*] MORTE [*d'*] ARTHUR, *The Lyfe of King Arthur, and of his noble Knyghtes of the round table, and in theende the dolorous deth of them all*. This was translated into English from the French, by one Sir Thomas Maleory, Knight, and printed by W. Caxton, 1485. It has been reprinted twice or thrice: the last edition is dated 1634. From this fabulous history our author has borrowed many of his names, viz. Sir Tristram, Placidas, Pelleas, Pellenore, Percivall, and others. As to Sir Tristram, he has copied from this book the circumstances of his birth and education with much exactness. Spenser informs us that Sir Tristram was born in Cornwall, &c. F. Q. vi. ii. 28.

'And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
'Of good king Meliogras, which did rayne
'In Cornewale.'———

And afterwards, st. 30.

———'The countrie wherein I was bred,
'The which the fertile Lionesse is hight.'

These particulars are drawn from the romance

above mentioned. 'There was a knight Meliodas [Meliogras], and he was lord and king of the country of Lyones—and he wedded king Markes sister of Cornewale.' The issue of which marriage, as we are afterwards told, was Sir Tristram, B. ii. C. 1. Mention is then made, in our romance, of Sir Tristram's banishment from Lyons into a distant country, by the advice, and under the conduct, of a wise and learned counsellor named Governale. A circumstance alluded to by Spenser in these verses, F. Q. vi. ii. 30.

'So taking counsell of a wise man red,
'She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
'Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
'The which the fertile Lionesse is hight.'

Sir Tristram's education is thus described in the next stanza.

'All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
'Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
'In ydlesse, but as was convenient
'Have trained bene with many noble feres
'In gentle thewes and such like semely leres;
'Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
'To hunt the salvage chace among my peres
'Of all that raungeth in the forest greene,
'Of which none is to me unknowne that e'er was seene.

'Ne is there hauke that mantleth her on pearch,
'Whether high-tow'ring, or accoasting low,

'But I the measure of her flight doe search,
'And all her pray and all her dyet knowe.'

All this is agreeable to what is related in the romance. After mention being made of Tristram's having learned the language of France, courtly behaviour, and skill in chivalry, we read the following passage. 'As he growed 'in might and strength, he laboured ever in 'hunting and hawking; so that we never read 'of no gentleman, more, that so used himselfe 'therein.—And he began good measures of 'blowing of blasts of venery [hunting] and 'chase, and of all manner of vermeins; and all 'these termes have we yet of hawking and 'hunting, and therefore the booke of venery, of 'hawking and hunting, is called *the book of Sir 'Tristram*.' B. ii. C. 3. And in another place King Arthur thus addresses Sir Tristram. 'For 'of all manner of hunting thou bearest the prise; 'and of all measures of blowing thou art the 'beginner; and of all the termes of hunting 'and hawking ye are the beginner.' B. ii. C. 91.

In Tuberville's treatise *Of Falconrie*, &c. Sir Tristram is often introduced as the patron of field-sports. A huntsman thus speaks, p. 96. edit. 4to. 1611:

'Before the King I come report to make,
'Then hushe and peace for noble *Tristram's* sake.'

And in another place, p. 40.

'Wherefore who lyst to learn the perfect trade
'Of venerie, &c.———
'Let him give ear to skillfull *Tristram's* lore.'

Many of the precepts, contained in the *Book of Sir Tristram*, are often referred to in this treatise of Tuberville.

From this romance our author also took the hint of his BLATANT BEAST; which is there called the QUESTING BEAST, B. ii. C. 53. 'Therewithall the King saw coming towards him 'the strangest beast that ever he saw, or heard 'tell of.—And the noyse was in the beasts belly 'like unto the *Questin* of thirtie couple of 'houndes.' The QUESTING BEAST is afterwards more particularly described. 'That had in shap 'an head like a serpent's head, and a body like a 'liberd, buttocks like a lyon, and footed like a 'hart; and in his body there was such a noyse, 'as it had been the noyse of thirtie couple of 'houndes *Questyn*, and such a noyse that beast 'made wheresoever he went.' He is also called the GLATISANT BEAST, ibid. B. ii. C. 98. 'Tell 'them that I am the knight that followeth the '*Glatisant Beast*, that is to say, in English, the 'QUESTING BEAST, &c.' Spenser has made him a much more monstrous animal than he is here represented to be, and in general has varied from

this description. But there is one circumstance in Spenser's representation, in which there is a minute resemblance, viz. speaking of his mouth, F. Q. vi. xij. 27.

'And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
'Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
'Some were of dogs that barked night and day,
'And some, &c.'———

By what has been hitherto said, perhaps the reader may not be persuaded, that Spenser, in his BLATANT BEAST, had the QUESTING BEAST of our romance in his eye. But the poet has himselfe taken care to inform us of this: for we learn, from the romance, that certain knights of the round table were destined to pursue the QUESTING BEAST perpetually without success: which Spenser, speaking of this BLATANT BEAST, hints at in these lines, F. Q. vi. xii. 39:

'Albe that long time after Calidore
'The good Sir Pelleas him took in hand,
'And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
'And all his brethren born in Britaine land;
'Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.'

Sir Lamoracke and Sir Pelleas are two very valourous champions of Arthur's round table.

This romance supplied our author with the

story of the mantle made of the * beards of knights, and locks of ladies. The last circumstance is added by Spenser, F. Q. vi. i. 13.

'For may no knight nor lady passe along
'That way, (and yet they needs must pass that way
'By reason of the streight and rocks among)
'But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away,
'And that Knights berd for toll, which they for passage pay.'

Afterwards, in st. 15.

'His name is Crudor, who through high disdaine,
'And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
'Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
'Untill a mantle she for him do fynd,
'With berds of Knights and lockes of Ladies lynd.'

Thus in *La Morte d'Arthur*: 'Came a messenger—saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven knights, and everiche of them did him homage; and that was this; they gave him their beards cleane flayne of as much as there was: wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's berd: for king Ryence

* *Immense Beards* seem to have had a wonderful influence in the proper economy of an enchantment. Thus we see the barber, who was to personate the squire of the Princess Micomicona has 'una gran barba, &c.' D. Quix. parte prim. c. 26. libro 3. And the countess of Trifaldi's squire is described, parte 2. lib. vii. c. 36. as wearing 'la mas larga, la mas horrida, &c.' T. WARTON.

had purfeled a mantell with king's beards, and there lacked for one place of the mantell. Wherefore he sent for his berd; or else hee would enter into his lands, and brenn and sley, and never leave, till he have thy head and beard.' B. i. C. 24. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, speaks of a coat composed of the beards of kings. He is celebrating king Arthur, *Song* iv.

'As how great Rithout's self he slew in his repair,
'And ravisht Howel's niece, young Helena the fair.
'And for a trophie brought the giant's coat away,
'Made of the beards of kings.'———

An ancient ballad on this subject is also printed in P. Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, fol. 1661, p. 197.

But Drayton, in these lines, manifestly alludes to a passage in Geoffry of Monmouth; who informs us, that a Spanish giant, named Ritho, having forcibly conveyed away, from her guard, Helena the niece of duke Hoel, possessed himself of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, from whence he made frequent sallies, and committed various outrages; that, at last, king Arthur conquered this giant, and took from him a certain coat, which he had been composing of the beards of kings, a vacant place being left for king Arthur's beard. See *Orig. & Gest. Reg. Brit.* B. x. 13.

And though further proofs of Spenser's copy-

ing this romance are perhaps superfluous, I shall add, that Spenser has quoted an authority for an ancient custom from *La Morte d'Arthur* in his *View of Ireland*. 'The knights in ancient times 'used to wear the mistresses or lover's sleeve 'upon their arms, as appeareth by that which is 'written of Sir Launcelot, that he wore the 'sleeve of the Faire Maid of Asteloth in a tour-'nay: whereat queen Genever was much dis-'pleased.' This is the passage in *La Morte d'Arthur*: 'When queen Genever wist that Sir 'Launcelot beare the red sleeve of the Faire 'Maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her 'minde for anger.' P. iii. Ch. 119.

There is great reason to conclude, not only from what has already been mentioned concerning Spenser's imitations from this romantick history of king Arthur and his knights, but from some circumstances which I shall now produce, that it was a favourite and reigning romance about the age of queen Elizabeth; or at least one very well known and much read at that time. Spenser in the *Shepherd's Calendar* has the following passage, *Aprill*:

'And whither rennes this bevie of ladies bright
'Raunged in a row?
'They been all *Ladies of the Lake* behight,
'That unto her go.'

Upon the words *Ladies of the Lake*, E. K. the

old commentator on the pastorals, has left us the following remark: 'Ladies of the Lake be 'nymphes: for it was an old opinion among the 'antient heathens, that of every spring and foun-'taine was a goddesse the soveraine; which opi-'nion stucke in the minds of men not many years 'since by meanes of certain fine fablers, or loose 'lyers; such as were the authors of *king Arthur* 'the great:—Who tell many an unlawfull lees-'ing of the *Ladies of the Lake.*' These fine fablers or loose lyers, are the authors of the romance above mentioned, viz. *La Morte d'Arthur*, in which many miracles are performed, and much enchantment is conducted, by the means and interposition of the LADY OF THE LAKE. Now it should be observed, that the LADY OF THE LAKE was introduced to make part of queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth; as evidence of which, I shall produce a passage from an ancient book, entitled A LETTER, *whearein part of the entertainment vntoo the queens majesty, at Killingworth-castl in Warwicksheer in this soomers progress,* 1575, *is signified* *.

* Killingworth-castle was early made the theatre of romantick gallantries; and was the place where tilts and tournaments, after a long disuse, were re-established in their original splendour by Roger earl of Mortimer, in the reign of Edward I. Thus earl Mortimer, his grandson, to Q. Isabell, in Drayton's *heroical Epistles:*

'My grandson was the first since Arthur's reign
'That the round table rectified again;
'To whose great court at Kenilworth did come
'The peerless knighthood of all Christendom.'

The passage is this: 'Her highness all along 'this tilt-yard rode vnto the inner gate, next the 'base coourt of the castl: where the LADY OF 'THE LAKE (famous in *king Arthur's book*) with 'too nymphes waiting upon her, arrayed all in 'sylks, attended her highness comming, from the 'midst of the pool, whear, upon a moovabl 'iland, bright-blazing with torches, she, flowing 'to land, met her majesty with a well-penned 'meter, and matter, after this sort; first of the 'auncientée of the castl; whoo had been owners 'of the same een till this day, most allweys in 'the hands of the earls of Leyceter; hoow shee 'had kept this lake sins king Arthurs days, and 'now, vnderstanding of her highness hither com-'ming, thought it both office, and duetie, in 'humble wise, to discouer her, and her es-'tate, offering up the same, her lake, and 'pooer therein; with promise of repayr to the 'coourt. It pleased her highness too thank this 'lady, &c.'

Gascoyne, in a little narrative, called the

Where says the note,—'Roger Mortimer erected the round 'table at Kenelworth, after the antient order of king Arthur's 'table, with the retinue of 100 knights and 100 ladies in his 'house, for the entertaining such adventurers as came thither 'from all parts of Christendom.' Walsingham mentions the re-establishment of this table at Kenelworth. Hearne has printed from the Red book of the Exchequer, a curious Latin instrument of Richard I. concerning the places of holding tournaments in England, where Kenilworth is specified among the rest. See 'Tho. Hearnii præfat. ad *Gul. Neubrig. Hist.* pag. xlix, i.' It is also printed in Selden, *De Duello*.

T. WARTON.

Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth Castle, gives us some of the above-mentioned metre, written by Ferrers, one of the contributors to the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, of which these may serve as a specimen:

'I am the lady of this pleasant lake,
'Who since the time of great king Arthur's reigne,
'That here with royall court aboade did make,
'Have led a lowring life in restless paine;
'Till now that this your third arrival here,
'Doth cause me come abroad, and boldly thus appeare.

'For after him such stormes this castle shooke,
'By swarming Saxons first, who scourgde this land
'As forth of this my poole I neer durst looke, &c.'

She is afterwards introduced complaining to the queen, that sir Bruse had insulted her for doing an injury to Merlin, an incident related in *La Morte d'Arthur;* and that he would have put her to death had not Neptune delivered her, by concealing her in that lake; from which confinement the queen is afterwards supposed to deliver her, &c.

Without expatiating upon the nature of such a royal entertainment as this, I shall observe from it, that as the LADY OF THE LAKE WAS a very popular character in the reign of queen Elizabeth, so consequently the romance, which sup-

plied this fiction, was at the same time no less popular. We may add, that it is not improbable that Spenser might allude in the above-cited verses to some of the circumstances in this part of the queen's entertainment; for queen Elisabeth, the *Fayre Elisa*, is the lady whom the LADIES OF THE LAKE are represented as repairing to, in that eclogue *. Nor is it improbable that this lady was often exhibited upon other occasions: nor is it improper to remark in this place, that Ben. Jonson has introduced her, together with king Arthur and Merlin, in an entertainment before the court of James I. called, *Prince Henries Barriers*.

The above ancient letter acquaints us, that the queen was entertained with a song from this romance, which is a corroborative proof of its popularity at that time. 'A minstrall came forth 'with a sollem song warranted for story out of '*king Arthur's acts*, the first book, 24. whereof 'I gat a copy, and that is this:

'So it fell out on a Pentecost day
'When king Arthur, &c.'

* Spenser's Pastorals were published about four years after this entertainment. The first edition is dated 1579. It is a thin quarto; printed in the black letter, with the commentary of E. K. pernaps Edward King. Some have thought that his name was Kerke: I suppose, because Spenser, in his letters to Harvey, mentions his lodging with one Mrs. Kerke, and, in the same, sends E. K.'s compliments to Harvey.
T. WARTON.

This is the song above hinted at, where mention is made of king Ryence demanding the beard of King Arthur. In the same letter, a gentleman who shewed some particular feats of activity before the queen, is said to be 'very cunning in fens, and hardy as Gawen.' This Gawen was king Arthur's nephew, and his achievements are highly celebrated in *La Morte d'Arthur*.

We find Spenser in another place alluding to the fable of the lady of the lake, so much spoken of in this romance, F. Q. iii. iii. 10.

——————'A litle whyle
'Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
'A brasen wall in compas to compyle
'About Cairmardin, and did it commend
'Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end;
'During which time, the LADY OF THE LAKE,
'Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send;
'Who, thereby forst his workmen to forsake,
'Them bownd, till his retourne, their labour not to slake.'

XI.

'In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine
'He was surpris'd and buried under beare,
'Ne ever to his worke return'd againe.'

These verses are obscure, unless we consider the following relation in *La Morte d'Arthur*. 'The LADY OF THE LAKE and Merlin departed; 'and by the way as they went, Merlin shewed to 'her many wonders, and came into Cornwaile.

'And alwaies Merlin lay about the ladie for to 'have her favour; and she was ever passing 'wery of him, and faine would have been deli- 'vered of him; for she was afraid of him, because 'he was a divells son, and she could not put 'him away by no meanes. And so upon a 'time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her 'in a roche [rock] whereas was a great won- 'der, and wrought by enchauntment, which went 'under a stone, so by her subtile craft and work- 'ing she made Merlin to go under that stone, to 'let him wit of the marvailes there. But she 'wrought so there for him, that he came never 'out, for all the craft that he could doe.' B. i. C. 60.

Our author has taken notice of a superstitious tradition, which is related at large in this romance, F. Q. ii. x. 53.

——'Good Lucius
'That first received Christianity,
'The sacred pledge of Christs Evangely.
'Yet true it is, that long before that day
'Hither came Joseph of Arimathy*,
'Who brought with him the *holy grayle*, they say,
'And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.'

The *holy grale*, that is, the *real blood* of our

* Concerning the preaching of Joseph of Arimathea there was an old song or legend. 'The olde man had an harpe, and there he sung how Joseph of Arimathea came into this land. *Morte Arthur*, B. iii. c. 5. See also c. 38. T. WARTON.

blessed Saviour. What Spenser here writes *gayle*, is often written *Sangreal* or *St. grale*, in *La Morte d'Arthur*; and it is there said to have been brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea. Many of king Arthur's knights are in the same book represented as adventuring in quest, or in search of the *Sangreal*, or *sanguis realis*. This expedition was one of the first subjects of the old romance.

This romance seems to have extended its reputation beyond the reign of queen Elizabeth. Jonson, besides his allusion to it concerning the LADY OF THE LAKE, mentioned above, hints at it more than once. See his *Execration upon Vulcane*, in the *Underwoods*:

'Had I compil'd from Amadis de Gaule,
'Th' Esplandians, *Arthurs*, Palmerins, &c.'

And afterwards, in the same poem,

——'The whole summe
'Of errant knighthood; with the dames and dwarfes,
'The charmed boates, and the enchanted wharfes,
'The *Tristrams*, *Lanc'lotts*, &c.'

And Camden refers to this history of king Arthur, as to a book familiarly known to the readers of his age. *Remains*, printed in 1604. Art. *Names*. Speaking of the Name TRISTRAM, he observes, 'I know not whether the first of his name was

christned by king Arthur's fabler.' Again, of LAUNCELOT he speaks, 'Some think it to be an ancient name, but forged by the writer of king Arthur's history, for one of his douty knights.' And of GAWEN, 'A name devised by the author of king Arthur's table.'

To this we may add, that Milton manifestly hints at it in the following lines, *Par. Reg.* B. ii. 359.

'——Damsels met in forests wide
'By knights of Logris, or of Lyones,
'Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.'

These are Sir Lancelot (or Sir Meliot) of Logris; Sir Tristram of Lyones, and king Pellenore, who are often mentioned in *La Morte d'Arthur*, and represented as meeting beautiful damsels in desolate forests: and probably he might have it in his eye when he wrote the following, as the Round Table is expressly hinted at, *Mansus*, v.

'Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
'Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
'Aut dicam INVICTÆ sociali fœdera MENSÆ
'Magnanimos Heroas.'

To which we may subjoin, *Par. L.* B. i. 579.

'——What resounds
'In fable, or romance, of Uther's son,
'Begirt with British and Armoric knights.'

Before I leave this romance, I must observe, that Ariosto has been indebted to it; I do not mean to the old translation, which Spenser made use of. He has drawn his enchanter Merlin from it, and in these verses refers to a particular story concerning him quoted above. Bradamante is supposed to visit the tomb of Merlin, C. iii. 10.

'Questa è l' antica e memorabil grotta,
'Ch' edificò Merlino, il savio mago;
'Che forse recordare odi taldotta,
'Dove ingannollo la DONNA DEL LAGO.
'Il sepolcro è qui giu, dove corrotta
'Giace la carne sua; dov' egli vago
'Di satisfare a lei, che gliel suase,
'Vivo corcossi, e morto ci rimase.'

This description of Merlin's tomb, says Harington, the translator of Ariosto, in a marginal note, is out of the *book of king Arthur*. Ariosto has transferred the tomb from Wales into France. He afterwards feigns, that the prophetical sculpture in Maligigi's cave was performed by Merlin's enchantment, C. xxvi. 39.

'Merlino, il savio incantator Britanno,
'Fe' far la fonte al tempo del re Arturo,
'E di cose, ch' al mondo hanno a venire,
'La fe' da buoni artefici scolpire.'

He also mentions some of the names of the

knights of our romance. When Renaldo arrives in Great Britain, the poet takes occasion to celebrate that island for its singular achievements in chivalry, and for having produced many magnanimous champions; these are,

——————'Tristano,
'Lancillotto, Galasso, Artu, e Galuano.' C. iv. 52.

Afterwards, Tristram makes a great figure, in C. xxxii.

From this romance is also borrowed Ariosto's tale of the enchanted cup, C. ii. 34; which, in Caxton's old translation, is as follows: 'By the way they met with a knight, that was sent from Morgan le Faye to king Arthur; and this knight had a faire horne all garnished with gold; and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladie or gentlewoman drink of that horne, but if shee were true to her husband; and if she were false, shee should spill all the drinke; and shee were true unto her lord, shee might drinke peaceably, &c.' C. xlii. 98. Afterwards many trials are made with this cup. Ariosto's copy begins with the following verses:

'Ecco un Donzello, a chi l' ufficio tocca,
'Pon fu la mensa un bel napo d' or fino.
'Di fuor di gemme, e dentro pien di vino.'

The inimitable Fontaine has new moulded this

story from Ariosto, under the title of *La coupe enchantée*.

As it is manifest, from a comparison of passages, that Ariosto was intimately conversant in this romance; so I think we may fairly suppose that he drew from it the idea of his Orlando running mad with jealousy. In *La Morte d'Arthur*, Sir Lancelot, smitten with a jealous fit, is driven to madness, in which state he continues for the space of two years, performing a thousand different pranks, no less extravagant than those of Orlando; and, like him, at last he recovers his senses. A popular and ridiculous romance was a sufficient hint for what we think a fine effort of poetry.

I had forgot to remark before, that our author has borrowed the name of Materasta's [Malecasta's] castle from that of Lancelot in *La Morte d'Arthur*:

——— 'The goodly frame
'And stately port of *Castle Joyeous*,' F. Q. iii. i. 31.

Lancelot's Castle is styled, by Caxton, *Joyous gard*, or castle*.

This romance, or at least the stories formed

* So Skelton, in the *Crowne of Lawrell*, p. 52, ed. ut supr.
'Of the paiants[pageants] that were played in *Joyous Garde*.'
T. WARTON.

from it, sometimes furnished matter for theatrical exhibitions, as we learn from Shakspeare, II. *Part Hen.* IV. A. iii. S. iv. 'SHALLOW. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clements-inn, I was Sir Dagonet in *Arthur's Show*.' Where Theobald remarks, 'The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy Wight [Sir Dagonet] is from Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.' Sir Dagonet is an important character in *La Morte d'Arthur*. The *magnificent* Arthur bore a considerable part in the old pageants. Thus, relating the marriage of prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. says Bacon, 'In the devices and conceits of the triumphs of this marriage—*you may be sure* that king Arthur the Briton, &c. was not forgotten.' In our author's age, we find him introduced among the entertainments exhibited at the splendid reception of lord Leicester. 'Over the entrance of the court-gate was placed aloft upon a scaffold, as it had been in a cloud or skie, *Arthur of Britaine*, whom they compared to the earl.' Holing. *Hist. Engl.* vol. iii. p. 1426. Sidney, as appears from a curious conversation between B. Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, recorded by the latter, intended to turn all the stories of the *Arcadia* into the admired legend of Arthur and his Knights. In his *Defence of Poesie* he plainly hints at Caxton's romance. 'I dare say, that *Orlando Furioso*, or honest king *Arthur*

'[his *history*] will never displease a soldier.' Ad Calc. *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*, edit. 1638, p. 558.

Caxton's recommendation of this book to the knights of England, conveys a curious picture of the times*. 'O ye Knyghts of Englond! where 'is the custom and usage of noble chyvalry that 'was usid in those dayes? What do you now but 'go to the baynes, [baths], and play at dyse? 'And some not well advised, use not honest and 'good rule, agayn all order of knighthood. 'Leve this, leve it: And rede the noble volumes 'of *Saynt Greal* of *Lancelot*, of *Galaad*, of *Tristram*, of *Perseforest*, of *Percyval*, of *Gawayne*, 'and many mo: There shall ye see *manhode*, '*curtoys* and *gentilenes*. And loke in latter dayes 'of the noble actes syth the conquest: as in king 'Richard's dayes, *Cuer de Lion*; Edward I. and 'III. and his noble sones: Syr Robert Knolles, '&c. Rede Froissart. Also beholde that victo-'rious and noble king, Harry the fifthe, &c.' Ascham however tells us, 'I know when God's bible was banished the court, and *La Morte d'Arthur* received into the prince's chamber.' See his *Scholemaster*, &c. 4to. 1589. b. l. p. 25.

In the hall of the castle of Tamworth, in Warwickshire, there is an old rude painting on the wall, of Sir Lancelot du Lake, and Sir Turquin,

* From the boke of the Ordre of Chyvalry, or Knighthood: translated out of Frenshe, and imprinted by William Caxton. Without date; perhaps 1484 .4to. T. WARTON.

drawn in a gigantick size, and tilting together. On Arthur's Round Table, as it is called, in the castle of Winchester, said to be founded by Arthur, are inscribed in ancient characters, the names of twenty-four of his knights, just as we find them in *La Morte d'Arthur*. This table was hanging there, in the year 1484, and was even then very old, being at that time, by tradition, called *Arthur's round table* *. I presume, that in commemoration of Arthur's institution, and in direct imitation of his practice, in later ages, a round table, inscribed with his knights, was usually fixed in some publick place, wherever any magnificent tourney was held, on which probably the combatants were afterwards feasted. It is well known that tournaments were frequently celebrated in high splendor at Winchester; and this is perhaps one of these very tables. It was partly on account of a round table being thus actually exhibited, that these exercises were familiarly called by the historians of the middle age, *Tabula* or *Mensa Rotunda*. Thus Walter Hemingford, to mention no more instances: 'Eodem anno '[1280] *Tabula Rotunda* tenebatur sumptuosè 'apud Warewyk†.'

* See Caxton's Preface to *La Morte d'Arthur*. T. WARTON.

† Vit. Edv. I. edit. Hearne, vol. i. p. 7. See Note, supr. p. lx xv. It was often a *general* name for a tournament. However, every common tournament was not always strictly called so, "Non ut in hastiludio illo quod *communiter* et *vulgariter* TORNEAMENTUM dicitur, sed potius in illo ludo militari qui MENSA ROTUNDA dicitur, vires suas attemperarent. Matt. Paris, p. 1147. It was perhaps a *peculiar species* of tourney, such as was revived at Kenelworth-castle, by earl Mortimer.

Some writers say, that king Arthur first instituted the *Round Table*, at Cairleon, in Monmouthshire; others, at Camelot, in Somersetshire. Both these are mentioned in *La Morte d'Arthur*, as places where Arthur kept his court, with his knights. In the Parish of Lansannan, in Denbighshire, on the side of a stony rock is a circular area, cut out of the rock, having twenty-four seats, which they call Arthur's *Round Table*. However, its first and original establishment is generally supposed to have been at Winchester. Harding, in his *Chronicle* of English Kings from Brutus to Edward IV. in whose reign he wrote, tells us, that Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, founded the *Round Table* at Winchester, chiefly for the recovery of *Sangreal*, but in commemoration of his marriage with Igerne. Lond. 1543. edit. Grafton. fol. 61. Joseph of Arimathea is likewise introduced on this occasion.

'And at the day he weddid her and cround;
'And she far forth with child was then begonne,
'To comfort her he set the ROUND TABLE
'At *Winchester*, of worthiest knights alone,
'Approved best in knighthood of their fone,
'Which TABLE ROUND, *Joseph of Arimathie*,
'For brother made of the *Saint Gral* only.

At such a tournament as this, Chaucer's knight had often been the leading or principal champion, *Prol.* 51.

'At Aflessandre he was when it was won,
'Full oft timis he had *the* BORDE begon,
'In Pruce.'——

But Speght (Gloss. Ch.) says, 'that, being often among the 'Knights of the Teutonick order in Prussia, he was, for his 'worthiness, placed at the upper end of the table, before any 'of what nation soever.' T. WARTON.

'In which he made the sige perilous,
'Where none should sit, without grete mischief,
'But ONE that should be *most religious*
'Of knights all, and of the *round table* CHIEF,
'The *Saint Gral* that should recover and achieve.

The ONE *most religious*, who alone was qualified to sit in the *sige perilous*, and who achieved and won the *Sangreal*, is Sir Galahad, Sir Lancelot's son.

In Caxton's romance, king Arthur's dowry with queen Guenever, is said to be the *Round Table*, made by her father Uther. Her father, king Leodegrance, says, 'I shall send him a gift that shall please him more, [than lands] for I shall give him the *Table Round*, the which *Uther Pendragon gave me* *.'

There is another ancient romance, for so it may be called, though written in verse, which Spenser apparently copies, in prince Arthur's combat with the dragon, F. Q. i. xi. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36. The miraculous manner in which the knight is healed, our author drew from this old poem, entitled, *Sir Bevis of Southampton*.

'What for weary, and what for faint,
'Sir Bevis was neere attaint:
'The dragon followed on Bevis so hard,
'That as he would have fled backward,

* La Morte d'Arthur, l. 45. T. WARTON.

'There was a well as I weene,
'And he stumbled right therein.
'Then was Sir Bevis afraid and woe,
'Lest the dragon should him sloe:
'Or that he might away passe,
'When that he in the well was.
'Then was the well of such vertu
'Through the might of Christ Jesu,
'For sometime dwelled in that land
'A virgin full of Christes sand,
'That had been bathed in that well,
'That ever after, as men can tell,
'Might no venomous worme come therein,
'By the virtue of that virgin,
'Nor nigh it seven foot and more:
'Then Bevis was glad therefore,
'When he saw the Dragon fell
'Had no power to come to the well.
'Then was he glad without faile,
'And rested awhile for his availe,
'And drank of the water of his fill,
'And then he leapt out of the well,
'And with *Morglay*, his brand
'Assailed the Dragon, I understand:
'On the Dragon he strucke so fast, &c*.'

After which the Dragon strikes the knight with such violence, that he falls into a swoon, and tumbles as it were lifeless into the well, by whose sovereign virtue he is revived.

'When Bevis was at the ground
'The water made him whole and sound,
'And quenched all the venim away,
'This well saved Bevis that day.'

* We have much the same Miracle in the *Seven Champions*, 1. 2. T. WARTON.

And afterwards,

'But ever when Bevis was hurt sore,
'He went to the well and washed him thore;
'He was as whole as any man,
'And ever as fresh as when he began.'

It may be observed, that this poem of Sir Bevis is in that short measure, which was frequently sung to the harp even in queen Elizabeth's time: a custom which probably descended from the ancient bards. The author of *The Arte of English poesie*, printed in 1589, thus speaks of it: 'So on the other side doth the 'overbusie and too speedy returne of one man-'ner of tune, too much annoy, and, as it were, 'glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular 'musickes song by these cantabanqui upon 'benches and barrels heads, where they have 'none other audience than boyes, or country 'fellowes, that passe by them in the streete; 'or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne-'minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat; 'and their matters being, for the most part, 'stories of old time; as, the *Tale of Sir Topas*, 'the *Reportes of Bevis of Southampton*, *Guy of* '*Warwicke*, *Adam Bell*, and *Clymme of the Clough*, and such other old *Romances* or *historical Rhymes*, made purposely for recreation of the common people at christmasse diners, and brideales; and in tavernes, and alehouses, and

'such places of base resort: also they be used in 'carols and rounds, and such light or lascivious 'poemes, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these buffoons and vices 'in plays, than by any other person: such were 'the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a 'poet laureate) being in deede but a rude rayling 'rimer, and all his doings ridiculous; he used 'both short distances and short measures, pleasing only the popular eare; in our courtly MAKER 'we banish them utterly.' B. ii. c. 9. Hence it appears, that Chaucer's pieces, or at least legends drawn from him, were, at that time, sung to the harp; for the tale, or rime, of Sir Topas is a poem of Chaucer now extant: so the Italians, at present, sing Tasso and Ariosto. Adam Bell and Clym of the Clough were two famous archers: the former of which is, on that account, alluded to by Shakspeare.

The same author, in another place, speaks of this kind of entertainment, by which we may conjecture that it was not always confined to so vulgar an audience. 'We ourselves, who com-'piled this treatise, have written for pleasure, 'a little *brief romance*, or historical ditty, in 'the English tong, of the isle of Great-Britaine, 'in short and long meeters; and by breaches 'or divisions to be more commodiously sung to 'the harpe in places of assembly, where the 'company shall be desirous to hear of old adven-

'tures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times 'past; as are those of *king Arthur, and his* '*knights of the round table;* Sir Bevys of South-'ampton, Guy of Warwicke, and such other like.' B. i. c. 19.

But to return: the circumstance of the Dragon not being able to approach within seven feet of this well, is imitated by our author, where he mentions another water, which in like manner preserves the knight, F. Q. i. xi. 49.

'But nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
'Durst not approache, for he was mortal made,
'And all that life preserved did detest,
'Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.'

We feel a sort of malicious triumph in detecting the latent and obscure source, from whence an original author has drawn some celebrated description: yet this, it must be granted, soon gives way to the rapture that naturally results from contemplating the chymical energy of true genius, which can produce so noble a transmutation; and whose virtues are not less efficacious and vivifying in their nature, than those of the miraculous water here displayed by Spenser.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, by the way, that our author, in his Dragon-encounters, circumstantially adopts all the incidents which occur on this article in romances.

An ingenious correspondent has communicated to me an old ballad, or metrical romance, called *The Boy and the Mantle*, on which Spenser's conceit of *Florimel's girdle* is evidently founded. A boy brings into king Arthur's hall, at Cairleon, a magical mantle, by which trial is made of the fidelity of each of the ladies of the several knights. But this fiction* is as manifestly taken from an old French piece, entitled, *Le Court Mantel;* part of which is quoted by M. de Sainte Palaye, in his learned and entertaining memoirs of ancient chivalry, and who informs us, that it is formed on the tale of the *Enchanted Cup*. Most of these old romantick stories in English, I presume, first existed in French or Italian.

Several other incidental imitations of romance, will be pointed out occasionally. As to Spenser's original and genealogy of the FAIRY NATION, I am inclined to conjecture, that part of it was supplied by his own inexhaustible imagination, and part from some fabulous history.

He tells us, that man, as first made by Prometheus, was called ELFE, who, wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of

* *But this fiction*, &c.] The story of *Le Court Mantel* is also recorded in many manuscript Welch chronicles, as I learn from original letters of Lhuyd in the Ashmolean Museum. And from the same authority I am informed, that the fiction of the Giant's coat composed of the beards of the kings whom he had conquered, is related in the legends of the bards of both countries. T. WARTON.

Adonis, where he found a female, whom he called FAY, F. Q. ii. x. 70. *Elfe*, according to Junius, is derived from the Runick *Alfur*; who likewise endeavours to prove, that the Saxons called the *Elfes*, or spirits of the Downs, *Dunelfin*; of the Fields, *Feldelfen*; of the Hills, *Muntelfen*; of the Woods, *Wudelfen*, &c *. ELFE, signifies *quick*. FAY, or FAIRY, I shall explain hereafter. The issue of ELFE and FAY were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was enclosed with a golden wall by Elfiline. His son Elfine overcame the Gobbelines; but, of all Fairies, Elfant was most renowned, who built Panthea, of crystal. To these succeeded Elfar, who slew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glass over the sea, the sound of which was like thunder. At length Elficleos ruled the Fairy land with much wisdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whose 'wide memorial' still remains; and who, dying, left Tanaquil to succeed him

* See Junius, Etymolog. in v. ELFE. Etymologists greatly differ about the word. T. WARTON.

by will, she being also called *Glorian*, or GLORIANA.

In the story of Enfinel, who overcame the Gobbelines, Spenser either alludes to the fiction of the Guelfes and Gibbelines in Italy; or to another race of fairies, called *Goblins*, and commonly joined with *Elfes*. His friend and commentator, E. K., remarks*, that our *Elfes* and *Goblins* were derived from the two parties Guelfes and Gibbelines. This etymology I by no means approve. The mention of it however may serve to illustrate Spenser's meaning in this passage Elfinan perhaps is king Lud, who founded London, or Cleopolis: 'In which the fairest FAERIE queene doth well,' F. Q. i. x. 58. Elfant built her palace *Panthea*, probably Windsor-castle. The bridge of glass may mean London-bridge. But these images of the golden wall, the crystal tower, &c. seem to be all adopted from romance. At least, they all flow from a mind strongly tinctured with romantick ideas. In the latter part of this genealogy, he has manifestly adumbrated some of our English princes. Elficleos is king Henry VII., whose eldest son, prince Arthur, died at sixteen years of age, in Ludlow-castle; and whose youngest son Oberon, that is Henry VIII., succeeded to the crown, marrying his brother Arthur's widow, the princess Katherine.

* Eclogue *June*. T. WARTON.

This Spenser particularly specifies in these verses, F. Q. ii. x. 75.

'Whose emptie place, the mightie Oberon
'Doubly supplide, in SPOUSALL and DOMINION.'

And that the fame of this king was very recent in our author's age, is obvious. It is remarkable that Spenser says nothing of Edward VI. and queen Mary, who reigned between Henry VIII. and queen Elizabeth; but that he passes immediately from Oberon to Tanaquil, or GLORIANA, i. e. Elizabeth, who was excluded from her succession by those two intermediate reigns. There is much address and art in the poet's manner of making this omission.

'He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
'Him to succeed therein by his last will;
'Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
'Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill.'

As to the Fairy QUEEN, considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such an imaginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a fairy land: and Shakspeare, the poet of popular superstition, has introduced her in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. She was supposed to have held her court in the highest magnificence, in the reign of king Arthur; a circumstance, by

which the transcendent happiness of that golden age was originally represented in its legendary chronicles. Thus Chaucer, *Wife of Bathes T.* v. 857. edit. Urr.

'In the old dayis of the king Arthure,
'Of which the Britons speken great honour;
'All was this lond fulfillid of fayry;
'The ELF-QUENE, with her jolly company,
'Daunsid full oft in many a grene mede:
'This was the old opinion, as I rede.'

Hence too we find, that Spenser followed the established tradition, in supposing his *Fairy Queen** to exist in the age of Arthur.

In Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentioned above, the knight, like Spenser's Arthur, goes in search of a *Fairy Queen*:

'An ELF-QUENE well I love, I wis,
'For in this world no woman is,

* It appears from John Marston's satires, entitled the SCOURGE OF VILLANIE, *three books of satyres*, and printed in the year 1598, that our Author's FAERIE QUEENE occasioned many publications, in which fairies were the principal actors, viz. *In Lectores*.

——— 'Go buy some ballad of the FAERY KING.'

And in another place, B. iii. sat. 6.

———'At length some wonted sleepe doth crowne
'His new-faine lids; dreames, straight tenne pound to one
'Out-steps some FAERY with quick motion,
'And tells him wonders of some flowrie vale
'Awakes, straits rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.'

And I have seen a romance, which seems to have been written soon after Spenser's poem, entitled, THE RED-ROSE KNIGHT; where the knight, after the example of prince Arthur, goes in search of the *Fairy Queen*. T. WARTON.

'Worthy to be my make;
'All othir womin I forsake,
'And to an ELF-QUENE I me take
'By dale and eke by doune.
'Into his saddle he clombe anone,
'And pricked over style and stone
'An ELF-QUENE to espie,
'Till he so long had ridden and gone,
'That he fonde in a privie wone,
'The countre of FAIRIE.'

He then meets a terrible giant, who threatens him with destruction, for entering that country, and tells him;

'Here wonnith the QUENE OF FAIRIE,
'With harpe, and pipe, and simphonie,
'Within this place and boure;
The Child said, also mote I the
To morrow woll I metin The
'Whan I have mine armoure.'

In Chaucer it appears that *Fairy-land*, and *Fairies*, were sometimes used for hell, and its ideal inhabitants. Thus in the *Marchant's Tale*, v. 221.

'Pluto that is king of FAYRIE.'

Again,

'Proserpine and all her FAYRIE.'

In the same: 'And I, quoth the Quene, [*Proserpine*] am of FAYRIE.' In the *Knight's Tale*, when the brasen horse was brought into Cambus-

can's hall, 'It was of FAYRIE, as the people deem'd.' That is, 'the people thought this 'wonderful horse was the work of the devil, and 'made in hell.' And in the romance of the *Seven Champions*, Proserpine is called the FAIRY *Queen*, and said 'to sit crowned amongst her FAYRIES.' P. 1. ch. 16. In *Harsenet's Declaration of Popish Imposture*, &c. 1602, pag. 57, ch. 12, Mercury is called 'Prince of the FAIRIES.'

This fiction of the *Fairies*, is supposed to have been brought, with other fantastick extravagancies of the like nature, from the Eastern nations, while the European Christians were engaged in the holy war; those expeditions being the first subjects of the elder romance. These are the words of one [Warburton] who has shown his masterly skill and penetration in every part of literature. 'Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers; but formed upon Eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages, which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imagination of the eastern people.' That the Fairies, in particular, came from the East, the testimony of M. Herbelot will more fully confirm; who tells us, that the Persians call the Fairies *Peri*; and the Arabs, *Gennes*; that they feign, there is a certain country inhabited by them, called *Genistan*, which answers to our *Fairy-land*; and that the ancient romances of

Persia are full of *Peri* or *Fairies* *. See also *Ginn*, or *Gian*, in Herbelot; under the latter of which, that learned orientalist further informs us, that there is an Arabian book, entitled, 'Pieces 'de corail amassées sur ce qui regarde le GINNES, 'ou *Genies*.'

The notions however, so essential to books of chivalry, of giants, necromancers, enchantments, &c. were perhaps established, although not universally, in Europe, before the time of the Crusades. All the *Sagas*, or ancient Islandick histories, are full of them. The Fairies, in particular, held a very important rank in the old Celtick mythology †. The northern nations called them *Duergar*, or *Dwarfs*. Thus the sword *Tirfing*, in the Scaldick dialogue between Hervor and Angantyr, is called *Duerga Smidi*, the work of the *Dwarfs* ‡. This strengthens the hypothesis of the northern part of Europe, particularly Scandinavia, being peopled by colonies from the East,

* Littleness is not always implied in *Fairy*. Thus we have *Morgan la* FAY, *Morgan* the FAIRY, one of the queens in *La Morte d'Arthur*, an ELFIN *Lady*. She is called *Morgan la* FEE in the French romance, '*La* TABLE RONDE, *autrement dit* LAUNCELOT *du* LAKE,' in two folio volumes. The first of which was printed at Rouen, 1488, by John le Bourgeois. The Second, at Paris, in the same year, by John de Pre. They are said (fol. ult. vol. 2.) to be extracted from many true histories, by Gualtier de Map. There is also a French romance of the Achievement of the SANGRAAL, by Robert de Borron. T. WARTON.

† See Hervarer Saga of Olaus Verelius, fol. pag. 44, 45. And Hickes's Thesaur. tom. 2. pag. 311. et seq. per H. Wanley. See also what is said above concerning *Elfe*. T. WARTON.

‡ Hickes's Thesaur. vol. 1. pag. 193. cap. 23. T. WARTON.

under the command of their general, or god, ODIN. It is well known, how strongly the superstitious belief of spirits, or invisible agents, assigned to different parts of nature, prevails even in Scotland at this day."

Our old romantick history supposes, that Arthur still reigns in Fairy-Land, from which he will one day return to Britain, and re-establish the round table in its original splendour. See Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, b. 8, ch. 25.

'He is a king ycrownid in *Fairie*,
'With scepter, and sword: and with his regally
'Shall resort as lord and soveraigne
'Out of *Fairie*, and reigne in Britaine;
'And repair again the old round table:
'By prophecy Merlin set the date.'

The same tradition is mentioned by Cervantes in Don Quixote, P. i. ch. 5.

Many other examples might be alleged, from which it would be more abundantly manifested, that our author's imagination was entirely possessed with that species of reading, which was the fashion and the delight of his age. The lovers of Spenser, I hope, will not think I have been too tedious in a disquisition, which has contributed not only to illustrate many particular passages in their favourite poet, but to display the general cast and colour of his poem. Some there are, who will censure what I have collected on this

subject, as both trifling and uninteresting; but such readers can have no taste for Spenser.

T. WARTON.

MR. WARTON'S

REMARKS

ON

SPENSER'S ALLEGORICAL CHARACTER.

In reading the works of a poet who lived in a remote age, it is necessary that we should look back upon the customs and manners which prevailed in that age. We should endeavour to place ourselves in the writer's situation and circumstances. Hence we shall become better enabled to discover, how his turn of thinking, and manner of composing, were influenced by [illegible] appearances and established objects, which are utterly different from those with which we are at present surrounded. For want of this caution, too many readers view the knights and damsels, the tournaments and enchantments, of Spenser, with modern eyes; never considering that the encounters of chivalry subsisted in our author's age; that romances were then most eagerly and universally studied; and that consequently Spenser,

from the fashion of the times, was induced to undertake a recital of chivalrous achievements, and to become, in short, a *romantick* Poet.

Spenser, in this respect, copied real manners, no less than Homer. A sensible historian observes, that 'Homer copied true natural manners, which, however rough and uncultivated, will always form an agreeable and interesting picture; but the pencil of the English poet [Spenser] was employed in drawing the affectations, and conceits, and fopperies, of chivalry*.' This, however, was nothing more than an imitation of real life; as much, at least, as the plain descriptions in Homer, which corresponded to the simplicity of manners then subsisting in Greece. Spenser, in the address of the *Shepheards Calender* to Sir Philip Sidney, couples his patron's learning with his skill in chivalry; a topick of panegyrick, which would sound very odd in a modern dedication, especially before a set of pastorals. 'To the noble and virtuous gentleman, 'most worthy of all titles, both of Learning and '*Chivalrie*, Master Philip Sydney.'

'Go, little booke; thyself present,
'As child whose parent is unkent,
'To him that is the president
'Of noblenesse and *chivalrie* †.'

* Hume's Hist. of Engl. *Tudor*, vol. 2. 1759. p. 739.
T. WARTON.

† Before the *Shepheards Calendar*. The GALLANTRIES of civilised chivalry, in particular, were never carried to a higher

Nor is it sufficiently considered, that a popular practice of Spenser's age, contributed, in a considerable degree, to make him an *allegorical* Poet. We should remember, that, in this age, allegory was applied as the subject and foundation of publick shows and spectacles, which were exhibited with a magnificence superiour to that of former times. The virtues and vices, distinguished by their respective emblematical types, were frequently personified, and represented by living actors. These figures bore a chief part in furnishing what they called PAGEAUNTS*; which were then the principal species of entertainment, and were shown, not only in private, or upon the stage, but very often in the open streets for solemnising publick occasions, or celebrating any

pitch than in the queen's Court: of which, says our author, describing the MANNERS of that court, in *Colin Clouts come home again*.

'Ne any there doth *brave* or *valiant* seeme,
'Unless that some *gay mistresse badge he weare.*'

T. WARTON.

* Spenser himself wrote a set of PAGEAUNTS, which were descriptions of these feigned representations.

Cervantes, whose aim was to expose the abuses of imagination, seems to have left us a burlesque on pageantries, which he probably considered as an appendage of romance, partaking, in great measure, of the same chimerical spirit. This ridicule was perfectly consistent with the general plan and purpose of his comick history. See the masque at Chamacho's wedding, where *Cupid*, *Interest*, *Poetry*, and *Liberality*, are the personages. A castle is represented, called the *Castle of Discretion*, which *Cupid* attacks with his arrows; but *Interest* throws a purse at it, when it immediately falls to pieces, &c. *D. Quixote*, b. 2. ch. 3. But under due regulation, and proper contrivance, they were a beautiful and useful spectacle.

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grand event. As a proof of what is here mentioned, I refer the reader to Holinshed's * Description of the SHEW OF MANHOOD AND DESERT, exhibited at Norwich, before queen Elizabeth; and more particularly to that historian's account of a TURNEY† performed by Fulke Grevile, the lords Arundell and Windsor, and Sir Philip Sidney, who are feigned to be the children of DESIRE, attempting to win the FORTRESS OF BEAUTY. In the composition of the last spectacle, no small share of poetical invention appears.

In the mean time, I do not deny that Spenser was, in great measure, tempted by the *Orlando Furioso*, to write an allegorical poem. Yet it must still be acknowledged, that Spenser's peculiar mode of allegorising seems to have been dictated by those spectacles, rather than by the fictions of Ariosto. In fact, Ariosto's species of allegory does not so properly consist in impersonating the virtues, vices, and affections of the mind, as in the adumbration of moral doctrine‡,

* 'And to keep that shew companie, (but yet figure off) 'stood the SHEWE OF MANHODE AND DESART; as first 'to be presented: and that shewe was as well furnished as the 'other: men all, saving one boy called *Beautie*, for which '*Manhood*, *Favour*, and *Desart*, did strive (or should have 'contended;) but *Good Fortune* (as victor of all conquests) was 'to come in and overthrow *Manhood*, &c.' Vol. 3. p. 1297. T. WARTON.

† Exhibited before the queen at Westminster, ibid. p. 1317. et seq. T. WARTON.

‡ It is observed by Plutarch, that 'Allegory is that, in which one thing is *related* and another *understood*.' Thus Ariosto *relates* the adventures of Orlando, Rogero, Brada-

under the actions of men and women. On this plan Spenser's allegories are sometimes formed: as in the first Book, where the Red-crosse Knight, or a TRUE CHRISTIAN, defeats the wiles of Archimago, or the DEVIL, &c. &c. These indeed are fictitious personages; but he proves himself a much more ingenious allegorist, where his imagination *bodies* forth unsubstantial things, *turns them to shape*, and marks out the nature, powers, and effects, of that which is ideal and abstracted, by visible and external symbols; as in his delineations of *Fear*, *Despair*, *Fancy*, *Envy*, and the like. Ariosto gives us but few symbolical beings of this sort; for a picturesque invention was by no means his talent: while those few, which we find in his poem, are seldom drawn with that characteristical fullness, and significant expression, so striking in the fantastick portraits of Spenser. And, that Spenser painted these figures in so distinct and animated a style, may we not partly account for it from this cause; That he had been long habituated to the sight of these emblematical personages, visibly decorated

mante, &c. by which is *understood* the conquest of the passions, the importance of virtue, and other moral doctrines; on which account we may call the ORLANDO a *moral* poem; but can we call the FAERIE QUEENE, upon the whole, a *moral poem*? is it not equally an *historical* or *political* poem? For though it be, according to its author's words, an *allegory* or *dark conceit*, yet that which is couched or understood under this allegory is the history, and intrigues, of queen Elizabeth's courtiers; which however are introduced with a *moral design*.

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with their proper attributes, and actually endued with speech, motion, and life?

As a more convincing argument in favour of this hypothesis, I shall remark, that Spenser expressly denominates his most exquisite groupe of allegorical figures, THE MASKE OF CUPID. Thus, without recurring to conjecture, his own words * evidently demonstrate that he sometimes had representations of this sort in his eye. He tells us, moreover, that these figures were, (F. Q. iii. xii. 5.)

——————'A jolly company,
'*In manner of a maske* enranged orderly.'

In his introduction to this groupe, it is manifest that he drew from another allegorick spectacle of that age, called the *dumb shew* †, which was wont to be exhibited before every act of a tragedy. See st. 3.

* Thus also in the *Ruines of Time*, he calls his noble allegorick representations of *Empire*, *Pleasure*, *Strength*, &c. TRAGICKE PAGEAUNTS:
'Before mine eyes *strange sights* presented were
'Like TRAGICKE PAGEAUNTS seeming to appeare.'
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† This consisted of dumb actors, who by their dress and action prepared the spectators for the matter and substance of each ensuing act respectively; as also of much hieroglyphical scenery calculated for the same purpose. See *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, written by T. Sackville, 1561, reprinted by Mr. Spence: *Jocasta*, a tragedie, written by G. Gascoyne and F. Kinwelmarshe, and acted at Graies Inn, 1566: and the introduction to s. 7. act 3. of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*.

'And forth yeawd, as on the readie flore
'Of some theatre, a grave personage,
'Than in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
'With comely haveour, and countnance sage,
'Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

IV.

'Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
'As if in mind he somewhat had to say;
'And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
'In sign of silence, as to heare a play,
'By lively actions he gan bewray
'Some argument of matter passioned;
'Which doen, he backe retyred soft away;
'And, passing by, his name discovered,
'*Ease*, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.'

He afterwards styles these figures *Maskers*, st. 6.

'The whiles the *Maskers* marched forth in trim array.

VII.

'The first was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy, &c.'

From what has been said, I would not have it objected, that I have intended to arraign the

Beaumont and Fletcher, in their Play, *A Wife for a Month*, act. 2. s. ult. manifestly copy from Spenser's MASKE OF CUPID. A Maske of Cupid is there introduced, in which Cupid appears at the head of his servants or attendants, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Despair. These are the Personages that attend Cupid in Spenser's Mask. Particularly Cupid says,

——'Then clap high
'My coloured wings——'

So Spenser had represented him, F. Q. iii. xii. 23.

'And clapt on high his coloured winges twaine.'

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powers of our author's invention; or insinuated, that he servilely copied such representations. All I have endeavoured to prove is, that Spenser was not only better qualified to delineate fictions of this sort, because they were the real objects of his sight; but, as all men are influenced by what they see, that he was prompted and induced to delineate them, because he saw them, especially as they were so much the delight of his age.

Instead of entering into a critical examination of Spenser's manner of allegorising, and of the poetical conduct of his allegories, which has been done with an equally judicious and ingenious discernment by Mr. Spence, I shall observe, that our author frequently introduces an allegory, under which no meaning is couched; viz. *Alma* is the mind, and her *Castle* the body, F. Q. ii. ix. 21. The tongue is the porter of this castle, the nose the portcullis, and the mouth the porch, about the inside of which are placed twice sixteen warders clad in white, which are the teeth; these *Alma* passes by, who rise up, and do obeisance to her, st. 26. But how can the teeth be said to rise up and bow to the mind? Spenser here forgot, that he was allegorising, and speaks as if he was describing, without any latent meaning, a real queen, with twice sixteen real warders, who, as such, might, with no impropriety, be said to ise and bow to their queen. Many instances of

his confounding allegory with reality, occur through this whole Canto, and the two next; particularly, where he is describing the kitchen of this castle, which is the belly, he gives us a formal description of such a kitchen, as was to be seen in his time in castles, and great houses, by no means expressive of the thing intended. Again, the occult meaning of his bringing Scudamore to the house of *Care*, F. Q. iv. v. 32. clashes with what he had before told us. By this allegory of Scudamore coming to *Care's* house, it should be *understood*, that 'Scudamore, from a happy, passed into a miserable state.' For we may reasonably suppose that, before he came to *Care's* house, he was unacquainted with *Care*; whereas the poet had before represented him as involved in extreme misery. It would be tedious, by an allegation of particular examples, to demonstrate how frequently his allegories are mere descriptions; and that, taken in their literal sense, they contain an improper or no signification. I shall, however, mention one. The *Blatant Beast* is said to break into the monasteries, to rob their chancels, cast down the desks of the monks, deface the altars, and destroy the images found in their churches. By the *Blatant Beast* is understood *Scandal;* and by the havock just mentioned as affected by it, is implied the suppression of religious houses and popish superstition. But how can this be properly said to

have been brought about by scandal? And how could Spenser in particular, with any consistency, say this, who was, as appears by his Pastorals, a friend to the reformation, as was his heroine Elizabeth?

But there is another capital fault in our author's allegories, which does not immediately fall under the stated rules of criticism. 'Painters,' says a French writer, 'ought to employ their allegories in religious pictures, with much greater reserve than in profane pieces. They may, indeed, in such subjects as do not represent the mysteries and miracles of our religion, make use of an allegorical composition, the action whereof shall be expressive of some truth, that cannot be represented otherwise, either in painting or sculpture. I agree therefore to let them draw *Faith* and *Hope* supporting a dying person, and *Religion* in deep affliction at the feet of a deceased prelate. But I am of opinion, that artists, who treat of the miracles and dogmas of our religion, are allowed no kind of allegorical composition. 'The facts whereon our religion is built, and the doctrine it delivers, are subjects in which the painter's imagination has no liberty to sport*.' The conduct which this author blames, is practised by Spenser, with this difference only; that

* Abbe du Bos, *Reflexions*, &c. tom. i. c. xxiv.

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the painters here condemned are supposed to adapt human allegory to divine mystery, whereas Spenser has mingled divine mystery with human allegory. Such a practice as this tends not only to confound sacred and profane subjects, but to place the licentious sallies of imagination upon a level with the dictates of divine inspiration; to debase the truth and dignity of heavenly things, by making Christian allegory subservient to the purposes of Romantick fiction.

This fault our author, through a defect of judgment rather than a contempt of religion, has most glaringly committed throughout his whole first Book, where the imaginary instruments and expedients of romance are perpetually interwoven with the mysteries contained in the BOOK OF REVELATIONS. Duessa, who is formed upon the idea of a romantick enchantress, is gorgeously arrayed in gold and purple, presented with a triple* crown by the giant Orgoglio, and seated by him on a monstrous seven-headed dragon, (C. vii. st. 16.) whose tail reaches to the skies, and throws down the stars, (st. 18.) she bearing a golden cup in her hand, (C. viii. st. 25.) This is the *Scarlet Whore*, and the *Red Dragon* in the REVELATIONS. 'Behold a great red dragon, having seven heads, and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads; and his

* By the triple crown he plainly glances at popery.
T. WARTON.

tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to earth,' Ch. xii. 3, 4. Again, 'I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads, and ten horns; and the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls, having a golden cup in her hands full of abomination, and filthiness of her fornication,' Ch. xvii. 3, 4.

In Orgoglio's castle, which is described as very magnificent, Prince Arthur discovers, C. viii. st. 36,

'An altare carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny;
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually.'

The inspired author of the above-named book mentions the same of what he saw in heaven. 'I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud voice, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge, and avenge our blood on them that dwell on earth?' Ch. vi. 9, 10.

A hermit points out to the Redcrosse Knight

the New Jerusalem, (C. x. st. 53.) which an angel discovers to St. John, (Ch. xxi. 10, &c.) This prospect is taken, says the poet, from a mountain more lofty than either the mount of Olives or Parnassus. These two comparisons, thus impertinently linked together, strongly remind us of the absurdity now spoken of, the mixture of divine truth and profane invention; and naturally lead us to reflect on the difference between the oracles uttered from the former, and the fictions of those who dreamed on the latter.

Spenser, in the visionary dominions of Una's father, has planted the *Tree of Life*, and *of Knowledge*: from the first of the trees, he says, a well flowed, whose waters contained a most salutary virtue, and which the dragon could not approach. Thus, in the same scripture, Ch. xxii. 1, 2. 'He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the *Tree of Life*.' The circumstance, in particular, of the dragon not being able to approach this water, is literally adopted from romance, as has been before observed. Thus also, by the steps and fictions of romance, we are conducted to the death of the dragon who besieged the parents of Una, by which is figured the de-

struction of the old serpent mentioned in the APOCALYPSE.

The extravagancies of Pagan mythology are not improperly introduced into a poem of this sort, as they are acknowledged falsities: or at best, if expressive of any moral truth, no more than the inventions of men. But the poet that applies the VISIONS OF GOD in such a manner is guilty of an impropriety, which, I fear, amounts to an impiety.

If we take a retrospect of English poetry from the age of Spenser, we shall find, that it principally consisted in visions and allegories. Fancy was a greater friend to the dark ages, as they are called, than is commonly supposed. Our writers caught this vein from the Provencial poets. There are indeed the writings of some English poets now remaining, who wrote before Gower or Chaucer. But these are merely chroniclers in rhyme, and seem to have left us the last dregs of that sort of composition, which was practiced by the British Bards: for instance *The Chronicle of Robert of Glocester*, who wrote, according to his account, about the year 1280. The most ancient allegorical poem, which I have seen in our language, is a manuscript Vision, in the Bodleian library, written in the reign of Edward II. by Adam Davie. It is in the short verse of the old metrical romance. However, Gower and Chaucer were justly reputed the first English

poets, because they were the first, of any note at least, who introduced *invention* into our poetry; the first who *moralised their song*, and strove to render virtue more amiable by clothing her in the veil of fiction. Chaucer, it must be acknowledged, deserves to be placed the first in time of our English poets, on another account; his admirable artifice in painting the familiar manners, which none before him had ever attempted in the most imperfect degree: and it should be remembered, to his immortal honour, that he was the first writer who gave the English nation, in their own language, an idea of *number*. About the same time flourished an allegorical satirist, the author of *Piers Plowmans Visions*. To these succeeded Lydgate; who from his principal performances, the *Fall of Princes**, and *Story of Thebes*, more properly may be classed among the legendary poets, although the first of these is in great measure a series of visions. But we have of this author two poems, viz. *The Temple of Glass*, and *The Dance of Death*, besides several other pieces, chiefly in manuscript, professedly written in this species. Lydgate has received numberless encomiums from our old English poets, which he merited more from his language than his imagination. Lydgate

* The book on which it is founded, viz. Boccace *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, is a plain historical narrative.

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is an unanimated writer, yet he made considerable improvements in the rude state of English versification; and is perhaps the first of our poets whom common readers can peruse with little hesitation and difficulty. He was followed by Hardyng, who wrote a Chronicle, in verse, of all the English kings from Brutus, the favourite subject of the British bards, or poetical genealogists, down to the reign of Edward IV. in whose reign he lived. This piece is often commended and quoted by our most learned antiquaries. But the poet is lost in the historian: care in collecting, and truth in relating events, are incompatible with the sallies of invention. So frigid and prosaick a performance, after such promising improvements, seemed to indicate, that poetry was relapsing into its primitive barbarism; and that the rudeness of Robert of Glocester, would be soon reinstated in the place of Chaucer's judgment and imagination.

However, in the reign of Henry VII. this interval of darkness was happily removed by Stephen Hawes, a name generally unknown, and not mentioned by any compiler of the lives of English poets. This author was at this period the restorer of invention, which seems to have suffered a gradual degeneracy from the days of Chaucer. He not only revived, but improved, the ancient allegorick vein, which Hardyng had almost entirely banished. Instead of that dryness

of description, so remarkably disgusting in many of his predecessors, we are by this poet often entertained with the luxuriant effusions of Spenser. Hawes refined Lydgate's versification, and gave it sentiment and imagination; added new graces to the seven-lined stanza which Chaucer and Gower had adopted from the Italians; and, to sum up all, was the first of our poets who decorated invention with perspicuous and harmonious numbers. The title of his principal performance is almost as obscure as his name, viz. '*The historie of* GRAUNDE AMOURE *and* LA BEL PUCEL, *called the* PASTIME OF PLEASURE; *conteyning the knowledge of the seven sciences, and the course of man's life in this worlde.* Invented by Stephen Hawes, groome of kyng Henry the seventh his chamber *.' Henry VII. is said to have preferred Hawes to this station, chiefly on account of his extraordinary memory, for he could repeat by heart most of the English poets, especially Lydgate †. This reign produced another allegorical poem, entitled the

* In a note after the contents it is said to be written, an. 21. Hen. vii. or 1505. 'Such is the fate of poetry, says Wood, 'that this book, which in the time of Henry VII. and VIII. was 'taken into the hands of all ingenious men, is now thought but 'worthy of a ballad-monger's stall.' *Athen.* Oxon. ed. 2. vol. 2. pag. 6. col. 2. It is in Mus. Ashmol. Oxon. Cod. *impress.* A. Wood. He also wrote the *Temple of Glass*, Wynk. de Worde, 1500. 4to. and other pieces. T. WARTON.

† Wood ubi supr. et Bale Script. Brit. cent. 8. num. 58.

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Ship of Fooles. It was translated from the High Dutch, and professes to ridicule the vices and absurdities of all ranks of men. The language is tolerably pure: but it has nothing of the invention and pleasantry which the plan seems to promise; neither of which, however, could be expected, if we consider its original.

In the reign of Henry VIII. classical literature began to be received and studied in England; and the writings of the ancients were cultivated, with true taste and erudition, by Sir Thomas More, Colet, Ascham, Leland, Cheke, and other illustrious rivals in polished composition. Erasmus was entertained and patronised by the king and nobility; and the Greek language, that inestimable repository of genuine elegance and sublimity, was taught and admired. In this age flourished John Skelton; who, notwithstanding the great and new lights with which he was surrounded, contributed nothing to what his ancestors had left him: nor do I perceive, that his versification is, in any degree, more refined than that of one of his immediate predecessor, Hawes. Indeed, one would hardly suspect, that he wrote in the same age with his elegant contemporaries Surrey and Wyat. His best pieces are written in the allegorical manner, and are his *Crowne of Lawrell* and *Bowge of Court*. But the genius of Skelton seems little better qualified for picturesque than satirical poetry. In the one he

wants invention, grace, and dignity; in the other, wit and good manners *.

I should be guilty of injustice to a nation, which, amid a variety of disadvantages, has kept a constant pace with England in the progress of literature, if I neglected to mention, in this general review, two Scottish poets who flourished about this period, Sir David Lyndesay, and Sir William Dunbar; the former of which in his *Dream*, and other pieces, and the latter in his *Golden Terge*, appear to have been animated with the noblest spirit of allegorick fiction.

Soon afterwards appeared a series of poems, entitled, the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, formed upon a dramatick † plan, and capable of admit-

* Wood informs us, that Skelton, for his satirical abuses of the Dominican monks, incurred the severe censure of Richard Nykke, bishop of Norwich; and that he was, moreover, 'guilty of certain crimes, *as most poets are*.' Ubi supr. vol. I. pag. 23.

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† Every Person is introduced speaking. Richard II. is thus introduced in a particular situation: 'Suppose you see the corpse of this prince, all to be mangled with blewe wounds, lying pale and wan, all naked, upon the stones, in St. Paules Church, the people standing round about him, and making his complaynt, in manner following, &c.' Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* gave rise to the *Mirrour for Magistrates*. In the year 1550, R. Baldwine was requested to continue Lydgate's series of the great Unfortunate; but he chose rather to confine himself entirely to our English story, and began with Robert Tresillian, 1388, and ended with Lord Hastings, 1483. In this work he was assisted by others; and particularly by Thomas Sackville who wrote the life of the Duke of Buckingham, together with the *Induction*, intending, at the same time, to write all those remarkable lives which occurred from the Conquest to Tresillian, with whom Baldwine originally begun, and to have printed his additional part, together with all that Bald-

ting some of the most affecting pathetical strokes. But these pieces, however honoured with the commendation of Sidney, seem to be little better than a biographical detail*. There is one poem indeed among the rest, which exhibits a groupe of imaginary personages, so beautifully drawn, that, in all probability, they contributed to direct, at least to stimulate, Spenser's imagination in the construction of the like representations. Thus much may be truly said, that Sackville's *Induction* approaches nearer to the *Faerie Queene*, in the richness of allegorick description, than any previous or succeeding poem.

pine, and his friends, had already performed, in one volume, and to have prefixed the *Induction* as a general preface to the whole. But this was never executed. Afterwards another collection appeared under the same title, by W. Higgins, 1587. The last edition of the whole, with additions, was published by Richard Nichols, 1610. Drayton's Legends are written on this plan; and are therefore added in Niccols's edition.

Mr. Walpole, in his entertaining account of *Royal and Noble Authors*, remarks, that this set of poems gave rise to the fashion of historical plays, particularly to Shakspeare's, vol. 1. pag. 166. ed. 2. But the custom of acting *Histories* seems to have been very old on our stage. Stowe seems to make them a distinct species of drama; but perhaps improperly. 'Of late 'days, instead of those stage playes, [at Skinner's Well, 1391, 'and 1409.] have been used comedies, tragedies, enterludes, 'and HISTORIES, both *true and fained*.' Survey of London, Edit. 1618. quarto, pag. 141. T. WARTON.

* Bishop Hall ridicules the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, in the following passage of his *Satires*, B. i. S. 5.

'Another whose more heavie-hearted saint
'Delights in nought but notes of ruefull plaint,
'Urgeth his melting muse, with solemn tears,
'Rhyme of some *direful fates of luckless peers*.
'Then *brings he up* some branded *whining ghost*,
'To tell how *old misfortunes* have him tost.'

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After the *Faerie Queene*, allegory began to decline, and by degrees gave place to a species of poetry*, whose images were of the metaphysical and abstracted kind. This fashion evidently took its rise from the predominant studies of the times, in which the disquisition of school divinity, and the perplexed subtilities of philosophick disputation, became the principal pursuits of the learned.

'Then *Una fair* gan drop her *princely mien*.'

James I. is contemptuously called a *pedantick* monarch. But, surely, nothing could be more serviceable to the interests of learning, at its infancy, than this supposed foible. 'To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,' was to patronise the literature of the times. In a more enlightened age, the same attention to letters, and love of scholars, might have produced proportionable

* Mason's *Musæus*. But the Spirit of chivalry, of which prince Henry was remarkably fond, together with shows and pageantries, still continued, yet in a less degree. Hence G. Wither introduces Britannia thus lamenting the death of prince Henry, *Prince Henries Obseq.* El. 31. p. 368, Lond. 1617.

'Alas, who now shall grace my Turnaments,
'Or honour me with deeds of Chivalrie?
'What shall become of all my Merriments,
'My Ceremonies, Showes of Heraldrie,
'And other Rites?' T. WARTON.

+ See Davies on the *Immortality of the Soul*, Lord Brooke's *Treatise of Human Learning*, Donne's *Works*, &c.

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effects on sciences of real utility. This cast of mind in the king, however indulged in some cases to an ostentatious affectation, was at least innocent.

Allegory, notwithstanding, unexpectedly rekindled some faint sparks of its native splendour, in the *Purple Island** of Phineas Fletcher, with whom it almost as soon disappeared: when a poetry succeeded, in which imagination gave way to correctness, sublimity of description to delicacy of sentiment, and majestick imagery to conceit and epigram. Poets began now to be more attentive to words, than to things and objects. The nicer beauties of happy expression were preferred to the daring strokes of great conception. Satire, that bane of the sublime, was imported from France. The Muses were debauched at court; and polite life, and familiar manners, be-

* Printed in the year 1633. The principal fault of this poem is, that the author has discovered too much of the anatomist. The *Purple Island*, is the Isle of man, whose parts and construction the poet has described in an allegorical manner, viz. the bones are the foundation of it, the veins its brooks, &c. Afterwards the intellectual faculties are represented as persons; but he principally shines where he personifies the passions and evil concupiscencies of the heart, who attack the good qualities of the heart alike personified, which, under the conduct of their leader *Intellect*, rout the former. In this poem there is also somewhat of a metaphysical turn. As the whole is supposed to be sung by two shepherds, the poet has found an opportunity of adorning the beginnings and endings of his cantos with some very pleasing pastoral touches. This poem seems to bear some resemblance to the *Psychomachia* of Prudentius.

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cause their only themes*. The simple dignity of Milton † was either entirely neglected, or mistaken for bombast, and insipidity, by the refined readers of a dissolute age, whose taste and morals were equally vitiated.

From this detail it will appear, that allegorical poetry, through many gradations, at last received its ultimate consummation in the *Faerie Queene*. Under this consideration therefore, I hope what I have here collected on this subject, will not seem too great a deviation from the main subject of the present remarks; which I conclude with the just and pertinent sentiments of the Abbé du Bos, on allegorical action, *Reflexions*, tom. i. c. 25.

* Thus when Voltaire read his *Henriade* to Malezieux, that learned man assured him, his work would not be tasted; for, says he, 'Les Francois n'ont pas le tete epique.' In other words, 'The French have no idea of *solemn* and *sublime* poetry; of *fiction* and *fable*: the *Satires* of Boileau will be preferred to the best *Epick poem*.' T. WARTON.

† Even Dryden, blinded by the beauties of versification only, seems not to have had a just idea of Milton's greatness. It is odd, that in praising Milton, he should insist on these circumstances. 'No man has so copiously translated Homer's 'Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil.' By what follows it appears, that he had no notion of Milton's simplicity. 'He runs into a *flat thought* sometimes for a hundred lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a *track of scripture*.' He afterwards strangely misrepresents Milton's reason for writing in blank verse. 'Neither will I justify Milton for his writing in blank verse; for, whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhime, (which I have not now the leisure to examine,) his own particular reason is plainly this, that *Rhime was not his talent*.' Whether rhyme was Milton's talent or not, I shall not inquire, but shall infer, from this reason, assigned by Dryden, that had Dryden composed the *Paradise Lost* he would have written it in rhyme, and that consequently, with Burnet, he judged the want of it an imperfection in Milton's poem. See dedication to Dryden's *Juvenal*.

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The passage, though properly respecting dramatick poets, is equally applicable to the action of the *Faerie Queene*. 'It is impossible for a 'piece, whose subject is an allegorical action, to 'interest us very much. Those, which writers 'of approved wit and talents have hazarded in 'this kind, have not succeeded so well as others, 'where they have been disposed to be less inge-'nious, and to treat historically their subject.— 'Our heart requires truth even in fiction itself; 'and, when it is presented with an allegorical 'fiction, it cannot determine itself, if I may be 'allowed the expression, to enter into the *senti-'ments* of those chimerical personages. A the-'atrical piece, were it to speak only to the *mind*, 'would never be capable of engaging our atten-'tion through the whole performance. We may 'therefore apply the words of Lactantius upon 'this occasion. *Poetick licence has its bounds, 'beyond which you are not permitted to carry 'your fiction. A poet's art consists in making 'a good representation of things that might have 'really happened, and embellishing them with ele-'gant images. Totum autem, quod referas, fin-'gere, id est ineptum esse et mendacem, potius 'quam poetam.*' T. WARTON.

MR. WARTON'S

REMARKS

ON

SPENSER'S STANZA, VERSIFICATION, AND LANGUAGE.

ALTHOUGH Spenser's favourite Chaucer had made use of the *ottava rima**, or stanza of eight lines; yet it seems probable, that Spenser was principally induced to adopt it, with the addition of one line, from the practice of Ariosto and Tasso, the most fashionable poets of his age. But Spenser, in choosing this stanza, did not sufficiently consider the genius of the English language, which does not easily fall into a frequent repetition of the same termination; a circumstance natural to the Italian, which deals largely in identical cadences.

Besides, it is to be remembered, that Tasso and Ariosto did not embarrass themselves with the necessity of finding out so many similar terminations as Spenser, Their *ottava rima* has only

* Chaucer's stanza is not *strictly* so. Betussi, in his life of Boccace, acquaints us, that Boccace was the inventor of the *ottava rima*, and that the Theseide of that author was the first poem in which it was ever applied. T. WARTON.

three similar endings, alternately rhyming. The two last lines formed a distinct rhyme. But, in Spenser, the second rhyme is repeated four times, and the third three*. This constraint led our author into many absurdities; the most striking and obvious of which seem to be the following.

I. It obliged him to dilate the thing to be expressed, however unimportant, with trifling and tedious circumlocutions, viz. F. Q. ii. ii. 44.

'Now hath fair Phœbe with her silver face
'Thrise seene the shadowes of this neather world,
'Sith last I left that honourable place,
'In which her roiall presence is enrold.'

That is, It is three months since I left her palace.

II. It necessitated him, when matter failed towards the close of a stanza, to run into a ridiculous redundancy and repetition of words, as in F. Q. ii. ix. 33.

'In which was nothing *pourtrahed nor wrought*,
'*Nor wrought nor pourtrahed*, but easie to be thought.'

III. It forced him, that he might make out his

* See examples of the measures of the Provincial poets, in Petrarch. Spenser forms a compound of many of these.
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complement of rhymes, to introduce a puerile or impertinent idea, as in F. Q. ii. ix. 45.

'Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly
GUILT.'

Being here laid under the compulsion of producing a consonant word to *spilt* and *built*, which are preceding rhymes, he has mechanically given us an image at once little and improper.

To the difficulty of a stanza so injudiciously chosen, I think we may properly impute the great number of his elleipses; and it may be easily conceived, how that constraint, which occasioned superfluity, should at the same time be the cause of omission.

Notwithstanding these inconveniencies flow from Spenser's measure, it must yet be owned, that some advantages arise from it; and we may venture to affirm, that the fullness and significancy of Spenser's descriptions is often owing to the prolixity of his stanza, and the multitude of his rhymes. The discerning reader is desired to consider the following stanza, as an instance of what is here advanced. Guyon is binding FUROR, F. Q. ii. iv. 15.

'With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
'And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine;
'Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
'And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine.
'His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,

'Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
'And, more for ranck despight then for great paine,
'Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
'And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.'

In the subsequent stanza there are some images, which perhaps were produced by a multiplicity of rhymes. F. Q. iv. v. 45.

'He all that night, that too long night, did passe.
'And now the day out of the ocean-mayne
'Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
'With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
'Then up he rose like heavie lump of lead,
'That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
'The signs of anguish one might plainely read.'

Dryden, I think, somewhere remarks, that rhyme often helped him to a thought; an observation which, probably, Spenser's experience had likewise supplied him with. Spenser, however, must have found more assistance, in this respect, from writing in rhyme, than Dryden, in proportion as his stanza obliged him to a more repeated use of it.

In speaking of Spenser's rhyme, it ought to be remarked, that he often new-spells a word to make it rhyme more precisely. Take these specimens, F. Q. v. xii. 31.

'And of her own foule entrailes makes her *meat*,
'Meat fit for such a monster's monsterous DYEAT.'

Again, F. Q. iii. iii. 48.

'Tho when the term is full ACCOMPLISHID,
'Then shall a spark of fire, which hath long while
'Bene in his ashes raked up and *hid*.'

Again, F. Q. iii. iv. 42.

'Then all the rest into their coches CLIM,
'And through, &c.
'Upon great Neptunes necke they softly *swim*.'

Again, F. Q. iv. iii. 26.

——————————'Mightily *amate*,
'As fast as forward erst, now backward to RETRATE.'

Again, F. Q. iv. ii. 27.

'Shall have that golden girdle for *reward*,
'And of, &c.
'Shall to the fairest ladie be PREFAR'D.'

And, to be short, we meet with YCLED for *yclad*, DARRE for *dare*, PREJUDIZE for *prejudice*, SAM for *same*, LAM for *lamb*, DENAY for *deny*, PERVART for *pervert*, HEARE for *hair*, and numberless other instances of orthography destroyed for the sake of rhyme. This was a liberty which Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, frequently made use of; and it may not be improper, in this place, to exhibit the sentiments of a critick in queen Elizabeth's age upon it. 'Now there cannot be in a MAKER 'a fowler fault than to falsifie his accent to serve 'his cadence; or, by untrue orthography, to 'wrench his words to help his rhyme; for it is a 'sign that *such a maker* is not copious in his own 'language.' However, he seems afterwards to allow the deviation from true spelling, in some

measure. 'It is somewhat more tollerable to 'help the rhyme by false orthographie, than to leave 'an unpleasant dissonance to the eare, by keeping trewe orthographie and losing the rime; as 'for example, it is better to rime *dare* with *re-*'*store*, than in his true orthographie which is '*doore*.—Such men were in effect the most part of 'all your old rimers, and 'specially Gower, who, to 'make up his rime, would for the most part 'write his terminant syllable with false orthogra-'phie; and many times not sticke to put a plaine 'French word for an English; and so by your 'leave do many of our common rimers at this 'day.' Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, B. 2. c. 8.

We find in many passages of our author the orthography violated, when the rhyme without such an expedient would be very exact; thus BITE, when made to rhyme with *delight*, is sometimes spelt BIGHT, as if the eye could be satisfied in this case as well as the ear. Instances of this sort occur often in Harington's Ariosto, and more particularly of the word *said*, which is often occasionally written SED. This practice was continued as far down as the age of Milton. See *Lycidas*, ver. 128.

'Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
'Daily devours apace, and nothing SED.'

'*Said* is thus printed SED in the edition of '1645, that it might appear to rhyme, with 'greater propriety, to the preceding *spread*. 'Later editors, not knowing the fashion of writ-'ing *said*, upon some occasions, SED, altered it to '*fed*, which utterly destroyed the sense. The 'same spelling is found again in the same edi-'tion, and for the same reason, in *L'Allegro*:

'She was pincht and pull'd she SED,
'And he by friers lantern *led*.'

Hughes, not considering our author's common practice of misspelling a word for the convenience of his rhyme, makes him guilty of many dissonant rhymes: for that editor, among other examples of his exactness, has reduced Spenser's text to modern orthography with great accuracy.

It is indeed surprising, upon the whole, that Spenser should execute a poem of uncommon length, with so much spirit and ease, laden as he was with so many shackles, and embarrassed with so complicated a BONDAGE OF RIMING. Nor can I recollect, that he has been so careless as to suffer the same word to be repeated as a rhyme to itself, in more than four or five instances; a fault which, if he had more frequently committed, his manifold beauties of versification would have obliged us to overlook: and which Harington

should have avoided more scrupulously, to compensate, in some degree, for the tameness and prosaick mediocrity of his numbers.

Notwithstanding our author's frequent and affected usage of obsolete words and phrases*, yet it may be affirmed, that his style, in general, has great perspicuity and facility. It is also remarkable, that his lines are seldom broken by transpositions, antitheses, or parentheses. His sense and sound are equally flowing and uninterrupted. From this single consideration, an internal argument arises, which plainly demonstrates that *Britaines Ida* is not written by Spenser. Let the reader judge from the following specimen.

'Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
'A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmlesse yeares
'Now in their freshest budding gently swel'd:

* The author of *The Arte of English Poesie* seems to blame Spenser for this. 'Our MAKER therefore, at these dayes, shall not follow Piers Plowman, nor Gower, nor Lydgate, nor yet Chaucer; for their language is now out of use with us.' B. 3. c. 1. The *Faerie Queene* was not published when this critick wrote, so that this censure is levelled at the *Pastorals*, which, however, in another place he commends. 'For eglogue and pastoral poesie, Sir Philip Sydney, and Maister Challener, and *that other gentleman* who wrote the late *Shepherds Kalender*.' B. 1. c. 31. Spenser had published his *Pastorals* about ten years before; to which he did not prefix his name. One of Spenser's contemporary poets has ridiculed the obsolete language of the *Faerie Queene*, viz. Daniel, in his 32d *Sonnet*:
'Let others sing of Knights and Palladines,
'In *aged* accents, and *untimely* words.' T. WARTON.

'His nimph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheere,
'Youth's downie blossome through his cheeke
'appeares:
'His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
'Were made for play, (but he no play regarded;)
'And fit love to reward, and be with love rewarded.
'High was his forehead, arch't with silver mould,
'(Where never anger churlish wrinkle dighted,)
'His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
'That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
'To play among their wanton curles delighted.
'His smiling eyes with simple truth were stord,
'Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stord,
'Which thousand loves had stoln, and never once
restord!
'His cheerfull lookes, and merry face would proove
'(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
'A dainty play-fellow for naked Love.
'Of all the other parts enough &c.'

But there are other arguments which prove this poem to be the work of a different hand. It has a vein of pleasing description; but is, at the same time, filled with conceits and witticisms, of which Spenser has much fewer, than might be expected from the taste of his age. Its manner is like that of Fletcher's *Purple Island*. I suspect it to have been written in imitation of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis**. The author, whoever he was, certainly lived about the latter end of Elizabeth, or the beginning of James I.

* The first edition of which was printed in London, for William Leake, 1602, 12mo. T. WARTON.

Our author's *Pastorals* are written in professed imitation of Chaucer's style. This he tells us expressly in the beginning of *Colin Clouts come home again*:

'The shepherd's boy, best knowen by that name,
'That after TITYRUS* first sung his lay.'

And the tale of the *Oak* and *Brier*, in the Eclogue of *Februarie*, is more peculiarly modelled after Chaucer's manner, and is accordingly thus introduced:

——————'A tale of truth
'Which I cond of TITYRUS in my youth.'

And, in another pastoral, he hints at his having copied Chaucer:

'That *Colin* hight which well could pipe and sing,
'For he of TITYRUS his song did lere.'

In the *Pastorals* he likewise appears to have attempted an imitation of the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*; for after exhorting his Muse not to contend with Chaucer, he adds, in the Epilogue to the *Shep. Cal.*

'Nor with the PLOWMAN that the pilgrim playde awhile.'

* Milton, in imitation of our author, styles Chaucer TITYRUS, where he hints at Chaucer's having travelled into Italy, *Mans.* v. 34.

'Quin et in has quondam pervenit TITYRUS oras.'
T. WARTON.

And besides, that his *Pastorals* might, in every respect, have the air of a work in old English, he has adopted and given them the title of an old book, called the SHEPHEARD'S KALENDER, first printed by Wynkin de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before he published these *Pastorals*, *viz.* in 1559. This is what E. K. means, where he says in his epistle prefixed, 'He tearmeth it 'the SHEPHERDS KALENDER, applying an *old* 'name to a *new* work.' One of Spenser's reasons for using so much ancient phraseology in these *Pastorals*, was undoubtedly the obvious one of clothing rural characters in the dress of Dorick simplicity; but the principal reason is most probably, that which is delivered by his friend and commentator, E. K., who was 'privie to all his 'designs:'—'In myne opinion, it is one especial 'prayse of many which are due to this poet, that 'he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful 'heritage, such good and natural English words, 'as have been long time out of use, and almost 'cleane disherited; which is the only cause that 'our mother-tongue, which truly of itselfe is both '*full enough for prose*, and *stately enough for* 'verse, hath long time beene counted most bare 'and barren of both; which default, when as 'some have endeavoured to salve and recure, they 'patched up the holes with peeces and ragges of 'other languages; borrowing here of the French, 'there of the Italian, and every where of the

'Latine; not weighing how ill those tongues 'accord with themselves, but much worse with 'ours; so now they have made our Englishe 'tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodge-podge of all 'other speeches.' Thus that, which induced Spenser to adopt so much obsolete language in the *Pastorals*, induced him likewise to do the same in the *Faerie Queene*. Hence too it appears, that he was disgusted with the practice of his contemporary writers, who had adulterated, according to his judgment, the purity of the English tongue, by various innovations from the Spanish, French, Latin, and Italian. And, that this was a prevailing affectation in the age of queen Elizabeth, may be concluded from the following passages. Thus Marston in his *Satires*, Proem. b. 2.

'I cannot quote a *motte Italianate*;
'Or brand my Satires with a *Spanish terme*.'

Bishop Hall in his *Satires*, published in 1597:

'There if he can with termes *Italianate*,
'Big-sounding sentences, &c.'

And Camden, having given us a specimen of the Lord's prayer in old English, has these words: 'Hitherto will our sparkfull youth laugh at their 'great grand-fathers English, who had more care 'to do well, than to speak minion-like; and left

'more glory to us by their exploiting great 'actes, than we shall by our forging new words, 'and uncouth phrases.' *Remains*, Artic. *Languages*. A learned gentleman, one R. C. [Carew] who has addressed a letter to Camden, inserted in that author's *Remains*, thus speaks. 'So have 'our Italian travellers brought us acquainted of 'their sweet-relished phrases; even we seeke to 'make our good of our late Spanish enemie, and 'fear as little the hurt of his tongue, as the dint 'of his sword.' Again, 'We within these sixty 'years have incorporated so many Latin and 'French words, as the third part of our tongue 'consisteth now in them.' And Ascham, in his *Schole-Master*, informs us, that not only the language, but the manners, of Italy had totally infected his country-men, where he is describing the ITALIANIZED ENGLISHMAN*.

Our author's disapprobation of this practice appears more fully from his own words, where he expressly hints that Chaucer's language, which he so closely copied, was the pure English, F. Q. iv. ii. 32.

'Dan Chaucer WELL OF ENGLISH UNDEFILDE†.'

* The same author acquaints us, that about this time an infinite number of Italian books were translated into English: among the rest, were many Italian novels; the translations of which, Shakspeare manifestly made use of for some of his plots. T. WARTON.

† A learned and sagacious lexicographer gives a very different account of the purity of Chaucer's style. 'Chaucerus, permisso

But although Spenser disapproved of this corrupt adulteration of style, so fashionable in his age, yet we find him notwithstanding frequently introducing words from a foreign tongue, such as, *vismomic*, *amenance*, *arret*, *mesprise*, *soveriance*, *affrap*, *aguise*, *amenage*, *abase*, and the like; but these words the frequent return of his rhyme obliged him to introduce, and accordingly they will generally be found at the end of his lines. The poverty of our tongue, or rather the unfrequency of its identical terminations, compelled him likewise, for the sake of rhyme, perpetually to coin new English words, such as *damnify'd*, *unmercify'd*, *wonderment*, *warriment*, *unruliment*, *habitaunce*, *hazardrie*, &c. To this cause his many Latinisms also may be attributed, which, like all the rest, are substituted to make out the necessary jingle.

The censure of Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, upon our author's style, is perhaps unreasonable: 'Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language.' The ground-work and substance of his style is the language of his age. This indeed is seasoned with various expressions, adopted from the elder poets; but in such a manner, that the

'exemplo, integris vocum plaustris ex eadem Gallia in nostram 'linguam invectis; eam, nimis antea a Normannorum victo- 'ria adulteratam, omni fere nativa gratia et nitore spoliavit, 'pro genuinis coloribus fucum illinens, pro vera facie larvam 'induens.' Skinner, *Præfat. ad Etymolog. Ling. Anglic.*
T. WARTON.

language of his age was rather strengthened and dignified, than debased or disguised, by such a practice. In truth, the affectation of Spenser in this point, is by no means so striking and visible, as Jonson has insinuated; nor is his phraseology so difficult and obsolete, as it is generally supposed to be. For many stanzas together, we may frequently read him with as much facility, as we can the same number of lines in Shakspeare.

But although I cannot subscribe to Jonson's opinion concerning Spenser's language, I must confess that the following sentiments of that critick, concerning the use of old words in poetry, are admirable. 'Words borrowed of antiquity, 'do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not 'without their delight sometimes. For they have 'the authority of yeares, and out of their inter-'mission do lend a kind of grace-like newnesse. '*But the eldest of the present, and the newest of* '*the past language is the best.*' But Jonson has literally translated the latter part of the paragraph, from Quintilian, without acknowledgment, Instr. Or. l. i. cap. 6. '*Ergo ut novorum* '*optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum* '*maxime nova.*'

I conclude these Remarks with a passage from the nervous, poetical, and witty satires of bishop Hall; who, having censured the petty poets of his age for their various corruptions, and licen-

tious abuses, of the English language, makes this compliment to Spenser:

'But lett no rebel satyr dare traduce
'Th' eternall Legends of thy FAERIE MUSE,
'Renowned SPENSER! whom no earthly wight
'Dares once to emulate, much less despight.
'*Salust* of France, and Tuscan *Ariost!*
'Yield up the lawrel-girlond ye have lost:
'And lett all others willows wear with mee,
'Or lett their undeserving temples bared bee*.'

T. WARTON.

* B. i. s. 4. These satires [the three first books] were first printed by T. Creede, for R. Dexter, Lond. 1597. 12mo. The three last books appeared in an edition entitled, 'Virgidemiarum, The three last bookes of *byting* Satyres, *Anon.* Lond. printed by R. Bradocke, for R. Dexter, &c. 1598.' 12mo. It begins with sat. 1. of lib. 4. The next edition [of the whole] is, 'Virgidemiarum, The three last [in reality all the six] bookes of the *byting* Satyres, corrected and amended, with some additions, by J. H. Lond. for R. Dexter, &c. 1599.' 12mo. In a copy I have seen of this last edition, at the end are bound up, 'Certaine worthye manuscript poems of great antiquitie, reserved long in the studie of a Northfolke Gentleman, now first published by J. S. Lond. R. D. 1597.' 12mo. The poems are, 'The stately Tragedy of *Guiscard* and *Sismond*:' in two books, in the seven-lined stanza. It is Dryden's story, and seems about the age of Henry VII. 'The Northern Mother's Blessing, written nine years before the death of G. Chaucer.' 'The Way to Thrift.'—They are dedicated to the worthiest poet *Maister Ed. Spenser*. T. WARTON.

MR. UPTON'S

REMARKS

ON THE

ACTION AND HISTORY OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

It is not my intention to enter into a particular criticism of any of our poet's writings, excepting the Faerie Queene; which poem seems to have been hitherto very little understood; notwithstanding he has opened, in a great measure, his design and plan in a letter to his honoured friend Sir Walter Raleigh. How readily has every one acquiesced in Dryden's opinion? 'That the action of this Poem is not one; that there is no uniformity of design; and that he aims at the accomplishment of no action.' See his dedications of the translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, and of the translation of Juvenal. It might have been expected that Hughes, who printed Spenser's works, should not have joined so freely in the same censure: and yet he tells us, 'that the several Books appear rather like so many several poems, than one entire fable: each of them having its peculiar knight, and being independant of the rest.'

Just in the same manner did the criticks and commentators formerly abuse old Homer; his

Iliad, they said, was nothing else, but a parcel of loose songs and rhapsodies concerning the Trojan war, which he sung at festivals; and these loose ballads were first collected, and stitched, as it were, together by Pisistratus; being parts without any coherence, or relation to a whole, and unity of design.

As this subject requires a particular consideration; I desire the reader will attend to the following vindication of Homer and Spenser, as they have both fallen under one common censure.

In every poem there ought to be simplicity and unity; and in the epick poem the unity of the action should never be violated by introducing any ill-joined or heterogeneous parts. This essential rule Spenser seems to me strictly to have followed: for what story can well be shorter, or more simple, than the subject of his poem?—A British Prince sees in a vision the Faerie Queene; he falls in love, and goes in search after this unknown fair; and at length finds her.—This fable has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning is, the British Prince saw in a vision the Faerie Queene, and fell in love with her: the middle, his search after her, with the adventures that he underwent: the end, his finding whom he sought.

But here our curiosity is raised, and we want a more circumstantial information of many things.—Who is this British Prince? what adventures

did he undergo? who was the Faerie Queene? where, when, and how, did he find her? Thus many questions arise, that require many solutions.

The action of this Poem has not only simplicity and unity, but it is great and important. The hero is no less than the British Prince, Prince Arthur: (who knows not Prince Arthur)? The time when this hero commenced his adventures, is marked very exactly. In the reign of Uther Pendragon, father of Prince Arthur, Octa the son of Hengist, and his kinsman Eosa, thinking themselves not bound by the treaties which they had made with Aurelius Ambrosius, began to raise disturbances, and infest his dominions. This is the historical period of time, which Spenser has chosen, F. Q. iii. iii. 52.

'Ye see that good King Uther now doth make
'Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
'Octa and Oza, whom hee lately brake
'Beside Cayr Verolame—'

Could any epick poet desire a better historical foundation to build his poem on? Hear likewise what he himself says on this subject; 'I chose 'the history of King Arthur, as most fit for the 'excellency of his person, being made famous by 'many mens former works, and also furthest from 'the danger of envy and suspicion of present 'time.' I much question if Virgil's *Æneid* is

grounded on facts so well supported. Beside a poet is a *maker*; nor does he compose a poem for the sake of any one hero, but rather he makes a hero for the sake of his poem: and if he follows fame, whether from the more authentic relation of * old chronicles, or from the legendary tales of old romances, yet still he is at liberty to add, or to diminish: in short, to speak out, he is at liberty to *lie*, as much as he pleases, provided his lies are consistent, and he makes his tale hang well together.

Prince Arthur saw in a vision, and seeing fell in love with, the Faerie Queene; just about the time that she held her annual festival, when her knights had their various adventures assigned them. From either of these periods an historian might begin his narration; but a poet must begin from neither: because 'tis his province to carry you at once into the scene of action; and to complicate and perplex his story, in order to show his art in unravelling it. The poet therefore might have opened his poem either with Prince Arthur now actually set out on his quest, or with one of the knights sent from the Court of the Faerie Queene: by which means the

* Our poet follows Geoffry of Monmouth, the British historian; and the old Romance entitled, The History of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, or *La Morte d'Arthure*, as entitled at the end, and so cited by Ascham in his *School-Master*, pag. 87. who mentions it as a favourite author in his time. UPTON.

reader is introduced into the midst of things; taking it for granted, that he either knows, or some way or other will know, all that preceded. 'Tis from the latter of these periods, namely from one of the Faery knights, who is already rode forth on his adventure, that Spenser opens his Poem; and he keeps you in suspense concerning his chief hero, Prince Arthur, till 'tis proper to introduce him with suitable pomp and magnificence.

Homer sings the anger of Achilles and its fatal consequences to the Grecians: nor can it be fairly objected to the unity of the *Iliad*, that, when Achilles is removed from the scene of action, you scarcely hear him mentioned in several books: one being taken up with the exploits of Agamemnon, another with Diomed, another again with the successes of Hector. For his extensive plan required his different heroes to be shown in their different characters and attitudes. What therefore you allow to the old Grecian, be not so ungracious as to deny to your own countryman.

Again, 'tis observable that Homer's poem, though he sings the anger of Achilles, is not called the *Achilleid*, but the *Iliad*; because the action was at Troy. So Spenser does not call his Poem by the name of his chief hero: but because his chief hero sought for the Faerie Queene in Fairy Land, and therein performed his various adventures, therefore he entitles his Poem *The*

Faerie Queene. Hence it appears that the adventures of Prince Arthur are necessarily connected with the adventures of the knights of Fairy Land. This young Prince has been kept hitherto in designed ignorance of what relates to his family and real dignity: his education, under old Timon and the magician Merlin, was to prepare him for future glory; but as yet his virtues have not been called forth into action. The poet therefore by bringing you acquainted with some of the heroes of Fairy Land, at the same time that he is bringing you acquainted with his chief hero, acts agreeably to his extensive plan, without destroying the unity of the action. The only fear is, lest the underplots, and the seemingly adscititious members, should grow too large for the body of the entire action: 'tis requisite therefore that the several incidental intrigues should be unravelled, as we proceed in getting nearer and nearer to the main plot; and that we at length gain an uninterrupted view at once of the whole. And herein I cannot help admiring the resemblance between the ancient father of poets, and Spenser; who, clearing the way by the solution of intermediate plots and incidents, brings you nearer to his capital piece; and then shows his hero at large: and, when Achilles once enters the field, the other Greeks are lost in his splendour, as the stars at the rising of the sun. So when Prince Arthur had been perfected in heroick and moral

virtues, and his fame thoroughly known and recognized in Fairy Land; Him we should have seen not only dissolving the enchantment of the witch Duessa, (an adventure too hard for the single prowess of St. George,) but likewise binding in adamantine chains, or delivering over to utter perdition, that old wisard Archimago, the common enemy of Fairy Knights, whom no chains as yet could hold: in short, Him should we have seen eclipsing all the other heroes, and in the end accompanied with the Fairy Knights making his solemn entry into the presence of Gloriana, the Faerie Queene: and thus his merits would have entitled him to that Glory, which by Magnificence, or Magnanimity, the perfection of all the rest of the Virtues, he justly had acquired.

It seems, by some hints given us by the poet, that he intended likewise an Heroick Poem, whose title was to be *King Arthur*; and the chief subject of the poem, the wars of the King and Queen of Fairy Land, (now governed by Arthur and Gloriana,) against the Paynim King: the chief Captains employed were to be those Fairy Knights, whom already he had brought us acquainted with: and the historical allusions undoubtedly would point, in the allegorical view, at the wars that Queen Elizabeth waged with the King of Spain; as the Fairy Knights would typically represent her warlike Courtiers. This

seems plain from what St. George says to Una's parents, in F. Q. i. xii. 18.

'I bownden am streight after this emprize—
'Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
'And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize
'Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her teene.'

And plainer still from what the poet says in his own person, in F. Q. i. xi. 7.

'Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
'Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing;
'And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
'Twixt that great Faery Queen and Paynim King.'

Dryden tells us, in his preface to the translation of Juvenal, that he had some thoughts of making choice for the subject of an heroick poem, King Arthur's conquests over the Saxons: And, hinting at the same design in the preface to his Fables, says, 'That it was not for this noble knight '[meaning Sir R. Blackmore] that he drew the 'plan of an Epick poem on King Arthur.' Milton likewise had the same intention, as he intimates in a Latin poem to Mansus:

'Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
'Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
'Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
'Magnanimos heroas; et, O modo spiritus adsit,
'Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.'

We have shown that the action of the *Faerie Queene* is uniform, great, and important; but 'tis required that the fable should be probable. A story will have probability, if it hangs well together, and is consistent: And, provided the tales are speciously told, the probability of them will not be destroyed, though they are tales of wisards or witches, monstrous men and monstrous women; for who, but downright miscreants, question wonderful tales? and do you imagine that Homer, Virgil, Spenser, and Milton, ever thought of writing an epick poem for unbelievers and infidels? But if, after all, the reader cannot with unsuspecting credulity swallow all these marvellous tales; what should hinder the poet, but want of art, from so contriving his fable, that more might be meant, than meets the eye or ear? cannot he say one thing in proper numbers and harmony, and yet secretly intend something else, or (to use a Greek expression) cannot he make the fable allegorical? Thus Forms and Persons might be introduced, shadowing forth, and emblematically representing, the mysteries of physical and moral sciences: Virtue and Truth may appear in their original ideas and lovely forms; and even Vice might be decked out in some kind of dress, resembling Beauty and Truth; lest, if seen without any disguise, she appear too loathsome for mortal eyes to behold her.

It must be confessed that the religion of Greece

and Rome was particularly adapted to whatever figurative turn the poet intended to give it; and even philosophers mixed mythology with the gravest subjects of theology. Hesiod's *Generation of the gods* is, properly, the generation of the world, and a history of natural philosophy: he gives life, energy, and form, to all the visible and invisible parts of the universe, and almost to all the powers and faculties of the imagination; in a word his poem is 'a continued allegory.' When every part therefore of the universe was thought to be under the particular care of a tutelar deity; when not only the sun, moon, and planets, but mountains, rivers, and groves; nay, even virtues, vices, accidents, qualities, &c. were the objects of veneration and of religious dread; there was no violation given to publick belief, if the poet changed his metaphor, or rather continued it, in an allegory. Hence Homer, instead of saying that Achilles, had not wisdom checked him, would have slain Agamemnon, continues the metaphor; and, consistently with his religion, brings Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, down from heaven, on purpose to check the rage of the angry hero. On the same system is founded the well-known Fable of Prodicus: and the Picture of Cebes is a continued allegory, containing the most interesting truths relating to human life.

As it is necessary that the poet should give

his work all that variety, which is consistent with its nature and design, so his allegory might be enlarged and varied by his pointing at historical events under concealed names; and, while his story is told consistently, some historical characters and real transactions might, emblematically and typically, be signified. Thus though in one sense you are in Fairy Land, yet in another you may be in the British dominions.

And here methinks a fair opportunity offers of laying before the reader, at one view, some of the historical allusions, that lie concealed in this mystical Poem. That there are historical allusions in this Poem, Spenser himself tells us. 'In that Faerie Queene,' says he in his letter to Sir W. R., 'I mean Glory in my general intention: but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our Soveraine the Queene, and HER KINGDOME in Faery Land.' See also his introduction to the second Book of the *Faerie Queene*, st. iv. and likewise his Introduction to the Third Book, st. iii. This subject I formerly mentioned in a letter to Mr. West, concerning a new edition of Spenser; and from that letter I shall here borrow what is to my present purpose, adding some things and altering others.

What reader is ignorant that kingdoms are often imagined by their arms and ensigns? When

therefore I suppose the Lion, Una's defender, to be the defender of the faith, our English king, I make no question but this will be as readily allowed me, as when I suppose the Raven, the Danish arms, to stand for the Dane himself, F. Q. iii. iii. 46. Thus, in the *Ruines of Time*:

'What now is of th' *Assyrian Lyonesse*,
'Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
'What of the *Persian Beares* outrageousnesse,
'Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares?
'Who of the *Grecian Libbard* now ought heares
'That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
'And left his *Whelps* their kingdoms to devoure?'

The *Assyrian Lyonesse* images the Assyrian and Chaldean empire. See *Daniel* vii. 4. 'The 'first was like a Lion; [the Assyrian and Chal-'dean empire;] A second like a Bear; [the 'Persian;] Another like a Leopard;' [Alexander K. of Macedon:] His *whelps*, his captains who divided among themselves the vast empires that he had conquered. From considering that arms and ensigns image kingdoms and knights, I found out as I thought the clew, directing me to the allusion of *the Babes bloody hands*: the adventure of the second day, assigned to Sir Guyon. He is called *the bloudy-handed babe*, and hence *Ruddymane*, F. Q. ii. iii. 2. And this will appear from Spenser's words in his *View of*

Ireland, 'The Irish under Oneal cry *Lamderg-abo*, that is the BLOODY-HAND, which is Oneals 'badge.' The rebellion of the Oneals seems to be imaged in this episode: They all drank so deep of the charm and venom of Acrasia, that their blood was *infected with secret filth*, F. Q. ii. ii. 4. The ungovernable tempers of the Oneals hurried them into constant insurrections; as may be seen in Camden's account of the rebellion of the Irish Oneals. But, to make this historical allusion still clearer, I will cite a passage from Camden in the life of Q. Elizabeth. Ann. 1567. 'Thus did Shan Oneal come to his 'bloody end: A man he was who had stained 'his hands with blood, and dealt in all the pollu-'tions of unchast embraces.—The children he 'left by his wife, were Henry and Shan: but he 'had several more by O-donell's wife, and others 'of his mistresses.' His wife Spenser has introduced in F. Q. ii. i. 35, &c. The Lion in F. Q. v. vii. 16. points out a British king, and particularly the king mentioned in F. Q. iii. iii. 29. Mercilla, who is attended by a Lion in F. Q. v. ix. 33, is Queen Elizabeth; and the Lady brought to the bar, Mary Queen of Scots. Her two paramours, faithless Blandamour and Paridell, are the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland. Blandamour is plainly the Earl of Northumberland, because the poet calls him, in F. Q. v. i. 35, 'The *Hot-Spurre* Youth,'

which was the well-known name of the young Percy in the reign of King Henry IV. In some places of his Poem he has given us the very names without any disguise; thus he mentions Sir Bourbon, F. Q. v. xi. 52. And Belge, F. Q. v. x. 6. Somewhat covertly *Irena* is expressed, which in the notes we have supposed to be the same as Ierne. Philip King of Spain is often characterised. Arthegal is Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton. The Earl of Essex is imaged in Sir Guyon; Dr. Whitgift, his sometime tutor, in the reverend Palmer. Sir Satyrane is Sir John Perrot: whose behaviour, though honest, yet was too coarse and rude for a Court: '*esse quam videri bonus malebat.*' 'Twas well known that he was a son of Henry the eighth: and this is plainly alluded to, in F. Q. i. vi. 21, 22. But of all the historical characters, here delineated, the most striking seems that of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom we may trace almost in every adventure of the gentle squire *Timias;* and whose name [ὁ τίμιος] points out Spenser's honoured friend. Unfortunate man to fall under the displeasure of Belphœbe, the Virgin Queen! How could he presume to carry on a criminal amour with any one of her maids of honour? See F. Q. iv. vii. 7.

'*Is this the faith*, she said—and said no more,
'But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.'

This Lady he afterwards married: she was a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton; and it seems to me that her story is shadowed in F. Q. iv. vii. where 'Amoret is rapt by greedy Lust.' The calumny and slander that befell her is imaged in st. 23, &c. This same Lady likewise is typically shown in Serena: though he designedly perplexes the story, and makes her beloved by Sir Calepine; as he makes Amoret beloved by Sir Scudamore. If the reader cannot see through these disguises, he will see nothing but the dead letter: Serena is carried to the Hermit's cell together with the gentle Squire, to be healed of their wounds, inflicted on them by the rancorous tooth of Calumny and Scandal. It is not to be supposed that Sir Philip Sidney was forgotten; whom I think we may discover in the Knight of Courtesy. Perhaps Marinel, who has his name from the sea, was intended to represent in some particulars the Lord High Admiral, the Lord Howard. I cannot find any other Fairy Knight, to whom properly might be applied, what Spenser says in his Sonnet prefixed to this poem:

> 'Thy praises everlasting monument
> 'Is in this verse engraven semblably,
> 'That it may live to all posterity:'

By the expression *in this verse engraven semblably* he cannot mean *in this sonnet*; for the word

semblably, I think, has reference to that historical resemblance that these imaginary beings in Fairy land bore to those real heroes of Queen Elizabeth's Court. There are other allusions of a like complicated nature. Belvoir castle (so named from the fair and extensive view of the country all around) seems not obscurely intimated, in F. Q. vi. xii. 3.

'Unto the *Castle of Belgard* her brought,
'Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure.'

Allusions of a political nature require still a more delicate touch: and as times and circumstances altered during the first planning of the Poem, and the publishing of it, so the poet was obliged in this particular scheme to alter likewise, and to complicate and perplex, the allusions. Methinks when I see Braggadochio and his buffoon servant Trompart repulsed by Belphœbe, I cannot help thinking them proper types of the Duke of Anjou and of Simier. Several of these kind of typical allusions are pointed out, particularly in the notes on the fifth book: and these I am persuaded will appear very farfetched to any one, who pays but little regard to the doctrine of types, symbols, and figurative representations: while others will rather wonder that the subject is not pursued much further. It may reasonably be supposed that, if Amoret and Flo-

rimel in some particulars are the types of Mary Queen of Scots, political reasons might oblige Spenser to abuse her under the character of Duessa in the fifth Book; which was published some years after the three first Books. Amoret was Belphœbe's sister, (see F. Q. iii. vi.) and Queen Elizabeth addressed the Queen of Scots always with the title of *Sister*. How is it then contrary to the decorum of this Poem to suppose, that by the cruel treatment of Amoret by Busirane is meant, not only in the general moral the vile vassalage of Love and Beauty under the tyranny of Lust, but, in the particular historical allusion, the cruel confinement and persecutions of the Queen of Scots by the direction chiefly of Burleigh? We shall find likewise the historical allusions designedly perplexed, if we look for this persecuted Queen in the persecuted Florimel. ' See what I have remarked in a note on F. Q. iii. vii. 27, where I suppose the flight of Florimel imaged from the flight of the Queen of Scots: both of them took refuge in a fisherman's boat: and one was treated as cruelly by her false protector Proteus, as the other by those false *friends* to whom she fled for protection. There are several of these typical and historical allusions (as I said above) pointed out in the notes, and if the reader, with proper knowledge of the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign, delights in such mysterious researches, he may

easily, with these hints given, pursue them further. UPTON.

DR. HURD'S

REMARKS

ON

THE PLAN AND CONDUCT OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

SPENSER, though he had long been nourished with the spirit and substance of Homer and Virgil, chose the times of Chivalry for his Theme, and Fairy Land for the Scene of his fictions. He could have planned, no doubt, an heroick design on the exact classick model: Or, he might have trimmed between the Gothick and Classick, as his contemporary Tasso did. But the charms of *Fairy* prevailed. And if any think he was seduced by Ariosto into his choice, they should consider that it could be only for the sake of his subject; for the genius and character of these poets was widely different.

Under this idea then of a Gothick, not classical, Poem, the FAERIE QUEENE is to be read and criticised. And, on these principles, it

would not be difficult to unfold its merit in another way than has been hitherto attempted.

I have taken the fancy, to try my hand on this curious subject.

When an architect examines a Gothick structure by Grecian rules, he finds nothing but deformity. But the Gothick architecture has its own rules, by which, when it comes to be examined, it is seen to have its merit, as well as the Grecian. The question is not, which of the two is conducted in the simplest or truest taste: but, whether there be not sense and design in both, when scrutinized by the laws on which each is projected.

The same observation holds of the two sorts of poetry. Judge of the FAERIE QUEENE by the classick models, and you are shocked with its disorder: consider it with an eye to its Gothick original, and you find it regular. The unity and simplicity of the former are more complete: but the latter has that sort of unity and simplicity, which results from its nature.

The FAERIE QUEENE then, as a Gothick poem, derives its *method*, as well as the other characters of its composition, from the established modes and ideas of chivalry.

It was usual, in the days of knight-errantry, at the holding of any great feast, for Knights to appear before the prince, who presided at it, and

claim the privilege of being sent on any adventure, to which the solemnity might give occasion. For it was supposed that, when such *a throng of knights and barons bold*, as Milton speaks of, were got together, the distressed would flock in from all quarters, as to a place where they knew they might find and claim redress for all their grievances.

This was the real practice, in the days of pure and ancient chivalry. And an image of this practice was afterwards kept up in the castles of the great, on any extraordinary festival or solemnity: of which, if an instance be required, I refer to the description of a feast made at Lisle, in 1453, in the Court of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, for a crusade against the Turks: as it is given at large in the Memoirs of *Mathieu de Conci*, *Olivier de la Marche*, and *Monstrelet*.

That feast was held for *twelve* days: and each day was distinguished by the claim and allowance of some adventure.

Now laying down this practice, as a foundation for the poet's design, we shall see how properly the FAERIE QUEENE is conducted.—'I 'devise, says the poet himself in his Letter to 'Sir W. Raleigh, that the Faerie Queene kept 'her annual feaste xii days, upon which xii seve-'ral days the occasions of the xii several adven-'tures hapened; which being undertaken by xii

'several knights, are in these xii books severally 'handled.'

Here we have the poet delivering his own method, and the reason of it. It arose out of the order of his subject. And would we desire a better reason for his choice?

Yes; it will be said; a poet's method is not that of his subject. I grant it, as to the order of *time*, in which the recital is made; for here, as Spenser observes, (and his own practice agrees to the rule,) lies the main difference between *the poet historical*, and *the historiographer*: the reason of which is drawn from the nature of Epick composition itself, and holds equally, let the subject be what it will, and whatever the system of manners be, on which it is conducted. Gothick or Classick makes no difference in this respect.

But the case is not the same with regard to the general plan of a work, or what may be called the order of *distribution*, which is and must be governed by the subject-matter itself. It was as requisite for the FAERIE QUEENE to consist of the adventures of twelve knights, as for the Odyssey to be confined to the adventures of one Hero: justice had otherwise not been done to his subject.

So that if we say any thing against the poet's method, we must say that he should not have chosen this subject. But this objection arises from our classick ideas of Unity, which have no

place here; and are in every view foreign to the purpose, if the poet has found means to give his work, though consisting of many parts, the advantage of Unity. For in some reasonable sense or other, it is agreed, every work of art must be *one*, the very idea of a work requiring it.

If it be asked then, what is this *Unity* of Spenser's Poem? I say, it consists in the relation of its several adventures to one common *original*, the appointment of the Faerie Queene; and to one common *end*, the completion of the Faerie Queene's injunctions. The knights issued forth on their adventures on the breaking up of this annual feast; and the next annual feast, we are to suppose, is to bring them together again from the achievement of their several charges.

This, it is true, is not the classick Unity, which consists in the representation of one entire action: but it is an Unity of another sort, an unity resulting from the respect which a number of related actions have to one common purpose. In other words, It is an unity of *design*, and not of action.

This Gothick method of design in poetry may be, in some sort, illustrated by what is called the Gothick method of design in Gardening. A wood or grove cut out into many separate avenues or glades was amongst the most favourite of the works of art, which our fathers attempted in the species of cultivation. These walks were

distinct from each other; had, each, their several destination; and terminated on their own proper objects. Yet the whole was brought together and considered under one view by the relation which these various openings had, not to each other, but to their common and concurrent center. Some are, perhaps, agreed that this sort of gardening is not of so true a taste as that which *Kent and Nature* have brought us acquainted with; where the supreme art of the Designer consists in disposing his ground and objects into an *entire landscape*; and grouping them, if I may use the term, in so easy a manner, that the careless observer, though he be taken with the symmetry of the whole, discovers no art in the combination:

'In lieto aspetto il bel giardin s'aperse,
'Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
'Fior vari, e varie piante, herbe diverse,
'Apriche Collinette, ombrose valli,
'Selve, espelunche in *una vista* offerse:
'E quel, che'l bello, e'l caro accresce à l'opre,
'L'Arte, che tutto fà, nulla si scopre.'

TASSO, C. XVI. S. IX.

This, I say, may be the truest taste in gardening, because the simplest: yet there is a manifest regard to unity in the other method; which has had its admirers, as it may have again, and is certainly not without its *design* and beauty.

But to return to our poet. Thus far he drew from Gothick ideas; and these ideas, I think, would lead him no further. But, as Spenser knew what belonged to classick composition, he was tempted to tie his subject still closer together by *one* expedient of his own, and by *another* taken from his classick models.

His *own* was to interrupt the proper story of each book, by dispersing it into several; involving by this means, and as it were intertwisting the several actions together, in order to give something like the appearance of one action to his twelve adventures. And for this conduct, as absurd as it seems, he had some great examples in the Italian poets, though, I believe, they were led into it by different motives.

The *other* expedient which he borrowed from the classicks, was by adopting one superiour character, which should be seen throughout. Prince Arthur, who had a separate adventure of his own, was to have his part in each of the other; and thus several actions were to be embodied by the interest which one principal Hero had in them all. It is even observable, that Spenser gives this adventure of Prince Arthur in quest of Gloriana, as the proper subject of his Poem. And upon this idea the late learned * editor of the FAERIE QUEENE has attempted, but I think

* Mr. Upton.

without success, to defend the Unity and simplicity of its fable. The truth was, the violence of classick prejudices forced the poet to affect this appearance of unity, though in contradiction to his Gothick system. And, as far as we can judge of the tenour of the whole work from the finished half of it, the adventure of Prince Arthur, whatever the author pretended, and his critick too easily believed, was but an after-thought; and at least with regard to the *historical fable*, which we are now considering, was only one of the expedients by which he would conceal the disorder of his Gothick plan.

And, if this was his design, I will venture to say that both his expedients were injudicious. Their purpose was to ally two things, in nature incompatible, the Gothick, and the classick, unity; the effect of which misalliance was to discover and expose the nakedness of the Gothick.

I am of opinion then, considering the FAERIE QUEENE as an epick or *narrative* Poem constructed on Gothick ideas, that the poet had done well to affect no other unity than that of *design*, by which his subject was connected. But his Poem is not simply narrative; it is throughout *allegorical*: he calls it *a perpetual allegory or dark conceit*: and this character, for reasons I may have occasion to observe hereafter, was even predominant in the FAERIE QUEENE. His nar-

ration is subservient to his moral, and but serves to colour it. This he tells us himself at setting out;

'Fierce wars and faithful loves shall *moralize* my song.'

that is, shall serve for a vehicle, or instrument, to convey the moral.

Now, under this idea, the *unity* of the FAERIE QUEENE is more apparent. His twelve knights are to exemplify as many virtues, out of which one illustrious character is to be composed. And, in this view, the part of Prince Arthur in each Book becomes *essential*, and yet not *principal*; exactly, as the poet has contrived it. They who rest in the literal story, that is, who criticise it on the footing of a narrative Poem, have constantly objected to this management. They say, it necessarily breaks the unity of design. Prince Arthur, they affirm, should either have had no part in the other adventures, or he should have had the chief part. He should either have done nothing or more. And the objection is unanswerable; at least I know of nothing that can be said to remove it but what I have supposed above might be the purpose of the poet, and which I myself have rejected as insufficient.

But how faulty soever this conduct be in the literal story, it is perfectly right in the *moral*:

(73)

and that for an obvious reason, though his criticks seem not to have been aware of it. His chief hero was not to have the twelve virtues in the *degree* in which the knights had, each of them, their own; (such a character would be a monster;) but he was to have so much of each as was requisite to form his superiour character. Each virtue, in its perfection, is exemplified in its own knight: they are all, in a due degree, concentered in Prince Arthur.

This was the poet's *moral*: and what way of expressing this moral in the *history*, but by making Prince Arthur appear in each adventure, and in a manner subordinate to its proper hero? Thus, though inferiour to each in his own specifick virtue, he is superior to all by uniting the whole circle of their virtues in himself: and thus he arrives, at length, at the possession of that bright form of *Glory*, whose ravishing beauty, as seen in a dream or vision, had led him out into these miraculous adventures in the Land of Faery.

The conclusion is, that, as an *allegorical* Poem, the method of the FAERIE QUEENE is governed by the justness of the *moral*: as a *narrative* Poem, it is conducted on the ideas and usages of *chivalry*. In either view, if taken by itself, the plan is defensible. But from the union of the two designs there arises a perplexity

and confusion, which is the proper, and only considerable, defect of this extraordinary Poem.

No doubt Spenser might have taken one single adventure, *of the Twelve*, for the subject of his Poem; or he might have given the principal part in every adventure to Prince Arthur. By this means his fable had been of the classick kind, and its unity as strict as that of Homer and Virgil.

All this the poet knew very well, but his purpose was not to write a classick poem. He chose to adorn a Gothick story; and, to be consistent throughout, he chose that the *form* of his work should be of a piece with his subject.

Did the poet do right in this? I cannot tell; but, comparing his work with that of another great poet, I see no reason to be peremptory in condemning his judgment.

The example of this poet deserves to be considered. It will afford, at-least, a fresh confirmation of the point, I principally insist upon; I mean, The pre-eminence of the Gothick manners and fictions, as adapted to the ends of poetry, above the classick.

I have observed of the famous Torquato Tasso that, coming into the world a little of the latest for the success of the pure Gothick manner, he thought fit to *trim* between that and the classick model. It was lucky for his fame, perhaps, that he did so. For the Gothick fables falling

every day more and more into contempt, and the learning of the times, throughout all Europe, taking a classick turn, the reputation of his work has been chiefly founded on the strong resemblance it has to the ancient epick poems. His fable is conducted in the spirit of the Iliad, and with a strict regard to that unity of *action* which we admire in Homer and Virgil. But this is not all; we find a studied and close imitation of those poets, in many of the smaller parts, in the minuter incidents, and even in the descriptions and similies of his poem.

The classick reader was pleased with this deference to the publick taste: he saw with delight the favourite beauties of Homer and Virgil reflected in the Italian poet: and was almost ready to excuse, for the sake of these, his magick tales and faery enchantments. I said, was *almost ready*: for the offence given by these to the more fashionable sort of criticks was so great, that nothing, I believe, could make full amends, in their judgment, for such extravagancies.

However, by this means the *Gierusalemme Liberata* made its fortune amongst the French wits, who have constantly cried it up above the *Orlando Furioso*, and principally for this reason, that Tasso was more classical in his fable, and more sparing in the wonders of Gothick fiction, than his predecessor.

The Italians have indeed a predilection for their elder bard, whether from their prejudice for antiquity; their admiration of his language; the richness of his invention; the comick air of his style and manner; or from whatever other reason.

Be this as it will, the French criticism has carried it before the Italian, with the rest of Europe. This dextrous people have found means to lead the taste, as well as set the fashions, of their neighbours: and Ariosto ranks but little higher than the rudest romancer in the opinion of those who take their notions of these things from their writers.

But the same principle, which made them give Tasso the preference to Ariosto, has led them by degrees to think very unfavourably of Tasso himself. The mixture of the Gothick manner in his work has not been forgiven. It has sunk the credit of all the rest; and some instances of false taste in the expression of his sentiments, detected, by their nicer criticks, have brought matters to that pass, that, with their good will, Tasso himself should now follow the fate of Ariosto.

I will not say, that a little national envy did not perhaps mix itself with their other reasons for undervaluing this great poet. They aspired to a sort of supremacy in Letters; and, finding the Italian language and its best writers standing

in their way, they have spared no pains to lower the estimation of both.

Whatever their inducements were, they succeeded but too well in their attempt. Our obsequious and over modest criticks were run down by their authority. Their taste of Letters, with some worse things, was brought amongst us at the Restoration. Their language, their manners, nay their very prejudices, were adopted by our Frenchified king and his Royalists. And the more fashionable wits, of course, set their fancies, as my Lord Molesworth tells us the people of Copenhagen in his time did their clocks, by the court-standard.

Sir W. Davenant opened the way to this new sort of criticism in a very elaborate preface to *Gondibert;* and his philosophick friend, Mr. Hobbes, lent his best assistance towards establishing the credit of it. These two fine Letters contain, indeed, the substance of whatever has been since written on the subject. Succeeding wits and criticks did no more than echo their language. It grew into a sort of cant, with which Rymer, and the rest of that School, filled their flimsy essays and rambling prefaces.

Our noble critick himself* condescended to take up this trite theme: and it is not to be told

* Lord Shaftesbury, *Adv. to an Author.* HURD.

with what alacrity and self-complacency he flourishes upon it. The *Gothick manner*, as he calls it, is the favourite object of his raillery; which is never more lively or pointed, than when it exposes that 'bad taste which makes us prefer an 'Ariosto to a Virgil, and a Romance (without 'doubt he meant, of Tasso) to an Iliad.' Truly, this critical sin requires an expiation, which is easily made by subscribing to his sentence, 'That the 'French indeed may boast of legitimate authors 'of a just relish; but that the Italian are good 'for nothing but to corrupt the taste of those 'who have had no familiarity with the noble 'ancients.' This ingenious nobleman is, himself, one of the *gallant votaries* he sometimes makes himself so merry with. He is perfectly enamoured of his *noble ancients*, and will fight with any man who contends, not that his Lordship's mistress is not fair, but that his own is fair also.

It is certain the French wits benefited by this foible. For pretending, in great modesty, to have formed themselves on the pure taste of his noble ancients, they easily drew his Lordship over to their party: while the Italians more stubbornly pretending to a taste of their own, and choosing to *lie* for themselves, instead of adopting the authorised *lies* of Greece, were justly exposed to his resentment.

Such was the address of the French writers, and such their triumphs over the poor Italians.

It must be owned, indeed, they had every advantage on their side, in this contest with their masters. The taste and learning of Italy had been long on the decline, and the fine writers under Louis XIV. were every day advancing the French language, such as it is, (simple, clear, exact, that is, fit for business and conversation; but for that reason, besides its total want of numbers, absolutely unsuited to the genius of the greater poetry,) towards its last perfection. The purity of the ancient manner became well understood, and it was the pride of their best critiks to expose every instance of false taste in the modern writers. The Italian, it is certain, could not stand so severe a scrutiny. But they had escaped better, if the most fashionable of the French poets had not, at the same time, been their best critick.

A lucky word in a verse, which sounds well and every body gets by heart, goes further than a volume of just criticism. In short, the exact but cold Boileau happened to say something of the *clinquant* of Tasso; and the magick of this word, like the report of Astolfo's horn in Ariosto, overturned at once the solid and well-built, reputation of the Italian poetry. It is not perhaps so amazing that this potent word should do its business in France. It put us into a fright on this side the water. Mr. Addison, who gave the law in taste here, took it up and sent it about the king-

dom in his polite and popular essays. It became a sort of watch-word among the critics; and, on the sudden, nothing was heard, on all sides, but the *clinquant* of Tasso.

After all, these two respectable writers might not intend the mischief they were doing. The observation was just, but was extended much further than they meant, by their witless followers and admirers. The effect was, as I said, that the Italian poetry was rejected in the gross, by virtue of this censure; though the authors of it had said no more than this, 'That their best poet had 'some false thoughts, and dealt, as they sup-'posed, too much in incredible fiction.'

I leave the reader to make his own reflexions on this short history of the Italian poetry. It is not my design to make its apology in all respects. However, with regard to the *first* of these charges, I presume to say that, as just as it is in the sense in which I persuade myself it was intended, there are more instances of natural sentiment and of that divine simplicity we admire in the ancients, even in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, than in the best of the French poets. And, as to the *last*, I pretend to show, that it is no fault at all in the Italian poets.

Chi non sa che cosa sia Italia?—If this question could ever be reasonably asked on any occasion, it must surely be when the wit and poetry of that people were under consideration. The enchanting sweetness of their tongue, the richness

of their invention, the fire and elevation of their genius, the splendour of their expression on great subjects, and the native simplicity of their sentiments on affecting ones; all these are such manifest advantages on the side of the Italian poets, as should seem to command our highest admiration of their great and capital works.

Yet a different language has been held by our finer critics. And in particular you hear it commonly said of the tales of Faery, which they first and principally adorned; 'That they are unnatural and absurd; that they surpass all bounds 'not of truth only, but of probability; and look 'more like the dreams of children, than the 'manly inventions of poets.'

All this, and more, has been said; and if truly said, who would not lament

'L'arte del poëtar troppo infelice?'

For they are not the cold fancies of plebeian poets, but the golden dreams of Ariosto, the celestial visions of Tasso, that are thus derided.

The only criticism, indeed, that is worth regarding, is the philosophical. But there is a sort which looks like philosophy, and is not. May not that be the case here? This criticism, whatever name it deserves, supposes that the poets, who are liars by profession, expect to have their lies believed. Surely they are not so un-

reasonable. They think it enough, if they can but bring you to *imagine* the possibility of them.

And how small a matter will serve for this? A legend, a tale, a tradition, a rumour, a superstition; in short, any thing is enough to be the basis of their air-formed *visions*. Does any capable reader trouble himself about the truth, or even the credibility of their fancies? Alas, no; he is best pleased when he is made to conceive (he minds not by what magick) the existence of such things as his reason tells him did not, and were never likely to, exist.

But here, to prevent mistakes, an explanation will be necessary. We must distinguish between the *popular belief*, and *that of the reader*. The fictions of poetry do, in some degree at least, require the *first*; (they would, otherwise, deservedly pass for *dreams* indeed:) but when the poet has this advantage on his side, and his fancies have, or may be supposed to have, a countenance from the current superstitions of the age, in which he writes, he dispenses with the *last*, and gives his reader leave to be as sceptical and as incredulous, as he pleases.

An eminent French critick diverts himself with imagining 'what a person, who comes fresh from reading Mr. Addison and Mr. Locke, would be apt to think of Tasso's Enchantment *.'

* Voltaire, *Essai sur la Poesie Epique*, Ch. vii. HURD.

The English reader will, perhaps, smile at seeing these two writers so coupled together: and, with the critick's leave, we will put Mr. Locke out of the question. But if he be desirous to know what a reader of Mr. Addison would pronounce in the case, I can undertake to give him satisfaction. Speaking of what Mr. Dryden calls, *the Faery way of writing*, 'Men of cold fancies and philosophical dispositions,' says he, 'object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But—many are prepossessed with such false opinions, as dispose them to *believe* these particular delusions; at least, we have all *heard* so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the *falsehood*, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.' *Spectator*, Vol. vi. Apply, now, this sage judgment of Mr. Addison to *Tasso's Enchantments*, and you see that a *falsehood convict* is not to be pleaded against a *supposed belief*, or even the *slightest hear-say*. So little account does this wicked Poetry make of philosophical or historical truth: all she allows us to look for, is *poetical truth*; a very slender thing indeed, and which the poet's eye, when rolling its finest frenzy, can but just lay hold of. To speak in the philosophick language of Mr. Hobbes, It is something much *beyond the actual bounds, and only within the conceived possibility, of nature.*

But the source of bad criticism, as universally of bad philosophy, is the abuse of terms. A poet, they say, must follow *Nature*; and by Nature we are to suppose can only be meant the known and experienced course of affairs in this world. Whereas the poet has a world of his own, where experience has less to do, than consistent imagination.

He has, besides, a supernatural world to range in. He has Gods, and Faeries, and Witches, at his command: and,

'O! who can tell
'The hidden *pow'r* of herbes, and might of magick
'spell?' SPENSER, F. Q. B. i. C. 2.

Thus, in the poet's world, all is marvellous and extraordinary: yet not *unnatural* in one sense, as it agrees to the conceptions that are readily entertained of these magical and wonder-working Natures.

This trite maxim of *following Nature* is further mistaken in applying it indiscriminately to all sorts of poetry.

In those species which have men and manners professedly for their theme, a strict conformity with human nature is reasonably demanded.

'Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyasque
'Invenies; hominem pagina nostra sapit:'

is a proper motto to a book of Epigrams, but would make a poor figure at the head of an epick poem.

Still further, in those species that address themselves to the heart and would obtain their end, not through the Imagination, but through the *Passions*, there the liberty of transgressing nature, I mean the real powers and properties of human nature, is infinitely restrained; and *poetical* truth is, under these circumstances, almost as severe a thing as *historical*. The reason is, we must first *believe*, before we can be *affected*. But the case is different with the more sublime and creative poetry. This species, addressing itself solely or principally to the Imagination; a young and credulous faculty, which loves to admire and to be deceived; has no need to observe those cautious rules of credibility so necessary to be followed by him, who would touch the affections and interest the heart.

This difference, it will be said, is obvious enough. How came it then to be overlooked? From another mistake, in extending a particular precept of the drama into a general maxim.

The *incredulus odi* of Horace ran in the heads of these criticks, though his own words confine the observation singly to the stage:

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
'Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
'Ipse sibi tradit Spectator—'

That, which passes in *representation*, and challenges, as it were, the scrutiny of the eye, must be truth itself, or something very nearly approaching to it. But what passes in *narration*, even on the stage, is admitted without much difficulty—

——————————' multaque tolles
' Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.'

In the epick narration, which may be called *absens facundia*, the reason of the thing shows this indulgence to be still greater. It appeals neither to the *eye* nor the *ear*, but simply to the *imagination*, and so allows the poet a liberty of multiplying and enlarging his impostures at pleasure, in proportion to the easiness and comprehension of that faculty.

These general reflexions hardly require an application to the present subject. The tales of Faery are exploded, as fantastick and incredible. They would merit this contempt, if presented on the stage; I mean, if they were given as the proper subject of dramatick imitation, and the interest of the poet's plot were to be wrought out of the adventures of these marvellous persons. But the epick muse runs no risque in giving way to such fanciful exhibitions.

You may call them, as one does, ' extraordi-
' nary dreams, such as excellent poets and painters,

'by being over studious, may have in the be-
'ginning of fevers*.'

The epick poet would acknowledge the charge, and even value himself upon it. He would say, 'I leave to the sage dramatist the merit of being always broad awake, and always in his senses: the *divine dream*†, and delirious fancy, are among the noblest of my prerogatives.'

But the injustice done the Italian poets does not stop here. The cry is, 'Magick and enchantments are senseless things. Therefore the Italian poets are not worth the reading.' As if, because the superstitions of Homer and Virgil are no longer believed, their poems, which abound in them, are good for nothing.

Yes, it will be said, their fine pictures of life and manners.—And may not I say the time, in behalf of Ariosto and Tasso? For it is not true that all is *unnatural* and monstrous in their poems, because of this mixture of the wonderful. Admit, for example, Armida's marvellous conveyance to the happy Island, and all the rest of the love-story is as natural, that is, as suitable to our common notions of that passion, as any thing in Virgil or (if you will) Voltaire.

Thus we see the apology of the Italian poets is easily made on every supposition. But I stick

* Sir W. Davenant's Preface. HURD.

† Θεῖος Ὄνειρος, Homer. HURD.

to my point, and maintain that the faery tales of Tasso do him more honour than what are called the more natural, that is, the classical parts of his poem. His imitations of the ancients have indeed their merit; for he was a genius in every thing. But they are faint and cold and almost insipid, when compared with his original fictions. We make a shift to run over the passages he has copied from Virgil. We are all on fire amidst the magical feats of Ismen, and the enchantments of Armida:

'Magnanima mensogna, hor quando è il vero
'Si bello, che si possa à te preporre?'

I speak at least for myself; and must freely own, if it were not for these *lies* of Gothick invention, I should scarcely be disposed to give the *Gierusalemme Liberata* a second reading.

I readily agree to the lively observation, 'That impenetrable armour, enchanted castles, 'invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, 'and other such things, are easily feigned by 'them that dare *.' But, with the observer's leave, not so feigned as we find them in the Italian poets, unless the writer have another quality, besides that of courage.

One thing is true, that the success of these

* Mr. Hobbes's Letter. HURD.

fictions will not be great, when they have no longer any footing in the popular belief: and the reason is, that readers do not usually do, as they ought, put themselves in the circumstances of the poet, or rather of those, of whom the poet writes. But this only shows, that some ages are not so fit to write epick poems in, as others; not, that they should be otherwise written. It is also true, that writers do not succeed so well in painting what they have heard, as what they believe themselves, or at least observe in others a facility of believing. And on this account I would advise no modern poet to revive these faery tales in an epick poem. But still this is nothing to the case in hand, where we are considering the merit of epick poems, written under other circumstances.

The Pagan Gods and Gothick Faeries were equally out of credit, when Milton wrote. He did well therefore to supply their room with angels and devils. If these too should wear out of the popular creed (and they seem in a hopeful way, from the liberty some late criticks have taken with them,) I know not what other expedients the epick poet might have recourse to; but this I know, the pomp of verse, the energy of description, and even the finest moral paintings, would stand him in no stead. Without *admiration* (which cannot be affected but by the marvellous of celestial intervention, I mean, the

agency of superior natures really existing, or by the illusion of the fancy taken to be so,) no epick poem can be long-lived. I am not afraid to instance in the *Henriade* itself; which, notwithstanding the elegance of the composition, will in a short time be no more read than the *Gondibert* of Sir W. Davenant, and for the same reason.

Criticks may talk what they will of *Truth and Nature*, and abuse the Italian poets, as they will, for transgressing both in their incredible fictions. But, believe it, these fictions with which they have studied to delude the world, are of that kind of credible deceits, of which a wise ancient pronounces with assurance, '*That they, who deceive, are honester than they who do not deceive; and they, who are deceived, wiser than they who are not deceived.*'

But the reader may be ready to ask, if there be any truth in this representation, 'Whence it has come to pass, that the classical manners are still admired and imitated by the poets, when the Gothick have long since fallen into disuse?'

The answer to this question will furnish all that is now wanting to a proper discussion of the present subject.

One great reason of this difference certainly was; That the ablest writers of Greece ennobled the system of heroick manners, while it was fresh and flourishing; and their works, being master-

pieces of composition, so fixed the credit of it in the opinion of the world, that no revolutions of time and taste could afterwards shake it. Whereas the Gothick having been disgraced in their infancy by bad writers, and a new set of manners springing up before there were any better to do them justice, they could never be brought into vogue by the attempts of later poets; who, in spite of prejudice, and for the genuine charm of these highly poetical manners, did their utmost to recommend them. But, further, the Gothick system was not only forced to wait long for real genius to do it honour; real genius was even very early employed against it.

There were two causes of this mishap. The old romancers had even outraged the truth in their extravagant pictures of chivalry: and Chivalry itself, such as it once had been, was greatly abated. So that men of sense were doubly disgusted to find a representation of things *unlike* to what they observed in real life, and *beyond* what it was ever possible should have existed. However, with these disadvantages there was still so much of the old spirit left, and the fascination of these wondrous tales was so prevalent, that a more than common degree of sagacity and good sense was required to penetrate the illusion.

It was one of this character, I suppose, that put the famous question to Ariosto, which has

been so often repeated that I shall spare the reader the disgust of hearing it. Yet long before his time an immortal genius of our own (so superiour is, the sense of some men to the age they live in) saw as far into this matter, as Ariosto's examiner. This sagacious person was Dan Chaucer; who, in a reign that almost realised the wonders of romantick chivalry, not only discerned the absurdity of the old romances, but has even ridiculed them with incomparable spirit.

His *Rime on Sir Topaz*, in the Canterbury Tales, is a manifest banter on these books, and may be considered as a sort of prelude to the adventures of Don Quixote. I call it *a manifest banter:* for we are to observe that this was Chaucer's own tale, and that, when in the progress of it the good sense of the Host is made to break in upon him, and interrupt him, Chaucer approves his disgust, and changing his note, tells the simple instructive tale of Melibœus, *a moral tale virtuous*, as he chooses to characterise it; to show, what sort of fictions were most expressive of real life, and most proper to be put into the hands of the people. One might further observe that the Rime of Sir Topaz itself is so managed as with infinite humour to expose the leading impertinencies of books of Chivalry, and their impertinencies only; as may be seen by the different conduct of this tale, from that of Cam-

buscan, which Spenser and Milton were so pleased with, and which with great propriety is put into the mouth of the Squire.

But I must not anticipate the observations which the reader will take a pleasure to make for himself on these two fine parts of the Canterbury Tales. Enough is said to illustrate the point, I am now upon. 'That these phantoms of chivalry 'had the misfortune to be laughed out of counte-'nance by men of sense, before the substance of 'it had been fairly and truly represented by any 'capable writer.'

Still, the principal reason of all, no doubt, was, That the Gothick manners of Chivalry, as springing out of the feudal system, were as singular, as that system itself: so that, when that political constitution vanished out of Europe, the manners, that belonged to it, were no longer seen or understood. There was no example of any such manners remaining on the face of the earth: and as they never did subsist but once, and are never likely to subsist again, people would be led of course to think and speak of them, as romantick, and unnatural. The consequence of which was a total contempt and rejection of them; while the classick manners, as arising out of the customary and usual situations of humanity, would have many archetypes, and appear natural even to those who saw nothing similiar to them actually subsisting before their eyes.

Thus, though the manners of Homer are perhaps as different from ours, as those of Chivalry itself, yet as we know that such manners always belong to rude and simple ages, such as Homer paints; and actually subsist at this day in countries that are under the like circumstances of barbarity, we readily agree to call them *natural*, and even take a fond pleasure in the survey of them.

The question then is easily answered, without any obligation upon me to give up the Gothick manners as visionary and fantastick. And the reason appears, why the FAERIE QUEENE, one of the noblest productions of modern poetry, is fallen into so general a neglect, that all the zeal of its commentators is esteemed officious and impertinent, and will never restore it to those honours which it has, once for all, irrecoverably lost.

In effect, what way is there of persuading the generality of readers that the romantick manners are to be accounted *natural*, when not one in ten thousand knows enough of the barbarous ages, in which they arose, to believe they ever really existed?

Poor Spenser then,

——————' in whose gentle spright
' The pure well-head of Poesie did dwell,'

must, for ought I can see, be left to the admira-

tion of a few lettered and curious men: while the many are sworn together to give no quarter to the *marvellous*, or, which may seem still harder, to the *moral* of his song.

However, this great revolution in modern taste was brought about by degrees; and the steps, that led to it, may be worth the tracing.

The wonders of Chivalry were still in the memory of men; were still existing, in some measure, in real life, when Chaucer undertook to expose the barbarous relaters of them.

This ridicule, we may suppose, hastened the fall both of Chivalry and Romance. At least from that time the spirit of both declined very fast, and at length fell into such discredit, that when now Spenser arose, and with a genius singularly fitted to immortalize the Land of Faery, he met with every difficulty and disadvantage to obstruct his design. The age would no longer bear the naked letter of these amusing stories; and the poet was so sensible of the misfortune, that we find him apologizing for it on a hundred occasions.

But apologies, in such circumstances, rarely do any good. Perhaps they only served to betray the weakness of the poet's cause, and to confirm the prejudices of his reader.

However, he did more than this. He gave an air of mystery to his subject, and pretended

that his stories of knights and giants were but the cover to abundance of profound wisdom.

In short, to keep off the eyes of the prophane from prying too nearly into his subject, he threw about it the mist of allegory: he moralized his song: and the virtues and vices lay hid under his warriours and enchanters. A contrivance which he had learned indeed from his Italian masters: for Tasso had condescended to allegorize his own work; and the commentators of Ariosto had even converted the extravagances of the Orlando Furioso, into moral lessons.

And this, it must be owned, was a sober attempt in comparison of some projects that were made about the same time to serve the cause of the old and now expiring Romances. For it is to be observed, that the idolizers of these romances did by them, what the votaries of Homer had done by him. As the times improved and would less bear his strange tales, they *moralized* what they could, and turned the rest into mysteries of *natural science*. And as this last contrivance was principally designed to cover the monstrous stories of the *Pagan Gods*, so it served the lovers of Romance to palliate the no less monstrous stories of *magick and enchantments*.

The editor, or translator of the 24th book of *Amadis de Gaule*, printed at Lyons in 1577, has a preface explaining the whole secret, which concludes with these words, ‘ Voyla, Lecteur, *le*

fruit, qui se peut recueiller du sens mystique des Romans antiques par les *esprits esleus*, le commun peuple soy contentant de la *simple fleur de la lectare literale*.'

But to return to Spenser; who, as we have seen, had no better way to take in his distress, than to hide his faery fancies under the mystick cover of moral allegory. The only favourable circumstance that attended him (and this no doubt encouraged, if it did not produce, his untimely project,) was, that he was somewhat befriended in these fictions, even when interpreted according to the Letter, by the romantick Spirit of his age; much countenanced, and for a time brought into fresh credit, by the romantick Elizabeth. Her inclination for the fancies of Chivalry is well known; and obsequious wits and courtiers would not be wanting to feed and flatter it. In short, tilts and tournaments were in vogue: The ARCADIA, and The FAERIE QUEENE, were written.

With these helps the new Spirit of Chivalry made a shift to support itself for a time, when reason was but dawning, as we may say, and just about to gain the ascendant over the portentous spectres of the imagination. Its growing splendour, in the end, put them all to flight, and allowed them no quarter even amongst the poets. So that Milton, as fond as we have seen he was of the Gothick fictions, durst only admit them on the bye, and in the way of simile and illustration only.

And this, no doubt, was the main reason of his relinquishing his long-projected design of Prince Arthur, at last, for that of the *Paradise Lost*; where, instead of Giants and Magicians, he had Angels and Devils to supply him with the *marvellous*, with greater probability. Yet, though he dropped the tales, he still kept to the allegories of Spenser. And even this liberty was thought too much, as appears from the censure passed on his *Sin and Death* by the severer criticks.

Thus at length the magick of the old romances was perfectly dissolved. They began with reflecting an image indeed of the feudal manners, but an image magnified and distorted by unskilful designers. Common sense being offended with these perversions of truth and nature, (still accounted the more monstrous, as the ancient manners, they pretended to copy after, were now disused, and of most men forgotten,) the next step was to have recourse to *allegories*. Under this disguise they walked the world a while; the excellence of the moral and the ingenuity of the contrivance making some amends, and being accepted as a sort of apology, for the absurdity of the literal story.

Under this form the Tales of Faery kept their ground, and even made their fortune at court; where they became, for two or three reigns, the ordinary entertainment of our princes. But reason, in the end, (assisted however by party, and

religious prejudices,) drove them off the scene, and would endure these *lying wonders*, neither in their own proper shape, nor as masked in figures.

Henceforth, the taste of wit and poetry took a new turn: and *Fancy*, that had wantoned it so long in the world of fiction, was now constrained, against her will, to ally herself with strict Truth, if she would gain admittance into reasonable company.

What we have gotten by this revolution it will be said, is a great deal of good sense. What we have lost, is a world of fine fabling; the illusion of which is so grateful to the *charmed spirit*; that, in spite of philosophy and fashion, *Faery* Spenser still ranks highest among the Poets; I mean with all those who are either come of that house, or have any kindness for it. *Earth-born* criticks may blaspheme:

'But all the *gods* are ravish'd with delight
'Of his celestial song, and musick's wondrous
might.' HURD.

GLOSSARY,

EXPLAINING THE

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN

SPENSER'S WORKS.

Taken from the Glossaries

OF MR. HUGHES AND MR. UPTON,

And more comprehensive than either.

A.

Abace, to lower, to let fall.

Abase. See *Abace.*

Abear, to bear, carry, demean, behave.

Abet, to vindicate, and, to maintain.

Abide, to abide, suffer, endure.

Abode, abiding, staying, or delay.

Aboord, from the bank.

Abray out of sleep, raise, awake; *Abrayd*, awaked.

Abus, the river Humber.

Abusion, fraud, abuse.

Abyde. See *Abide.*

Abye. See *Abide.*

Accloy, to cloy, fill up.

Accloyes, chokes up, fills up.

Accoied, daunted.

According, granting.

Accoste, to approach.

Accosting, in falconry, to crouch or stoop.

Accoy'd, soothed, appeased, caressed.

Accoyled, stood around, gathered together.

Accrewed, increased, united, collected.

Acbates, 1st and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, *i. e.* provisions.

Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate, to awake.

Addeme, adjudge, deem.

Address, to dress, prepare, order, make ready.

Admirance, admiration.

Adoe, business.

Adore, adorn.
Adorne, (substantively) adorning, ornament.
Adredd, *Adrad*, frightened, to be afraid, to dread.
Advance, to hasten, to set forward.
Advise, to consult, deliberate, consider.
Advisement, counsel, advice, circumspection.
Award, award, judgment, sentence.
Affect, affection, passion.
Affrap, to encounter, to strike down.
Affray, terror, tumult.
To Affray, to terrify.
Affrended, made friends.
Affret, rencounter, hasty meeting.
Affronting, opposing front to front; meeting face to face.
Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.
Aggrace, favour, kindness.
Aggrate, to gratify, to please.
Aghast, frightened, astonished.
Aglet, a tag of lace.
Agraste, did so much aggrace; showed so much grace and favour.
Agrise, to dread and fear greatly; to astonish, to give abhorrence.
Aguisd, accoutred.
Aguise, to put on an appearance; to set off after a new manner.
Albe, albeit, although.
Alew, howling, lamentation.
Algates, by all means, any way, wholly; nevertheless.
All, altogether, wholly; also used for although.
All be be, although he is.
Alla Turchesca, in the Turkish manner.
Allegge, alleviate, lighten.
Alleggeaunce, alleviation, ease, comfort.
Alma, an allegorical expression meaning the mind.
Aloofe, at some distance.
Alow, low; the *a* added.
Amate, 1. To subdue, to daunt, to distress, to terrify. 2. To associate with, to keep company.
Amears'd, fined.
Amenage, manage, carriage.
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.
Amis, apparel, garment.
Amoves, moves; the particle *a* is added.

Annoyes, annoyances.
Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, &c.
Apall, to discourage, daunt, terrify.
Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, requite.
Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure.
Appele, to accuse.
Appellation, appeal.
Arayd, assaulted.
Areare, backwards; a lagging or backward pace
Aread, *Areed*, show, advise, declare, tell.
Areeds, advices, discourses.
Arew, in a row, together, all together.
Arke, chest or coffer.
Arraught, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched, seized.
Array, order, apparel, dress.
Arret, sometimes signifies decree, appoint.
Askaunce, to look askance, enviously, obliquely, sideways, awry.
Aslake, to appease.
Assay, proof, trial, attempt, attack.
Assoile, to free, to quit.
Assoiled, absolved, discharged.
Astart, befall unawares.
Astond, *astound*, astonished.
Assot, to besot, deceive, make a fool of.
Astart, to startle.
Atchievement, enterprise, or performance.
Ate, did eat.
Atone, *i. e.* friends again, at one.
Atoned, reconciled.
Attacht, apprehended, laid hold on.
Attaint, it did attaint; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendor.
Attonce, once for all; at one and the same time.
Attone, bereaved, taken away all together.
Attrapt, attrapped, adorned.
Atween, between.
Avail, or *Avale*, to lower, abate, bring down, descend.
Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* superadded. According to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.
Avenge, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.
Aventring, pushing forward.
Avize, *Avyse*, *Avise*, to perceive, to consider To behold, to observe, to be sensible of. *Hughes*

Aumayld, enamelled.
Avoure, confession, acknowledgment.
Awarned, warned, premonished.
Awhape, to astonish, to terrify.
Ay, ever.
Aye, evermore.
Aygulets, tagged points.

B.

Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.
Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.
Baisemains, complements respects.
Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.
Baleful, sorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.
Balke, to disappoint, baffle, frustrate.
Bancke, the seat of honor.
Bandogs, great curs.
Bannes, curses. *To Ban*, to curse. *Band*, did curse.
Barbed, embossed.
Barbes, bosses or ornaments in the trappings of a horse.
Barbican, an outerwork, gate, or watch-tower.
Basciomani, kissing hands.
Base, unto the base, below, bottom.
Basen, as, Big looks basen wide [*Mother Hubberd's Tale*] *i. e.* extended as with wonder.
Basenet, a helmet.
Bases, any covering for the legs.
Basted, wrought, slightly sewed.
Bashd, abashed.
Bate, did *beat*. *Hwghes.* Did *bite*. *Upton.*
Battel, to fatten.
Batton, a club.
Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*, the zodiac.
Bay, to bark; Faery Queene, Book i. C. 7. St. 3. it signifies to bathe, cherish, or foment. To hold or keep at *bay*, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are *baying*, or barking at him.
Beadmen, prayer-men.
Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers; but used for a catalogue in general.
Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him.
Beare, a bier.
Beathd in fire, hardened in the fire.
Beauperes, equals, fair companions.
Beavy, a company.
Bed, for *bid*, to pray.

Bedight, dressed, adorned; called, named.
Bedyde, dyed.
Bebest, command.
Behight, called, named, reckoned; and sometimes bid, promised, gave, committed.
Behote. See *Behight*.
Belamay, fair friend.
Belamoure, a lover.
Belay, to attack.
Belayd, laid over.
Beldame, good lady, good dame.
Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutations.
Bellgards, beautiful looks.
Bellibone, fair maid.
Bend, band or knot.
Bends, bars placed cross ways.
Benempt, bequeathed, named.
Bent, propensity or inclination; sometimes yielding or complying.
Bents, rushes, bent grass; bulrushes.
Bere, sometimes signifies weight, pressure, or bearing.
Bereave, to bereave, to take away.
Beseek, beseech.
Beseem, to become, to grace, to look seemly.
Beseen, *well beseen*, *i. e.* courtesy bearing a good aspect, handsome treatment.
Besides, near.
Besprint, or *Besprent*, besprinkled.
Bestead, beset, oppressed; *ill-bestead*, bad plight, condition.
Bet, did beat.
Betake, took into his hand, bestow upon.
Beteem, deliver, bestow.
Betide, happen to, befal.
Betight, happened.
Bever, the sight or visor of a head-piece,
Bewray, to discover.
Bickerment, contention, strife.
Bidding his beads, saying his prayers.
Blive, forthwith, immediately.
Bittur, a bittern.
Blacke, hell.
Blatant Beast, Detraction represented as a monster.
Blaze, to divulge or spread abroad.
Bleard, dimmed, darkened.
Blemishment, blemish, stain
Blend, not only to mix, but to spoil with mixing; to confound. It

also sometimes signifies to blind.

Bless. Spenser has used this word to signify the waving or brandishing of a sword.

Blin, to cease, give over.

Blist for *Blest*, blessed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. vi. C. 8. St. 13. *all about so blest, i.e.* injured, wounded.

Blonket liveries, gray coats.

Bloosme, blossom. Pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.

Bede, did abide.

Bolt, an arrow.

Bond, bound; kept as bond slaves.

Bonnjbel, a fair maid.

Bpone, favour, request, petition.

Boot, advantage, help, profit.

Bootless, unavailing, unprofitable.

To *bord*, to accost, to approach. *Bord*, a jest.

Bordragings, ravagings or incursions on the bor- [ders.

Borowebase, usury.

Borrel, rude, clownish.

Bosse, a protuberance in the middle of the shield.

Boughts, circular folds or windings.

Boulted, sifted.

Bourn, a brook or rivulet.

Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.

Bowre, often used for an inner chamber or private apartment.

Brace, compasse.

Brade, for broad.

Brag, proudly.

Braided, knitted, plaited, wreathed.

Brakes, bushes, brambles, fern.

Brame, vexation.

Brand, sometimes a firebrand, sometimes a sword.

Bransles, brawls, a sort of tune.

Brast, or *Brac'd*, burst.

Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and spruce.

Brawned bours, well sinewed arms.

Bray, sound shrill.

Breem, fierce.

Breme, chill, bitter.

Brent, burnt.

Brickle, fit for bricks.

Brigants, robbers, freebooters.

Brockage, [*Moth. Hub. Tale*] pimping.

Brond, Brond-iron. Vide *Brand.*

Brooke, bear, endure, digest.
Brunt, violent attack, accident.
Brush, small wood, brush wood.
Bruteness, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness.
Bryzes, the breeze or gad flies.
Buckle; to buckle, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle.
Buffe, a blow, buffet.
Bug, a bug-bear.
Bugle, a small bugle-horn.
Burganet, a helmet.
Burgein, to spring forth, or bud.
Buskets, little bushes.
But, unless, except.
But for, and because.
Buxome, yielding.
Bylive. See *Bilive*.
Bynempt. See *Benempt*.

C.

Caitive. See *Captive*.
Camis, Camus, a thin gown.
Can, is often used as 'gan, began, knows.
Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the horse's mouth; the ruling bit.
Capias, a special warrant.
Capon, a cock cut; metaphorically, a coward.
Caprifole, woodbine, honey-suckle.
Captivaunce, captivity.
Capuccio, the hood of a cloak.
Carke, care.
Carle, a clown, a churl.
Carol, to sing songs of joy.
Carven, to cut.
Cast, to cast in one's mind, to think, to contrive: also used for time; or a throw.
Cast of faulcons, a set of falcons.
Castory, beaver's oil.
Causen, to argue or debate.
Cav'd, made hollow.
Caytive, mean, vile captive, slave.
Certes, certainly.
Cesse, cease.
Cesure, a cutting off.
Chaffer, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.
Chamelot, stuff mixed with camel's hair; camlet.
Chamfred, bent, crooked, chapt, or wrinckled.
Charm, to temper.
Chast, chased.
Chaufe, anger, heat, wrath.
Chaunticlere, so named from *chaunting or ringing* with a clear and silver voice.
Chaw, the jaw.
Chaw, to chew.

Chayre, charily, with great care and caution.
Cheeklaton, a a kind of chequered or motley stuff.
Checkmate, is a term in chess, when the King has no mode of escape from attack, in which case the game is finished.
Cheere, countenance, air, mien.
Cherry, to cherish.
Chevalrie, knighthood, knightly exploits.
Chevisaunce, achievement, enterprise, feat, performance.
Chylded, brought forth.
Clap, *at one Clap*, at once.
Cleped, called, named.
Clincke, a keyhole.
Clouch, gathered together.
Colled, embraced.
Commen, commune, discourse together. Also to come.
Comment, to devise or feign.
Compast creast, his crest, compassed around, or well rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complement, a character.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compylde, brought together.
Complyne, even-song.
Con, to learn, to know.
Conceipt, imagination, fancy.
Concent, harmony.
Concrew, to grow together.
Connd, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Congée, bow, reverence.
Conjure, to conspire.
Constraint, uneasiness.
Contccke, contention.
Contrive, spend, consume.
Convenable, agreeable.
Coosen passions, kindred passions.
Copesmate, a companion.
Coportion, a portion or share with you.
Corbe, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cordwayne, Spanish leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Cosset, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, sheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to all; i. e.* dispensed his bounty.
Count, account reckoning.
Countercast, a counter contrivance or cunning.

Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeasaunce, counterfeiting.
Counterstroke, an opposite stroke.
Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.
Cour'd, for covered.
Courť, courteousness.
Coutb, to know or be skilful in.
Cragg, neck.
Crakes, boastings.
Cranck, lusty.
Cranks, same as *Crankles*; *i. e.* turnings, windings.
Craples, claws.
Cratch, a rack, or a stall.
Craven, coward, or cowardly.
Creasted, tufted.
Credence, belief.
Crew, the priests Crew, the holy-water pot.
Crime, sometimes reproach.
Crooke, gibbet.
Crowd, a fiddle.
Cruddy-blood, crudled, coagulated.
Crumenal, purse.
Culver, (Saxon word) dove, pigeon.
Culverin, a piece of ordnance.
Curat, *Curiets*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; armour for the back and breast.

D.

Daintie, delicate.
Damnifyde, injured, impaired.
Dan, an old title signifying Master.
Dapper ditties, neat or pretty songs.
Darrayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight.
Darred larke, alluding to catching of larks by what they call a *daring glass*.
Dayes-man, umpire, arbitrator.
Daynt, dainty, delicate.
Dayr'house, dairy-house.
Dealth, dealeth, gives.
Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly.
Debonaire, sprightly, courteous.
Decesse, decease.
Decrewed, decreased.
Default, *did default*, did offend.
Defeasaunce, defeating.
Deffly, finely or nimbly.
Define, to end; to determine or decide.
Defould, defiled or brought to shame.
Delay'd, removed.
Delices, delight, pleasure.

Dell, or *Delve*, a pit or hollow place.
Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate.
Demeasnure, *Demeanure*, as above.
Demisse, humble.
Deemen deem, suppose.
Dempt, deemed.
Depart, remove, F. Q. iii. iv. 6.
Depeinten, painted.
Dernly, carnestly.
Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, chevalry.
Descrive, describe.
Despiteous, spiteful, malicious.
Desse, a seat.
Deviseful, full of rare devices or invention.
Devoir, duty.
Diapred, diversified.
Diffused, dispersed, or disordered.
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn.
Dilate, enlarge upon.
Dinting, striking.
Dirk, dark, or to darken.
Disadvaunce, to withdraw, to stop.
Disaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky.
Discided, cut in two parts.
Disclosed, disengaged.
Discourse, sometime used for shifting ground.
Discure, discover.
Discust, shaken off; also to remove, or put away.
Disease, uneasiness.
Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly.
Disgraste, dissolute, debauched.
Disleal knight, perfidious, traiterous.
Disloignd, disloined, remote, far.
Dispence, consumption.
Dispte, discipline, correction.
Disport, sport, diversion, pastime.
Dispredden, spread, diffused around.
Dispurveyance, want of provision.
Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of.
Dissolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.
Disthronized, dethroned.
Distinct, varied.
Distraine, *i. e.* draw it, or break it asunder.
Distraught, drawn aside, distracted.
Dites, orders, directions.
Ditt, a ditty, a song.
Diverst, turned aside.

Dealt, a dealing out.
Doe, Doe him not to dye, put him not to death.
Dofte, do off, put off.
Dolor, Dolour, grief, pain, sorrow.
Doole, dole, complaint, sorrow, pain, grief.
Don, or *Donne*, to do on, to put on.
Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.
Doted, doting, impaired.
Douze pere, from *les douze pairs*, the twelve peers of France.
Doughtie, stout, valiant, courageous.
Drad, Dread, dreaded; to be feared, honoured, reverenced.
Dread, a person revered.
Drapets, linen clothes.
Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 10. St. 51.
Dreare, Drere, horror, sorrow, sadness.
Dreed. See *Drad*.
Drent, drenched or drowned.
Dreribedd, a sorrowful and dreary state.
Dreriment, heaviness, sorrowfulness.
Drest, ordered, prepared.
Drevill, a driveller, a fool.
Drift, impulse, force, or driving on.
Drowsihedd, drowsiness.
Droyle, to work sluggishly.
Dryribedd. See *Dreribedd*.
Duresse, confinement, imprisonment, hardship.

E.

Earne, Erne, to yern, to be moved with compassion.
Earst, Erst, first of all, at first, before, formerly.
Eath, easy.
Edifide, built.
Eeke, Eke, also; it signifies likewise to add, to increase, to augment.
Effierced, made fierce and mad.
Efforce, to force open; also to violate.
Effraide, frightened, afraid.
Eft, again, likewise, soon, afterwards.
Eftsoones, again, presently, quickly, forthwith.
Eglantine, sweet brier, or wild rose.
Eke. See *Eeke*.
Eld, old age.
Elf, a Fairy.
Elfin, the adjective of *Elf*.
Elles, else, already.
Embase, to lessen, make base.
Embard, shut up.

Embattled cart, a warlike chariot.

Embay, to bathe; also to cherish and delight.

Embayld, enclosed; also to make up into bales or packs.

Embost, has different significations—*Arms embost*, arms of embossed work. *Embost with gold*, raised as in relievo. *Embost with pearles*, raised or overlaid. *In case embost*, hid, concealed. *The salvage beast embost in wearie chase*, meaning hard run and wearied out. *To embosse his speare in his body*, *i. e.* to lodge, to enclose. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. i. St. 64. *Embosse themselves in so glorious spoile*, probably from the Italian *Imboscarsi*, *i. e.* by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil. *Upton.*

Embowed, imbewed, arched; covered archwise.

Emboyled, - - emboyling wrath, B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the same as boyled, boyling.

Embrave, adorn, make brave or fine; to dress.

Embrewed, wet with blood.

Eme, an uncle by the mother's side.

Empaire, to hurt, to grow worse.

Emparlance, a law term, used in petitioning the court for respite.

Empeach, to hinder.

Emperill, to endanger.

Emperish, perished, gone to ruin.

Empight, placed, fixed.

Emprize, enterprise undertaking.

Enaunter, lest that.

Enchased, engraven.

Encheason, occasion, accident.

Endew, put on.

Endosse, to write on the back, to engrave.

Endurd, hardened.

Endurэn, endure, continue.

Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents; become fierce.

Enfouldred smoke, smoke mixed with flame.

Englut, satiate, glut.

Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.

Engorged yre, anger arising to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be suppressed.

Engraffed, ingrafted, implanted.
Engrave, to bury.
Engroste, made thick.
Enhunst, raised, lifted up.
Enrace, enróot, implant.
Enriven, torn asunder.
Enseams, *i. e.* fattens.
Ensew, to follow.
Ensnarle, insnare, intangle as a skain of silk.
Ensude, followed.
Entayled with anticks, engraved or carved with images.
Enterdeale, mediation.
Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give reception to one.
Entertake, to entertain.
Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.
Entyre, *parts entyre*, inner parts.
Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise.
Enured, committed, used.
Equipage, order.
Erne. See *Earne*.
Errant Knights, who travel about the world seeking adventures.
Erst. See *Earst*.
Eschew, to avoid.
Eschewed, avoided.
Esloyne, withdraw to a distance; separate.
Espial, sight, spying.
Essoyne, excuse for not appearing.
Evengely, gospel.
Ewfies, efts, newts, or evets, *Upton*. Lizzards, *Hughes*.
Ewghen bow, a bow of [yew.
Exanimate, lifeless, dead.
Excheat, accident, or a property fallen to one in any thing; an escheat.
Exprest, pressed out, squeezed out.
Extasie, sudden surprise.
Enterpie, to extirpate, to root out.
Ethe, easy.
Expyre, send forth.
Extreat, extraction, drawing out.
Eyas Hawke, a term in falconry, signifying a young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight.
Eyne, *Ene*, eyes.

F.

Fade, to vanish, to perish, to go away.
Faine, *doest faine*, art desirous.
Faine, and *meaning faine*, joy.
Falsed, falsified, deceived.
Fare, to go.
Faring, going on.

Fatal read, prophetical advice.
Fatal errour, a wandering voyage ordered by the Fates.
Fay, faith, truth; sometimes it signifies a Fairy.
Faytor, doer. *False faytor*, a deceiver.
Fealty, fealty or homage.
Fearen, to frighten.
Feculent, foul, full of dregs.
Fell, fierce, cruel; also gall.
Felly, fiercely, cruelly.
Fellonest, most fierce.
Feminitee, womanhood.—State and dignity of a woman.
Fere, a companion.
Feres, companions.
Ferme, as *fleshly ferme*; fleshly prison.
Fest, feast, for the rhyme.
Fett, *Fet*, fetch.
Feutred his speare, to set his speare in his rest.
Fiaunt, warrant.
Field, is often used for fight, combat, battle.
Fine, end.
Firmes his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm.
Fit, a strain or air.
Flatling, flat.
Flight, arrow.
Flit, *Fleet*, swift, *Upton*. To fluctuate, to be in motion, *Hughes*.
Flourets, blossoms, or little flowers.
Foeman, a foe.
Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*, leaf gold.
Foind, pushed.
Folke-mote, a meeting or assembly of folk or people.
Foltring tongue, faltering, falling, or tripping.
Fon, fool. *Fond*, foolish.
Fond, did find, for the rhyme.
Fone, foes.
Food, feud.
Forbeare, bear no longer.
Fordoo, undo, destroy, ruin.
Foreby, near to.
Forebent, seized, caught hold of.
Forelent, lent before hand.
Foresaid, forbid, *Hughes*.
Foresay, renounce, *Upton*.
Foreslackt, delayed.
Forestall, to intercept.
Forethink, to repine or be concerned at any thing.
Forewent, forsook, went out of their way.
Forgone, lost, neglected, forsaken.
Forhaile, to draw or distress.

Forlore, *Forlorne*, lost, forsaken, wretched.
Formerlie, before hand.
Forpined, much pined, consumed.
Forray, to ravage, spoil, to forage, to pillage.
Forstow, delay.
Forswat, exhausted with sweat.
Forswonk, wearied, overlaboured.
Forthy, therefore, wherefore, why.
Fortilage, fort.
Forworn, much worn.
Foster, for forester.
Fouldring, thundering, blasting with lightning.
Foy, Fealty.
Foyle, to trample.
Foyned, pushed as in fencing.
Foysen, plenty.
Franchise, to free or set at liberty.
Franion, one of too free or loose behaviour.
Frankelin, a freeman or gentleman.
Fray, to frighten.
Freakes, whimseys, mad actions.
Frenne, stranger.
Fretl, to eat, consume. It is used in another sense; to *fretl*, to adorn; *fretted*, adorned.
Frize, a warm kind of woollen clothing
Frorne, or *Frory*, frore, frozen.
Frounce, curl, crisp.
Frowy, frowzy, mossy, musty.
Fry of children, fry, spawn.
Furniment, furnishing, furniture.
Fylde, felt.

G.

Gage, pledge, pawn, security.
Galage, a wooden shoe.
Game, *'twixt earnest and game*, betwixt earnest and jest.
Gan, for began.
Gang, go.
Garres, causes; as, *garres thee greet*; occasions.
Gate, a way, a Goat.
Gay, glaring.
Gazement, gazing.
Geare, stuff, attire, furniture, equipage, dress.
Geason, uncommon, perplexing.
Gelt, a gelding, *Upton*. *Gelt*, gold, *Hughes*.
Gentlesse, the behaviour of a gentleman.
German, brother or near kinsman.
Gerne, yawn or grin.
Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.

Glambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs.
Gibe and geare, joke and jeer.
Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.
Giusts, justs or tournaments; more particularly single combat on horseback with spears and swords.
Glade, to make glad.
Glade, a passage; generally for a passage cut through a wood.
Glave, or *Glaive*, a sword, a staff.
Glee, mirth.
Glen, a valley.
Glib, a curled bush of hair hanging down over the eyes, or over the upper lip.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glode, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.
Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful.
Gnarre, to snarl or bark.
Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.
Goodlyhead, goodliness.
Gore, to pierce.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour defending the throat.
Gossibs, comperes.
Gramercy, great thanks.
Grange, a granary, barn, farm, homestead.
Greyle, some particles, or gravel. Also used in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour.
Greave, for grove.
Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.
Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain, weep.
Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through.
Griefful, full of grief.
Gripple, one that snatches greedily, a griping miser.
Groom, shepherd, herdsman.
Groynd, grunted.
Gryll, filthy.
Guarish, to garnish, to dress out gorgeously, to heal.
Gueld, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.
Guilers, cheats,
Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion manner, *Upton*. Form; habit, condition, *Hughes*
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour cover-

ing the neck and breast, *Upton.* Armour covering the head and shoulders, *Hughes.*

Habiliments, apparel, clothing.

Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.

Hacqueton, a piece of armour.

Hafendeale, in partition.

Hale, hole in Shep. Cal.—welfare.

Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.

Han, for have.

Harbrough, harbour.

Hardy, brave, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, boldness.

Hardyhood, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind.

Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy.

Harrow! an interjection and exclamation, showing distress.

Harrowd Hell, subdued Hell.

Hask, a wicker basket to carry fish.

Hauberg, *Hauberque*. Vide *Haberjeon*.

Haught corage, high mind.

Haulst, embraced.

Headlesshood, heedlessness.

Heame, home.

Heards, herdsmen.

Heares, hairs.

Heast, *Hest*, or *Behest*, command, precept.

Heben bow, a bow made of ebony.

Hedeguies, a sort of country dances.

Hem, them.

Her, their, Shep. Cal. Sept. v. 39.

Heydeguyes, country dances

Hend, to take hold of.

Hent, seized.

Herbars, herbs, plants.

Herried, *Heried*, to praise, to celebrate, to honor.

Hersal, rehearsal.

Herse, the solemn obsequie in funerals.

Hidder and Shidder, he and she, male and female.

Hide, hastened.

Hie, to go, to hasten.

Hight, *on hight*, aloud.

Hight, named, called.

Hight, sometimes used for given, and also for committed.

Hild, covered.

Hilding, a term of reproach.

Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.

Hole, whole, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.

Hood, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood, &c.

Hooved, hovered.

Hore, hoar, hoary, *Upton*. White; sometimes it signifies squallid, filthy rough, *Hughes*.

Hostlesse, inhospitable.

Hostry, an inn.

Hot, Hote, from *Hight*, was named, called.

Housling fire, sacramental fire.

Hove, for heave.

Hoving, hovering, floating.

Humblesse, humility.

Hurlen forth, rush forth.

Hurtle, to rush with violence.

Hurtling, rushing, thrusting.

Hymen iō Hymen, the nuptial songs at weddings, invocating the god Hymenæus.

I.

Jane, a piece of money.

Javel, seems to signify a slandering fellow.

Idlesse, idleness.

Iesses, straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs when held in the just.

Impacable, implacable.

Impe, child or offspring.

Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empecher*, to hinder.

Imperill. See *Emperill*.

Implies, entangles or infixes.

Imply, to contain, to wrap up.

Importable, not to be borne.

Impugne, to oppose or resist.

In, Inn, Inne, an inn, a chamber, a house.

Inclining, bowing.

Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith.

Indew, to be clothed with.

Indigne, unworthy.

Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, &c.

Inferd, brought on.

Infest, deadly.

Informed, half-formed.

Ingate, entrance.

Ingowes, ingots.

Intended, stretched out.

Intendement, attention, understanding, thought.

Interesse, interest.

Intreat, speak of, treat of.

Intuse, contusion, bruise.

Invade, to go into.

Invent, find.
Iollyhed, a state of jollity.
Iouisance, *Ioyaunce*, rejoicing diversion.
Iournal labors, daily labors.
Ire, *Yre*, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, custody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.
Keight, caught.
Ken, *Kenn*, to know, to spy, to discover.
Kene, sharp.
Kend, *Kent*, knew, kenned.
Kenst, knowest.
Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Kesars, *Keasars*, Emperors, Cæsars, Czars.
Kest, cast.
Kestrel, a sort of hawk of the baser breed.
Kidst, dost know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kond, ken'd, knew.
Kydst, knowest.
Kynd, nature. *Kyndle*, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lamping, shining.
Lare, *Laire*, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Late ygoe, lately.
Launce, balance.
Lay, a song. *Layes*, songs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Lays, laws.
Laystall, a place to lay dung or rubbish.
Lazars, leprous persons.
Leach, surgeon, or physician.
Leare, *Leares*, *Lere*, doctrine, learning, science.
Leasing, lying.
Leavd, levied, raised.
Ledden, language, dialect.
Leef, or *Lief*, willing. *As lief*, more willing, and see *Liefe*.
Leese, lost.
Legierdemayne, sleight of hand.
Leman, sweetheart, concubine, mistress.
Lenger, longer.
L'Envoy, the epilogue after a copy of verses.
Lere, lesson.
Lest, listen.
Lever, rather.
Leven, lightning.
Levin-brond, thunderbolt.
Lewdly, ignorantly.
Libbard, leopard.
Lich, like.
Liefe, dear, willing. *Liefer*, *Lever*, dearer. *Liefest*, dearest.

Liege-lord, sovereign lord.
Liege-man, who owes allegiance to the liege lord.
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie.
Lignage, lineage or descent.
Lilled out his tongue, lolled out, &c.
Lime hound, a blood hound.
Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences.
Lin, to lean, give way. Sometimes to cease or give over.
Lincolne greene, a species of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.
Lists, ground enclosed for tilts or tournaments.
Lite, alight, get off horse.
Lived mortally, i. e. lived among mortals.
Livelod, livelihood, maintenance.
Livelihed, liveliness, life, spirit.
Livery and seisin, law phrases.
Lone, a thing lent, a loan.
Long, belong.
Loord, as, *lazy Loord*, idle fellow.
Lordings, Sirs, Masters. A dim. of Lord.
Lore, learning, instruction.
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost.
Lorel, *Losel*, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow.
Lorne, left.
Lo'ste, loosed.
Loth, unwilling.
Lot, fortune.
Lout, to bow survilely, to crouch.
Lover, or *Loover*, a chimney; an opening in the roof of a cottage.
Lugs, perches.
Lusk, *luskish*, *luskishness*, a lazy disposition.
Lustlesse, listlessly.
Lustybed, lustiness, vigour.
Lustless, weak, not lusty.
Lymiter. See *Limiter*.
Lyte, light on, settle, fall on.
Lythe, soft.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter.
Magnes stone, the load stone.
Maboune, Mahomet. By *Maboune*, a Saracen oath.
Make, a mate, consort. To *make* (verb), to compose verses.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malicing, bearing of malice.
Maligne, maliciously, abuse, grudge, oppose.

Mall, a blow.
Maltalent, ill will, spite.
Mand, manned, furnished, filled.
Manner, behaviour, carriage.
Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry.
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11, &c.
Marge, margin, brim.
Mark white, the white mark.
Martelled, hammered, beat.
Mas, used for divine service.
Matchlesse, not alike.
Mated, conquered, subdued.
Maulgre, in spite of, against one's will, notwithstanding.
Mavis, the cock thrush.
Mayle, a coat of mail.
Mazed, stunned.
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.
Meane, means, conditions, occasion.
Meare, a meer, light, or boundary.
Measured, travelled.
Medle, to mingle.
Meed, reward, prize.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Memories, the obsequis for the dead.
Mene, did mean, intended.
Ment, mingled.
Merciable, merciful.
Mercifyde, pitied.
Merimake, merriment.
Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn.
Met, meet.
Mew, a place to mue hawks. Any place shut up.
Meynt, mingled.
Mickle, much.
Mieve, for move.
Millers, a kind of dance, Shep. Cal. Oct.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minished, for diminished.
Mirk, dark, obscure.
Mirksome air, obscure, foul.
Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.
Miscreant, originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Miscreaunces, dispraise or unbelief.
Miser, sometimes used for miserable man.
Misfare, misfortune.
Misleeke, dislike.
Missdone, for misdo, *i. e.* to do amiss.

Mister, manner, sort, art, mystery.
Mistereth not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amis; or misled, drawn aside.
Miswen, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *Moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles.
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastere, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.
Mowes, making of mouths
Moyle, defile.
Muchel, much.
Munificence, subsidities, aid, benevolence.
Mured, enclosed.
Mused, mused.

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Nathless, *Natheless*, not the less, nevertheless.
Nathemore, *Nathemoe*, never the more.
Ne, neither, not.
Needments, necessaries.
Nempt, named.
Nett, neat, clean.
Newell, novelty.
Newfanglenesse, a love of novelty and changes.
Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*.
Nimblesse, nimbleness.
Nis, is not.
Noblesse, nobility.
Nonce, *for the nonce*, for the occasion.
Not, *Note*, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the crown of the head.
Nouriture, nurture, education.
Nourtle, to nourse
Noyance, harm.
Noyd, annoyed or hurt.
Noyous, hurtful or baleful.

O.

Obsequy, funeral rites.
Offal, refuse, dross.
Ordele, a trial by fire, water, or combat.
Oricalche, sonorous metal.
Overcame, came over it.
Overcraw, to crow over, to insult.
Overgrast, overgrown with grass.
Overbaile, draw over.

Overhent, overtook.
Overraught, reaching over.
Overred, did read it over.
Overwent, overwhelmed.
Overweening, self-conceited, opinionated.
Ought, owed.
Ought the more, the more at all.
Out-well, flow out, yield out, discharge.
Out of hand, forthwith.
Out-win, get out, win the way out.
Owches, bosses, or buttons of gold.

P.

Pace, go.
Painim, pagan, infidel.
Paire, impair, diminish.
Palfrey, a horse; most commonly a lady's pad.
Pall, a robe.
Paled part per part, a phrase in heraldry.
Palmer, a pilgrim.
Panachaea, an universal medicine.
Pannikell, the skull, the crown of the head.
Paragon, an example, pattern; companion, or fellow.
Paramour, a lover.
Paravant, publicly.
Paravaunt, peradventure, by chance.
Parbreake, vomit.
Parture, departure.
Pas, go. Also surpass, exceed.
Pase, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19. signifies here, country, land, region.
Paunse, a pancy, or violet.
Pavone, a peacock.
Payne, pains, endeavour.
Peark, brisk.
Peece, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. a ship, &c.
Peise, poise. *Payse*, poised
Pent, shut up.
Perdie, Fr. *par Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peregal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perke, pert, brisk.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Persaunt, piercing.
Pérsue, pursuing, pursuit, or chase.
Pheer, companion
Physnomy, physiognomy
Picturals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to waste away; *be done to pine*, be put to death.

Pionings, works of pioneers.
Plaine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Pled, pleaded.
Plesh, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes. Car'd not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton.* Armed at all points, *ib.*
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders, and pillages.
Ponke, the fairy Robin Good-fellow.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pousse, pease.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Practicke paine, the cunning practise, plot and endeavour.
Prank, Some prank their ruffes, i. e. exhibit forth, and proudly show. *Prankt in reason's garb*, pompously set forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, press, throng, crowd.
Prejudice, pre-judgment.
Prepense, to consider.
Prest, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for pressed. Sometimes for immediately.
Pretended, shown forth, held out.
Prick, to prick as with spurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof, price.
Prise, scuffle, fight.
Prive, prove.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Project, to throw.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protense, extension, drawing out.
Prow, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, bravest.
Puissaunce, valour, power, might. *Puissant*, powerful, mighty.
Purfled, flourished with a needle, *Hughes.* Embroidered, or decorated,

as with embroidery, *Upton.*

Purpose, discourse, talk, words.

Purvay, provide.

Puttockes, bitterns, kites. So Gloss. to Chaucer.

Pyned ghost. Vide *Pine.*

Pyonings. Vide *Pionings.*

Q.

Quadrate, a square.

Quaid, subdued. Perhaps instead of quailed or quelled.

Quaile, to subdue, to quell, *Upton. Quail*, to languish, *Hughes.*

Quaint, nice, curious.

Quarle, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*, shaft, arrow.

Quarrey, prey.

Quart, the western division; the fourth part.

Quayd. Vide *Quaid.*

Queem, or *Queam*, please.

Queint, quenched, strange.

Queint elect, quaintly or oddly chosen.

Quell, sometimes used for *to die.*

Quest, adventure, exploit.

Quich, to quicken, to stir.

Quicke, living creature. Shep. Cal. Mar. line 74.

Quight, to deliver, to free.

Quip, taunt, flout, insult.

Quite, to requite.

Quited, requited, returned.

Quook, did quake, did shake, did tremble.

R.

Race. Vide *Rast.*

Rad, for did read; or guessed.

Raft, *Reft*, bereft, bereaved, *Upton.* Rent, tore, *Hughes.*

Raid. Vide *Ray.*

Raile, *adowne their sides did raile*, *i. e.* flow or run along.

Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.

Rakehell bands, similar to *Rascal rout.*

Ramp, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horse.

Rank, in order.

Ransackt, plundered, rifled, violated.

Rapt, in rapture.

Rash, *mailes did rash*, did break, did shiver in pieces.

Rast, *Razed*, erased, effaced.

Rathe, early.

Raught, reached, did reach.

Ravin, rapine, spoil, ravening.

Ray, *to Ray*, to discolour, bewray.

Ray, for *Array*, ornament, furniture. Also for in-

ray, in array, in order and rank.

Read, the Read, the inscription.

Read, Reed, to advise, warn pronounce, declare, interpret, guess, divine. Likewise counsel, advice, prophesy.

Re-allie, to rally.

Reame, realm.

Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.

Reedifyde, rebuild.

Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel.

Reck, care, reckon, account.

Reclayme, call back.

Recoure, recover.

Recule, Recuile, to recoil, go back, or give way.

Recreant, out of hope, untrusty, cowardly.

Redisbourse, repay.

Redoubted, reverenced, honoured, feared.

Rede, precept, maxim.

Redounding tears, abounding and flowing over.

Regiment, rule, government.

Relate, bring back.

Relent his pace, to slacken, to stay.

Relent, to soften, to abate.

Relide, joined; and sometimes *himself* is understood as included, as *joined himself*.

Reliven, to live again.

Remercied, thanked.

Rencounter, accidental fight or adventure.

Renforst, reinforced.

Renfierst, reinfierced, again made fierce and bold.

Renns, for runs.

Renverst, turned upside down; overturned, reverst.

Replevie, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.

Repriefe, reproof.

Reprize, to make reprisals.

Reseized, reinstated, in possession again.

Resiant, lodged, placed, resident.

Retrate, Retraitt, picture, portrait; air of the face. Also retreat, fall back, give ground.

Retyrd, drawn out.

Retyre, retirement.

Reverse, recall, return; to cause to return.

Revest, dress again, to clothe again.

Rew, rue, pity. *Rew*, a row. In a *Rew*, in a row.

Ribauld, a debauched fellow.

Rife, frequent; fully, abundantly.

Rift, gap, cleft, chink, or crack.
Rivage, the shore.
Rive, to cleave asunder. *Riven*, rent, split, torn asunder.
Rode, inroad.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Roode, a cross.
Rosiere, a rose tree.
Rote, harp, or crowd.
Rove. didst rove, *i. e.* didst shoot thy roving arrows.
Rowndel, a round bubble.
Royne, to growl, to bite or gnaw.
Ruddock, the red-breast.
Rue. Vide *Rew.*
Ruffs, ornaments for the neck of plain or *ruffled* muslin or cambrick.
Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.
Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.
Ruth, pity.
Ruther lambs, lambs ewed early in the year.
Rutty, full of roots.
Rybauld. Vide *Ribauld.*
Ryfe. Vide *Rife.*
Ryved. Vide *Rive.*

S.

Sad, grave, heavy.
Safe her, her excepted.
Salewd, saluted.
Saliaunce, sally, or assault.
Salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy.
Salved, Salewd, saluted.
Sam, same; sometimes it signifies together.
Samite, satin.
Saw, decree, sentence.
Say, a thin sort of silk stuff. *A sword of better say*, of better proof, assay.
Scarmoges, skirmishings.
Scath, harm, mischief, loss.
Scatterlings, scattered rovers or ravagers.
Scerne, discern.
Sclave, slave.
Sclaunders, slanders.
Scord, marked, engraved.
Score, reckoning.
Scorse, exchange.
Scrine, Scryne, chest, coffer.
Scruze, squeese out, press out.
Scryde, descried.
Sdaine, disdain. *Sdeigned*, disdained.
Seare, dry, consumed, burning, parching.
See, seat, habitation.
Seely, silly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a seal-fish.
Select shapes, chosen elegant.
Sell, saddle.

Semblaunt, show, pretence, appearance.
Seminary, a nursery.
Seneschall, a president, governor, or steward.
Sens, used for since.
Sent, the scent, the smelling out.
Sere, withered.
Sew, follow. *Sewing*, following. *Sewde*, followed.
Shallop, a boat.
Shawmes, musical instruments, Psal. xcviii. 7. *Shawm*, is thought to signify a hautboy.
Shene, fair and shining.
Shend, to disgrace, to blame, to spoil.
Shere, pure, clear.
To *Shrieve*, to act the part of a confessor. *Shrift*, or *Shriwing*, confession.
Shrifts, confessions.
Shright, shrieked.
Shrightes, shriekings.
Shrill, to sound shrilly.
Shrowd, to shelter. *Shrouded in sleep*, covered, sheltered.
Shyne, shining, brightness.
Sib, related, of kin.
Sich, for such.
Siege, seat, bench, throne.
Siant, a graff, sprig, or young shoot.
Sight, sighed.
Sike, such.
Siker, sure, surely.
Sikerness, sureness, safety.
Simpless, simplicity.
Sin, used for since.
Singulfes, *Singults*, sighs, sobbings.
Sit, *sits not*, suits not. *Ill it sits*, it ill agrees, ill becomes.
Sith, since that.
Sith, time.
Sithes, times.
Sithens, since that time.
To *Slug*, to grow sluggish.
Smouldry, hot, sweltering.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled baire, *i. e.* entangled, as a skain of silk.
Sneb, to snub or check.
Snubbes, knobs or knots in wood.
Sods, turfs, clods of earth.
Sold, salary, hire; a soldier's pay.
Somedele, somewhat, in some degree.
Somme, the sum, substance.
Soote, sweet, or sweetly.
Soothlich, soothly, true.
Sort, company. In *sort*, in such sort or manner.
Soucing, plunging, falling.
Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Sovenaunce, remembrance, recollection.

Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, sound. *Withsbricking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the soiled beast.
Space, walk about, range about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sperre the gate, bar, or shut the gate.
Spersed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over, inlaid.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a stripling.
Spyals, espials, spies.
Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fairest flower.
Stadle, staff.
Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.
Stank, weary or faint.
Starke, stiff with cold.
Star-read, doctrine of the stars; astronomy.
Steale, the handle or shaft of a weapon or thing.
Steane, for stone.
Sted, place, seat, station, situation.
Steeme, smoke.
Steemed, had exhaled.
Steemed, esteemed.
Stent, stint, stay, stop.
Stept, steeped, socked, wetted.
Sterne, tail.
Sterve, to perish, to die.
Steven, sound, noise.
Stire, stir or move.
Stole, a garment, a matron's robe.
Stond, stand, station.
Stonied, astonished, or stunned.
Stoond. Vide *Stonied*.
Stound, *Stownd*, space, moment, season, hour, time.
Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes at the fowl.
Stour, *Stowre*, fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
Straine, *Strene*, race, descent, family, origin.
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Stresse, distress.
Studde, a stock or trunk.
Stye, to ascend, to mount up.
Subverst, subverted, overthrown.
Succeese, succession.
Suffused eyes, bedewed, suffused with tears.
Suppressing, keeping under.
Suppresst, ravished

Surbet, wearied.
Surcease, stop.
Surprise, to seise.
Surquedry, pride, presumption, fierceness.
Sute, suit, petition, request.
Swart, swarthy, black.
Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from.
Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.
Sweath-bands, swathe or swadling-bands.
Swelt, burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted.
Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.
Swinck, labour.
Swound, a swoon or fainting fit.
Syte, situation.

T.

Targe, a buckler or shield.
Tassel, *Tossel*, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk, gold, or silver.
Tassel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble, mischief, injury.
Tine, *Teen*, to stir, excite.
Tenor, the middle part next the base.
Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 33.
Thewes, manners, qualifications, customs.
Thilk, this, that.
Tho, then.
Thralled, enslaved.
Thralls, slaves.
Thrill, to pierce through.
Throw that last bitter throw, pain, pangs. *So mighty throwes*, strokes, blows. *To sleep a throwe*, a small while or space.
Thrust, *Thirstie*, thirst.
Thryse, not so yellow.
Thryse, not a third part so yellow, B. iii. C. 8. St. 7.
Tickle, slippery, unstable, ticklish.
Tide, a while, time, season, an hour.
Tight, tide.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance,
Tort, wrong, injury.
Totty, dizzy, tottering, wavering.
Touzd, tugged and hauled about.
Tract by tract, by tracing, by tract and footing.
Trade, tread, trace, or footstep. Do *Trade*, do walk.
Train, *Trayn*, the train or tail. Likewise used for treachery, deceit.

Tramels, nets.
Translated, turned them to.
Transmew, to transform, transmute.
Transverse, awry, out of order.
Trast, followed as by tract or footing.
Traveile, labour.
Treachour, *Treachetour*, traitor.
Treague, a truce, cessation of arms; agreement.
Treen, of a tree, wooden.
Trenchand, *Trenchant*, cutting, sharp.
Trentals, a course of 30 masses for the dead.
Troad, path, footing.
Trow, believe, imagine, conceive.
Truss, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.
Turnament, *Turneyment*, *Turney*, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.
Turribant, a turban.
Tway, two; *in Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.
Twight, twit, upbraid.
Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.
Twyfold, twofold.
Tydes, seasons.
Tyned, died.
Tyranne, tyrant.

V. U.

Vaded, gone, dispersed, vanished.
Valew, value, worth, valour.
Vantage, profit.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vaunt, to boast.
Vellenage, rather *villenage*, the meanest and lowest of tenure.
Vellet, velvet.
Venery, hunting of wild beasts, B. i. C. 6. St. 22.
Venger, revenger.
Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.
Vetchie, of pease straw.
Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.
Vere the maine shete, turn, shift.
Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.
Vilde, vile.
Virelays, a kind of songs.
Visnomie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.
Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.
Uncouth, unusual, strange, harsh; odd, deformed.

Underfong, to attempt by unfair and indirect means, to entrap.
Undertime, the morning about 9 o'clock.
Undight, not dight, disordered; loosened, untied.
Uneath, difficult, scarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it signifies almost.
Unbeale, to uncover, to bewray, to expose to view.
Unberst, took them from the herse or temporary monument where they were usually hanged, B. v. C. 3. St. 37.
Unkempt, unadorned, or void of grace or elegance.
Unkend, not known, unkent.
Unlish, unlike.
Unnethes. See *Uneath*.
Unprovided, sometimes unforeseen.
Unpurvaide, unprovided, not furnished.
Unrest, disquiet, uneasiness.
Unsoot, unsweet.
Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiously, unwarily.
Unweeting, unknowing, una wares, ignorant.
Unwist, not thought of, unknown.
Upbrast, burst open.
Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.
Upwreaked, unrevenged.
Urchin, hedgehog.

W.

Wae, woe.
Wage, a pledge; likewise reward, wages.
Wagmares, quagmires.
Waift, a stray.
War, worse.
War-bable, able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious.
Ware, did wear
Wareless, stupified.
Warre, worse.
Warre-old, old in war or strife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harass with war.
Warrioueresse, a woman warrior, an Amazon.
Watchet, pale, blue.
Wawes, waves, *Upton*. *Wawes*, waves, perhaps for woes, *Hughes*.
Way, to weigh, value, esteem.
Wayment, to bewail, lament.
Wayne, *Waine*, chariot.
Weal-away, *Wele-away*, alas.

Weanel wants, a weaned yongling.
Ween, *Weenen*, imagine, judge.
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to wit.
Weetless, unknowing.
Wefte, wafted. *Weefte*, waved, avoided, put off.
Wefte, (noun) a stray; whatever wandere and is lost.
Weld, did well, spring, flow. To *Weld*, to move, to wield, to govern.
Wele, weal, welfare.
Welke, to set, decrease, wither; to grow faint.
Welkin, the sky, firmament.
Welter, to wallow. [ment.
Wend, to go. *Wend*, for *Weened*, imagine.
Went, way, journey, *Upton*. Going, course, *Hughes*.
West, to set in the west.
Wex, to increase, to grow.
Whally, full of whales.
Whatso, whatsoever.
Whelky, from whilk or welk, a pearl fish—thus, whelky pearles, Virg. Gnat, St. 14. C. I.
Whenso, whensoever.
Whilome, *Whylome*, formerly, some while ago.
Whist, hushed, silenced.
Whit, a little part.
Whot, hot.
Whyleare, erewhile, sometime before.
Wicked herbes, noxious, poisonous.
Wield, *Weld*, manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, sway, &c.
Wight, creature, person.
Wightly, quickly.
Wimble, shifting to and fro.
Wimble and Wight, quick and deliver.
Wimpled, folded over like a vail.
Wise, guise, appearance.
Wis, to know. *Wist*, thought, knew.
Wite, blame, reproach.
Withhault, withholden, withdrew.
Woe begonne, far gone in woe, overwhelmed.
Wonne, is used in two senses; in the first, for to overcome, gain the victory, from *to win*. In the second place, for to dwell, to inhabit, from the German *wonen*.
Wan, to use, to be wont.
Wont, custom, manner.
Woo, to court, or win by courting.

Wood, mad. *Woodness*, madness.
Woón, to dwell.
Wot, to know. *Wotest*, knowest.
Wowed, wooed, for the rhyme.
Woxed, waxed.
Wrack, ruin.
Wrast, wrest, for the rhyme.
Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged.
Wreakful, revengeful.
Wrest, wrist.
Wrizled, wrinckled.
Wroken, wreaked, revenged.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyte. Vide *Wite*.

Y.

Ybet, beaten.
Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.
Yblent, blinded, or confounded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclad, clad, clothed.
Yclèped, called, named.
Ydlesse, idleness.
Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.
Yearne, earn, get, procure.
Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.
Yeoman, sometimes signifies servant.
Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.
Yewen, given.
Yfere, in company, together.
Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up.
Yfraught, freighted, loaden.
Yfretted, the same as [fretted.
Ygoe, gone.
Yirks, lashes.
Yit, yet; for the rhyme.
Ylike, alike.
Ylke, that or, the same.
Ymagery, images, figures.
Ymolt, molten, melted.
Ympe, *Impe*, offspring.
Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graff.
Yod. Vide *Yeed*.
Yold, yielded.
Yond, beyond, furious.
Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.
Youngth, youth.
Younker, a lusty young man.
Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*.
Ypent, pent up, or folded like sheep.
Ypight, placed.
Yplaste, placed.
Yplight, plighted.
Yrapt, rapt in an ecstasy.
Yre, ire, anger.
Yrent, rent.
Yrived, rived, riven.
Yrkes, grieves.
Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged.

Ysame, collected, together.
Ybend, to spoil, to disgrace.
Yvie todde, a thick bush.
Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed; to my own knowledge. Sometimes used expletively, sometimes ironically.

END OF SPENSER.

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SIR JOHN DENHAM

From an original Picture in the Collection of Lord Chesterfield. *Cook fc.*

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
DENHAM
Her fainting hand let fall the sword, be smear'd
With blood, and than the mortal wound appear'd
Death of Ilids, p. 85
Stodhart del
Delattre sc

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM:

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Bear me, oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)——
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.

POPE.

IN ONE VOLUME.

London:

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1807.

and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

When he was, three years afterwards, removed to Lincoln's Inn, he prosecuted the common law with sufficient appearance of application; yet did not lose his propensity to cards and dice; but was very often plundered by gamesters.

Being severely reproved for this folly, he professed, and perhaps believed, himself reclaimed; and, to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published *An Essay upon Gaming*.

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, in 1636, he translated the second book of the Æneid.

Two years after, his father died; and then, notwithstanding his resolutions and professions, he returned again to the vice of gaming, and lost several thousand pounds that had been left him.

In 1642, he published *The Sophy*. This seems to have given him his first hold of the public attention; for Waller remarked, 'that he broke 'out like the Irish rebellion threescore thousand 'strong when nobody was aware, or in the least 'suspected it;' an observation which could have had no propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was after that pricked for sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king; but he soon resigned that charge, and re-

treated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill*.

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence. A report was spread, that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of his Cato, and Pope of his Essay on Criticism.

In 1647, the distresses of the royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was entrusted by the queen with a message to the king; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that by his intercession admission was procured. Of the king's condescension he has given an account in the dedication of his works.

He was afterwards employed in carrying on the king's correspondence; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the royalists: and being accidentally discovered by the adverse party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he escaped happily both for himself and his friends.

He was yet engaged in a greater undertaking. In April 1648, he conveyed James the duke of York from London into France, and delivered him there to the queen and prince of Wales. This year he published his translation of *Cato Major*.

He now resided in France, as one of the fol-

says Prior, 'improved our versification, and Dryden 'perfected it.' He has given specimens of various composition, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with almost all mankind, the ambition of being upon proper occasions *a merry fellow*, and in common with most of them to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilarating than the ludicrousness of Denham: he does not fail for want of efforts: he is familiar, he is gross; but he is never merry, unless the *Speech against peace in the close Committee* be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shows him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher, we have an image that has since been often adopted:

'But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
'Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
'Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
'Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
'Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
'Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.'

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

'Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
'For every author would his brother kill.'

And Pope,

'Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
'Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne.'

But this is not the best of his little pieces: it is excelled by his poem to Fanshaw, and his elegy on Cowley.

His praise of Fanshaw's version of Guarini contains a very spritely and judicious character of a good translator:

'That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
'Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
'Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
'Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
'Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
'No flight for thoughts, but poorly stick at words.
'A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
'To make translations and translators too.
'They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
'True to his sense, but truer to his fame.'

The excellence of these lines is greater, as the truth which they contain was not at that time generally known.

His poem on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

Cooper's Hill is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author

of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise, and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope*; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarcely a corner of the island not dignified either by rhyme or blank verse.

Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry.

The four verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known:

'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
'My great example, as it is my theme!
'Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

The lines are in themselves not perfect; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to

* By Garth, in his 'Poem on Claremont;' and by Pope, in his 'Windsor Forest.' H.

be understood simply on one side of the comparison, and metaphorically on the other; and if there be any language which does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated. But so much meaning is comprised in so few words; the particulars of resemblance are so perspicaciously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted; and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet, that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

He appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest and deformed the most beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions; some of them the works of men well qualified, not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

Denham saw the better way, but has not pur-

sued it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing; but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on *Old Age* has neither the clearness of prose, nor the spriteliness of poetry.

The 'strength of Denham,' which Pope so emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk.

On the Thames.

'Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
'Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
'His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
'Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.'

On Strafford.

'His wisdom such as once it did appear
'Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
'While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
'Each had an army, as an equal foe,
'Such was his force of eloquence, to make
'The hearers more concern'd than he that spake:
'Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
'And none was more a looker-on than he;
'So did he move our passions, some were known
'To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
'Now private pity strove with publick hate,
'Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.'

ON COWLEY.

'To him no author was unknown,
'Yet what he wrote was all his own;
'Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
'He did not steal, but emulate:
'And, when he would like them appear,
'Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear.'

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered. It will afford that pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of judgment, naturally right, forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice, as he gains more confidence in himself.

In his translation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse:

'Then all those
'Who in the dark our fury did escape,
'Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
'And differing dialect: then their numbers swell
'And grow upon us; first Chorœbeus fell
'Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
'Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
'In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
'Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
'Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,

'Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
'Ill fate could save; my country's funeral flame
'And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
'To witness for myself, that in their fall
'No foes, no death, nor danger I declin'd,
'Did and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.'

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets; which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which are not infrequent in this first essay, but which is to be supposed his maturer judgment disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborne them.

His rhymes are such as seem found without difficulty, by following the sense; and are for the most part as exact at least as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get.

'O how *transform'd!*
'How much unlike that Hector, who *return'd*
'Clad in Achilles' spoils!'

And again:

'From thence a thousand lesser poets *sprung*
'Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome*.'

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it:

'Troy confounded falls
'From all her glories: if it might have stood
'By any power, by this right hand it *shou'd.*
'—And though my outward state misfortune *hath*
'Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.'
'—Thus, by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
'A feigned tear destroys us, against *whom*
'Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
'Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand sail.'

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses: in one passage the word *die* rhimes three couplets in six.

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, when he was less skilful, or at least less dexterous, in the use of words; and though they had been more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your Royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the Queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters, I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen, (his Majesty having been kept long in the dark,) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, Sir, I will not launch into an history instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, (being those to Sir R. Fanshaw,) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since. He was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him; and at his departure

from Hampton-Court he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad; and I was furnished with nine several ciphers in order to it; which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded: but about nine months after, being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped, both for myself and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesty's expectation.

After, when your Majesty, departing from St. Germains to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being now happily blown over, and

our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato, did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your Majesty's view; and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your Majesty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your Majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own judgment,) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not *frigiditatis causa*, but an act of

choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an Humble Petition that your Majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty airy reputation of being *nimis poëta;* and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

"Splendidis longum valedico nugis,
"Hic versus et cætera ludicra pono."

Your Majesty's most faithful
and loyal subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant,

JO. DENHAM.

MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse *, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.

* Mr. Waller.

Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where with like haste, tho' several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;

Mark'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove;)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame:)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son *,
(The Lilies which his father wore he won,)
And thy Bellona †, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.

She to thy triumph led one captive king*,
And brought that son which did the second bring*;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose to whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circles, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends;
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.

* The kings of France and Scotland.

Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes! they were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least, a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,

And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:

His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame is thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.

* The Forest.

Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Tho' these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love;)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd * youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,

* Narcissus.

Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears,
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape,
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear

Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;

Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So 'twards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,

Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
'Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.'

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

Great Strafford! worthy of that name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.

His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, altho'
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate,
Now they could him if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live: [bore
Less seem those facts which Treason's nickname
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown,

ON MY LORD CROFT'S

AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND.

From whence we brought 10,000*l. for his Majesty, by the decimation of his Scottish subjects there.*

I.

TOLE, tole,
Gentle bell! for the soul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroll.

II.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which tho' it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,

III.

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive;

IV.

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd;

V.

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

VI.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the diet was dismist;
But then our breech they kist.

VII.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The diet said, Amen.

VIII.

And because they are loath
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Tho' they will forfeit both.

IX.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

X.

But John
(Our friend Mollesson)

Thought us to have outgone
With a quaint invention.

XI.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before
Of the mischiefs in store,
Aye, and thrice as much more.

XII.

And with that wicked lie
A letter they came by
From our king's Majesty.

XIII.

But Fate
Brought the letter too late;
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

XIV.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzig, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

XV.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print
Must also pay his stint.

XVI.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

XVII.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought;
But now it serves for nought.

XVIII.

On Sandys* they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound.

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S,

FROM SCOTLAND.

Our resident Tom
From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him;
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him you find him.

* Mr. W.

II.

But who says he was not
A man of much plot
May repent that false accusation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negociation.

III.

Before you were told
How Satan* the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Tho' he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

IV.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

V.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears,
But their angry stars still defying.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

ON MR. ABR. COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's lines
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines,
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
'Till time had blasted all their bays:

But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser, and in Johnson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Johnson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece,
To him that language (tho' to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus* sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,

* His Pindarics.

When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd,
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear*,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true,
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear:
Joy and amasement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras
One soul might thro' more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And show the world this parallel:

* His last works.

Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet tho' both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no power:
Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race more
Hath suffer'd than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age
Which casts thy praise on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Johnson, Shakspeare, and thyself, did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Johnson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakspeare's gentler Muse, in thee, full grown,
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends and Art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None this mere Nature, that mere Art, can name.
'Twas this the Ancients meant: nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

NATURA NATURATA.

I.

What gives us that fantastic fit
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

II.

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

III.

Why is it then thought sin or shame
Those necessary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came?

IV.

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

V.

Death she abhors; yet when men die
We're present; but no stander-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

VI.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year
A most abominable rate did bear.

VII.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

VIII.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

II.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel resorts;
Thro' those deceitful sallyports
Our sentinels betray our forts.

IV.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

V.

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like Wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

VIII.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

IX.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife or wanton boy
May all those gen'rous thoughts destroy.

X.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

XI.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

XII.

Tho' still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet, left alone, no fear he knew.

XIII

Dut Death in all her forms appears
From ev'ry thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads and whom he bears*.

XIV.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

XV.

This was the cause, the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her father, not her son, art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

XVIII.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder to the god of Love.

* His father and son.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

XXI.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is,
But less than nothing if it miss.

XXII.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects.

XXIII.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best
Where Love 's of blindness dispossest
By perspectives of interest.

XXIV.

Tho' Sol'mon with a thousand wives
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

XXV.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

XXVI.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

XXVII.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

XXIX.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

XXX.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmless sheep
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own set fire on Troy?

XXXII.

Such is the world's prepost'rous fate,
Amongst all creatures mortal hate
Love (tho' immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But man 's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

But will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the Bishop's bill deny'd,
And we still threaten'd to be try'd;
You see the King embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Tho' more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
My labour was not lost.
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition?
Tho' I the bus'ness did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the City
In that invisible Committee,
The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the King to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name?
Tho' we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that nation.

To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often passed between
Windsor and Westminster unseen,
And did myself divide,
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the law?
For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inspire;
Gave them their texts, show'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,
To stroke the people's ears;
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act, the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go asunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed,
The saints have ready at their need
God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail.
When to our fame 'tis told,

It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay, and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh! 'tis a patient beast!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the spoil at least.

To the Five Members of the Hon.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

After so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Hollis.
Tho' set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petition find great approbation;
Therefore as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.

Next, in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege, (like the rest of our nation);
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance or pow'r legislative.
And, first 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants' fees.
Next, that we only may lie by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical License, and always did claim it.
By this we have pow'r to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth:
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the devil, has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both Houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed:
This tho' you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it.
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?

And between those and ours there's no difference;
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense.
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And tho' you are modest, and seem to abhor it,
It has done you good service, and thank Hell for it.
Altho' the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;
Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know, not a fornight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?
When a hundred and ten slew five thousand men
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopeton was slain again and again,
Or else my author did lie;
With a new Thanksgiving for the dead who are living,
To God and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd?
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their graves
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after; unless he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the Sequestrations;
These wounds will not heal with your new great seal,
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now Peters and Case, in your pray'r and grace,
Remember the new Thanksgiving;
Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder, of the lightning and thunder;
Which made the lie so much the louder:
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it struck thro' the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the newsmonger took
From the preaching lady's letter,
Where, in the first place, stood the conqueror's face,
Which made it show much the better.

But now, without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him;
Great William the Con. so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost;
But, alas! we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case with a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping;
Tho' his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops
For the laws, not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL.

To thee, dear Tom! myself addressing,
Most queremoniously confessing
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity
I perpetrated arts of pravity
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
For some venereal rejouissance,
I got (as one may say) a nuisance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, Cousin Pooley,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so bluely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you;
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality;

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation
Thro' th' instrument of propagation.

KIT. Then, Cousin, (as I guess the matter,)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That ev'n your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so economic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in macaronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

Whether it pullen be or shanker,
Cordee, and crooked like an anchor;
Your cure too costs you but a spanker.

Or tho' your piss be sharp as razor,
Do but confer with Dr. Frazer,
He'll make your running nag a pacer.

Nor shall you need your silver-quick, Sir;
Take Mongo Murrey's black elixir,
And in a week it cures your p—, Sir.

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks t'wards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit* you did miscarry;
That danger might have made one wary:
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

Pool. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Tho' it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raise an evil savour
Upon all grave and staid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,
To find a rhyme to gonorrhea,
And put it in my litania.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into a quarry.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circean liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop, with disenchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough:
Tell (like a tall-old oak) how Learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest.
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new,)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th' offence.
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And tho' th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was:
From thence did learning into Egypt pass.
Moses in all th' Egyptian arts was skill'd,
When heav'nly pow'r that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe
That what was done before the flood we know.

From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapp'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities:
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one:
Th' Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines.
God Moses first, then David, did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heav'nly quire:
To th' one the style of Friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise.
The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds.
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,

* Græcia Major.

Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome.
Then wheresoe'er her conq'ring Eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm the heart,
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to ev'ry part,
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues thro' the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great ancestors do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's scull the Muses' hive,
And from his brain that Helicon distill
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace,
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same *.

* Vates.

What the Tragedian* wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
'At last the ocean shall unlock the bound†
'Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;
'Then ages far remote shall understand
'The Isle of Thule is not the farthest land.'
Sure God, by these discov'ries, did design
That his clear light thro' all the world should shine;
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings:
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came down;
Then the true Sun of knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd;
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent as he tempted man.
Then hell sends forth her furies, A'vrice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide:
Tho' the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.

* Seneca. † The prophecy.

Tho' the Apostles these events foretold,
Yet ev'n the shepherd did devour the fold:
The fisher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man:
But soon his followers grew a sov'reign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, tho' himself had none;
Wresting the text to the old giant's sense,
That heav'n once more must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize;
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each others' eyes:
Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd:
Then Mah'met's Crescent, by our feuds increast,
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the East:
That project when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
His faithful emissary rose from hell,
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns, did stand;
And before that exalted idol all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so increas'd,
That the whole world some ages they oppress'd;
Till thro' those clouds the Sun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;

Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-study'd masterpiece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
Sends their forerunner (conscious of th' event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt.
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders from their ends create their god.
But sev'n wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know sev'n who think themselves not so.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd;
Almost as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth;
Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.

Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs,
As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat:
All the rich mines of Learning ransack'd are
To furnish ammunition for this war;
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets.
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted are the worst.
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world.
That sun like this (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
Our guide is error and our visions dreams.
'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew,
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils.
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
True piety without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost;
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rathes than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The Atheist looking on enjoys the spoils.
Thro' seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;

And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion:
The standers-by see clearly this event;
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.
With their new light our bold inspectors press,
Like Cham, to show their fathers' nakedness,
By whose example after ages may
Discover we more naked are than they.
All human wisdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief.
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, tho' not so,
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate.
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When like a bridegroom from the east the sun
Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
Into earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks:
So Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

'Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æstas,
'Sic ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finem.'

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

Reader, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes
Will weep at their own sad discoveries,
When ev'ry line they add improves thy loss,
Till having view'd the whole they sum across,
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief:
Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name,
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
Of an exemption from just sense doth show
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
That which completes the age's tyrannies;
Who weak to such another ill appear,
For what destroys our hope secures our fear.
What sin, unexpiated in this land
Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
The late great victim * that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new

* King Charles the First.

Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
By whose example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder destiny;
But as the leader of the herd fell first
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
But this white-fatted youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious smoke
That sullied earth, and did Heav'n's pity choke.
Let it suffice for us that we have lost
In him more than the widow'd world can boast
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
No haste like that of his increasing parts.
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright.
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night
In the black bosom of whose sable spite
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory to the skies.
Great Saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near,
That by our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read,

The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomise:
Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws.
Tho' sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the universe.

EPISTLES.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a pig.

I.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

II.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting*
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd a pox on?

III.

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, Hang him, pirate.

* We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

IV.

Thou might'st have ta'en example
From what thou read'st in story,
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

V.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter:
But the rain made an ass
Of tilt and canvas,
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

VI.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Astcot,
Who was soak'd to the skin
Thro' drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to sing,
With gullet in string,
A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

IX.

But what was all this bus'ness?
For sure it was important;
For who rides i' th' wet,
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John! thou hast a malice;
The old driver of swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou had'st not quitted Calais.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF

PASTOR FIDO.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, translate:
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.

That servile part thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word and line by line:
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense but truer to his fame:
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low
Lett'st in thine own to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his muse to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet, after all, lest we should think it thine,
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture or a flatt'ring dress:
He could have made those like who made the rest
But that he knew his own design was best.

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines:
And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poesy joins profit with delight,
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Tho' mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind;
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to heav'n were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods
Would think he had beheld their blest abodes;
And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.

From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the best original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with those heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt his sappy crime;
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust;
And to old England you that right have done,
To show no story nobler than her own.

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER;

Or, a proper New Ballad of certain carnal passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsley, near Colchester, in Essex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

I.

All in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank
Was play'd such a prank
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

II.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green's a stallion:
Now, alas! what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a quaker turns Italian?

III.

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain
Amongst the profane
How Brother Green was mounted.

IV.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which tho' our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd such a Christmas gambol!

V.

Had thy flesh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd;
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye had swallow'd;

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fulness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid thro' thee.

VII.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

VIII.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Tho' he us'd the weapon carnal;
'Filly Foal,' quoth he,
'My bride thou shalt be;
'And how this is lawful learn all;

IX.

'For if no respect of persons
'Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
'In a large extent
'Thereby may be meant
'That a mare's as good as a madam.'

X.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet veil'd, nor kiss'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

XI.

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
Tho' we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some backsliding?

XII.

'No, surely,' quoth James Naylor,
'Twas but an insurrection
'Of the carnal part,
'For a Quaker in heart
'Can never lose perfection.'

XIII.

'For (as our masters * teach us)
'The intent being well directed,
'Tho' the devil trepan
'The Adamical man,
'The saint stands uninfected.'

* The Jesuits.

XIV.

But, alas! a Pagan jury,
Ne'er judges what's intended;
Then say what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

XV.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter;
But when him we enroll
For a saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass herself for a martyr.

XVI.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester! now
Who's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the letter?

A SONG.

I.

Morpheus! the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And tho' he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown:

II.

Come, I say, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

III.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy as to rob others without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raising their own: neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master; and the reason is evident, for what is most excellent is most inimitable; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be in some degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right is the only scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author

to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune, make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres;* let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts: for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation shall have the misfortune of that young traveller who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking which vary with the times, the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration than that of our speech: and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *sermonem temporis istius auribus accommodatum;*

the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye; and therefore, if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) sit not naturally and easily on so grave a person, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late represented him; at least, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions;) neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense as to make it seem mine and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art was defective; (but I rather suspect myself;) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

The Argument.

THE first book speaks of Æneas' voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

While all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state.
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more.
Not the most cruel of our conqu'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear I cannot grieve to tell.

By fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return: this Fame
Divulges: then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
(Now but an unsecure and open bay;)
Thither, by stealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unveil'd;
All thro' th' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
The battle's join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks' suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, What desp'rate frenzy's this, (oh, friends!)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design; their gift's but a deceit:

For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with enclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd pris'ner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incensed Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive the Greeks."
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts; we now inquire his parentage;
What of their counsels or affairs he knew?
Then fearless he replies, "Great King! to you

All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
And tho' my outward state misfortune hath
Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne support;
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend
Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
From thence, my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
Old guilt fresh malice gives; the people's ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew,
But why do I these thankless truths pursue,
Or why defer your rage? on me for all
The Greeks let your revenging fury fall,
Ulysses this, th' Atridæ this desire
At any rate." We straight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to inquire

The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.
" Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
With tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd,
And would to Heav'n they 'ad gone, but still dismay'd
By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd
Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
' A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
' When first t'wards Troy the Grecians took the seas:
' Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
' Must purchase.' All at this confounded stood;
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what the mischief but on one can fall:
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd, (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretell.
Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at last constrain'd
By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice: the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near,
The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confess I found

The means to my escape: my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist, (if so they did,)
And now, alas! no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my sons, to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men, by these I beg; redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress."
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then spake the king, "Be ours, whoe'er thou art:
Forget the Greeks, But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend,
This pile? to a warlike or religious end?"
Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands
T'ward heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
"Ye pure ethereal flames! ye pow'rs ador'd
By mortal men! ye altars, and the sword
I 'scap'd! ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head! grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rites renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim,
Only, O Troy! preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions took original,

Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
Assails the sacred tower; the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image: straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain; her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning; from each part did flow
A briny sweat; thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear:
Then that we should our sacrilege restore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd, to reconcile
Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Lest, thro' your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract,
Our sons then suff'ring what their sires would act."
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom

Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent,
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god a bull did slay;
When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide:
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts;
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there came
A direful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing and twice his waist:
Their pois'nous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear,
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded scull
Shakes the huge axe. The conqu'ring serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent:
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke

The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.
A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our work it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhymes,
Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down,
It enters with a thund'ring noise the town.
Oh, Troy! the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard; yet, blinded by the power
Of Fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretells th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flow'rs we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds in-
The city in secure repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and thro' the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores.
Ulysses, Stheneleus, Tisander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;

Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was: [wine
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and
Oppress'd, surprise, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift,) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood.
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which thro' his feet were thrust
By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee? whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us, consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
'Fly from the flame, O goddess-born! our walls
'The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
'From all her glories: if it might have stood
'By any pow'r, by this right hand it should.

'What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
'Take here her relicks and her gods, to run
'With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
'Which, toss'd on seas, thou shalt at last erect:'
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire,
Mean-while the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far; (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house;) approaching still more near,
The clash of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses' tops, and list'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys.
And mocks the ploughman's toil, th' unlook'd-for noise,
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed shepherd hears;
Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon! then thine
Deïphobus! Sigæan seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful sound
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and despair, at once suggest,
That of all deaths to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest,
Who, 'scaping with his gods and relicks, fled,
And t'wards the shore his little grandchild led.

Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good? but, sighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incensed Jove transfers to Grecian hands:
The foe within the burning town commands,
And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came,
Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate so near,
At once suspends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way thro' fire, thro' swords,
Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet who knew us; (for the moon did shine;)
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's son,
Who by the love of fair Cassandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse;
Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, Brave spirits! (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The state of our affairs

You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood; nor can the flame be stay'd:
Then let us fall amidst our foes. This one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.
Then reinforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, fire, and swords, t' assur'd death we pass;
Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.
Who can relate that ev'ning's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume,
And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,
Groans, and pale Death, in all her shapes appears.
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd,
Thus greeting us; 'You lose, by your delay,
'Your share both of the honour and the prey:
'Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
'Back to those ships which you but now forsake.'
We making no return, his sad mistake
Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest,
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies:

But here an easy victory we meet;
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprise did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Chorœbus said,
'O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
'And the fair path they lead us let us tread.
'First change your arms, and their distinctions bear;
'The same in foes deceit and virtue are.'
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield, he takes, and plumed crests;
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest: all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the horse; and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;
But vain's that hope 'gainst which the gods conspire.
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting t'wards heav'n, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain:
Chorœbus at the spectacle enrag'd
Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd
To second him, among the thickest ran:
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew.

Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from sev'ral coasts contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
And Eurus on his winged coursers borne,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom: then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
And diff'ring dialect: then their numbers swell
And grow upon us. First Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety
Nor consecrated mitre from the same
Ill fate could save. My country's fun'ral flame,
And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:

The Grecks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement: on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd,
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king her little son
She would present:) thro' this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence;
A tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet:
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud;
But others still succeed. Mean-time nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,

Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh, in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun:
With him his father's squire Automedon,
And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Thro' beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.
At the first gate an armed guard appears,
But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wand'ring thro' the spacious rooms,
Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes;
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain: the torn portcullis falls;
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,
Above his banks th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds, and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,

There th'hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid:
Then they the secret cabinets invade
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race: the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire.
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possest,
Arms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest;
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate but to provoke his own.
There stood an altar open to the view
Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd,
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives,
And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cry'd,
'Alas! my wretched husband! what pretence
'To bear those arms! and in them what defence?
'Such aid such times require not, when again
'If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain:
'Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
'Or as in life we shall in death be join'd.'
Then, weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.

Mean-while Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Thro' foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (tho' him so many deaths enclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows:
'The gods requite thee: (if within the care
'Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
'Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
'Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.
'Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
'Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
'He blush'd when I the rights of arms implor'd,
'To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd.'
This said, his feeble arm a jav'lin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce ent'ring, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; 'Go a messenger to hell
'Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
'The acts of his degen'rate race.' So thro'
His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew,
To th' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a fun'ral fire to have.
He whom such titles swell'd, such pow'r made
To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd; [proud,

On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing!

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

Having at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
Cyllenus from Æneas straight doth fly;
He, loath to disobey the god's command,
Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a solemn leave,
He many ways his lab'ring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves,
(Instructed by the god of Thieves*) to steal
Himself away, and his escape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately should meet,
And some dissembled colour to project,
That Dido should not their design suspect:
But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
No art a watchful lover can surprise.
She the first motion finds: love tho' most sure,
Yet always to itself seems insecure.
That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd
Foretells the end: the queen, with rage inflam'd,

* Mercury.

Thus greets him. 'Thou dissembler, wouldst thou
'Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously? [fly
'Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
'Nor thee the fate of dying Dido, move?
'And in the depth of winter, in the night,
'Dark as thy black designs, to take thy flight,
'To plough the raging seas to coasts unknown,
'The kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own!
'Were Troy restor'd, thou shouldst mistrust a wind
'False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
'Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of brine
'I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
'By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
'If all my kindness aught have merited;
'If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
'From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
'Cannot my pray'rs a free acceptance find?
'Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
'My fame of chastity, by which the skies
'I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies.
'Into my borders now Iarbas falls,
'And my revengeful brother scales my walls;
'The wild Numidians will advantage take;
'For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
'Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
'A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
'Might in my sight have sported, I had then
'Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
'By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
'Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the least.'

With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast,
By Jove's command, his struggling care suppress.
'Great Queen! your favours and deserts so great,
'Tho' numberless, I never shall forget;
'No time, until myself I have forgot,
'Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot:
'But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,
'And that must justify our sad divorce.
'Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit
'To my desires I might my fortune fit,
'Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
'And where I first began would end my days.
'But since the Lycian Lots and Delphic god
'Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
'Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
'Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?
'As for my son, my father's angry ghost
'Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost.
'And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
'With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
'We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
'But much the more when all complaints are vain:
'I call to witness all the gods, and thy
'Beloved head, the coast of Italy
'Against my will I seek.'

Whilst thus he speaks she rolls her sparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies:
'Thy mother was no goddess, nor thy stock
'From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,

'Perfidious wretch! rough Caucasus thee bred,
'And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
'Dissimulation I shall now forget,
'And my reserves of rage in order set,
'Could all my pray'rs and soft entreaties force
'Sighs from his breast, or from his looks remorse.
'Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
'Or Juno such impieties approve?
'The just Astrea sure is fled to hell,
'Nor more in earth nor heav'n itself will dwell.
'Oh, Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
'Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd:
'His men from famine and his fleet from fire
'I rescu'd: now the Lycian Lots conspire
'With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy thro' the air
'Brings dismal tidings, as if such low care
'Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb!
'Thou art a false impostor, and a *fourbe*.
'Go, go, pursue thy kingdom thro' the main:
'I hope, if Heav'n her justice still retain,
'Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
'Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke: 101
'I'll follow thee in fun'ral flames: when dead
'My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed:
'And when the gods on thee their vengeance show,
'That welcome news shall comfort me below.' 105
This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
Conducted by her damsels to her bed:
Yet restless she arose, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout

When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah! cruel Love! to what dost thou enforce
Poor mortal breasts! Again she hath recourse
To tears and pray'rs, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.
That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd:
'Dear sister! my resentment had not been
'So moving, if this fate I had foreseen;
'Therefore to me this last kind office do;
'Thou hast some int'rest in our scornful foe;
'He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
'Thou his soft hours and free access canst find:
'Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast
'My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghost
'I never did disturb: ask him to lend
'To this the last request that I shall send,
'A gentle ear; I wish that he may find
'A happy passage and a prosp'rous wind:
'That contract I don't plead which he betray'd
'Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd;
'All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
'Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve:
'Some pause and respite only I require,
'Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
'If thy address can but obtain one day
'Or two, my death that service shall repay.'
Thus she entreats; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears:

But him no pray'rs, no arguments, can move;
The Fates resist; his ears are stopp'd by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descend,
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the ground
Is overlaid, yet he stands fix'd; as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
So low t'wards hell his roots descend. With pray'rs
And tears the hero thus assail'd, great cares
He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her sister with a smile:
'Anne, in the inner court erect a pile;
'Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay:
'Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey;
'All cursed monuments of him with fire
'We must abolish, (so the gods require.')
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread.
The queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd:
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks,

'O Jove!' she cry'd, 'and shall he thus delude
'Me and my realm? why is he not pursu'd?
'Arm, arm,' she cry'd, 'and let our Tyrians board
'With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword;
'Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
'That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
'What if th' event of war uncertain were?
'Nor death nor danger can the desp'rate fear.
'But, oh, too late! this thing I should have done
'When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
'Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
'His honour'd household gods! his aged sire
'His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear.
'Why did I not his careass piece-meal tear,
'And cast it in the sea? why not destroy
'All his companions, and beloved boy
'Ascanius? and his tender limbs have drest,
'And made the father on the son to feast?
'Thou Sun! whose lustre all things here below
'Surveys, and Juno! conscious of my woe,
'Revengeful Furies! and Queen Hecate!
'Receive and grant my pray'r! If he the sea
'Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
'If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand.
'When landed may he be with arms oppress
'By his rebelling people, be distrest
'By exile from his country, be divorc'd
'From young Ascanius' sight, and be enforc'd
'To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
'By violent and undeserved ends!

'When to conditions of unequal peace
'He shall submit, then may he not possess
'Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
'I' th' sands when he before his day shall fall!
'And ye, oh Tyrians! with immortal hate
'Pursue this race; this service dedicate
'To my deplored ashes: let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
'May from my bones a new Achilles rise
'That shall infest the Trojan colonies
'With fire, and sword, and famine; when at length
'Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
'Our seas, our shores, our armies, theirs oppose,
'And may our children be for ever foes!'
A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends.
Viewing the Trojan relics, she unsheath'd
Æneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd;
Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays:
'Dear relics! whilst that Gods and fates give leave,
'Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
'That date which Fortune gave I now must end;
'And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
'Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
'I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
'Happy, alas! too happy I had liv'd,
'Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
'But shall I die without revenge? yet die
'Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.

'My conscious foe my fun'ral fire shall view
'From sea, and may that omen him pursue!'
Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd.
Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries
As loud as if her Carthage or old Tyre
The foe had enter'd, and had set on fire.
Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,
And in her arms her dying sister rears:
'Did you for this yourself and me beguile?
'For such an end did I erect this pile?
'Did you so much despise me, in this fate
'Myself with you not to associate?
'Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
'The senate and the people doth confound.
'I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death
'My lips from her's shall draw her parting breath.'
Then with her vest the wound she wipes and dries;
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to rise,
But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,
Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound:
Thrice on her bed she turns, with wand'ring sight
Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
Sends Iris down her pangs to mitigate.
(Since if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris descends; 'This fatal lock (says she)
'To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;'

Then clips her hair: cold numbness straight bereaves
Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS.

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others as great in place as great in mind.
Above the rest why is our pomp, our pow'r,
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards?
Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.
Why as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Licians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders! these are they
Deserve the greatness, and unenvy'd stand,
Since what they act transcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend!)
Our date to immortality extend?

Or if death sought not them who seek not death
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Tho' not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread,
And bravely on till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

EPIGRAM. FROM MARTIAL.

Pr'ythee die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind, and brisk, and gay, like me:
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies;
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartee, repartee
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark:

I love daylight and a candle,
And to see, and to see
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers, with a pox?
I could wish, could Nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

But if a mistress I must have
Wise and grave,
Let her so herself behave;
All the day long Susan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a devil.

CATO MAJOR.

TO THE READER.

I CAN neither call this piece Tully's nor my own being much altered from the original, not only by the change of the style, but by addition and subtraction. I believe you will be better pleased to receive it, as I did, at the first sight; for to me Cicero did not so much appear to write, as Cato to speak; and, to do right to my author, I believe no character of any person was ever better drawn to the life than this. Therefore neither consider Cicero nor me, but Cato himself, who being then raised from the dead to speak the language of that age and place, neither the distance of place or time makes it less possible to raise him now to speak ours.

Though I dare not compare my copy with the original, yet you will find it mentioned here how much fruits are improved by graffing; and here, by graffing verse upon prose, some of these severer arguments may receive a more mild and pleasant taste.

Cato says (in another place) of himself, that he learned to speak Greek between the seventieth and eightieth year of his age; beginning that so late, he may not yet be too old to learn English, being now but between his seventeenth and eighteenth hundred year. For these reasons I shall leave to this piece no other name than what the author gave it, of Cato Major.

PREFACE.

That learned critic, the younger Scaliger, comparing the two great orators, says, that nothing can be taken from Demosthenes, nor added to Tully; and if there be any fault in the last, it is the resumption or dwelling too long upon his arguments: for which reason, having intended to translate this piece into prose, (where translation ought to be strict,) finding the matter very proper for verse, I took the liberty to leave out what was only necessary to that age and place, and to take or add what was proper to this present age and occasion, by laying his sense closer, and in fewer words, according to the style and ear of these times. The three first parts I dedicate to my old friends, to take off those melancholy reflections which the sense of age, infirmity, and death, may give them. The last part I think necessary for the conviction of those many who believe not, or at least mind not, the immortality of the soul, of which the Scripture speaks only positively as a lawgiver, with an *ipse dixit*; but it may be, they neither believe that, (from which they either make doubts or sport,) nor those whose business it is to interpret it, supposing they do it only for their own ends: but if a heathen philosopher bring such arguments from reason, nature, and second causes, which none of our atheistical sophisters can confute, if they may stand convinced that there is an immortality of the soul, I hope they will so weigh the consequences as neither to talk nor live as if there was no such thing.

CATO MAJOR OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

Tho' all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd
Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself nor us uneasy seem,
Under which weight most like th' old giants groan
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CAT. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason
All parts of Age seem burthensome to those [flows;
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our Age is (next our death) the chief,
Which tho' all equally desire t' obtain.
Yet when they have obtain'd it they complain:
Such our inconstancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware.
Our want of reas'ning these false measures makes;
Youth runs to Age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear
To reach th' eighth hundred than the eightieth year?
Of what in that long space of time hath past
To foolish Age will no remembrance last.
My Age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve I much desire,)

'Tis my first rule on Nature, as my guide
Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd;
And Nature, which all acts of life designs,
Not, like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall;
And this from Nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, Sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave instructions we might hear
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true, (as the old proverb doth relate,
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls*, (who in years my equals were,)
When senators, lamenting I did hear
That Age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn.
They what is not to be accus'd accuse;
Not others but themselves their Age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose cheerful Age with honour youth attends,

* Caius Salinator, Spurius Albinus.

Joy'd that from pleasure's slav'ry they are free,
And all respects due to their Age they see
In its true colours; this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute
Their Age (as yours) can never bear such fruit
Of honour, wealth, and pow'r, to make them sweet;
Not ev'ry one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius,
But not so much as at first sight appears. [bears,
This answer by Themistocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
'You those great honours to your country owe,
'Not to yourself)'—'Had I at Seripho *
'Been born, such honour I had never seen,
'Nor you, if an Athenian you had been.'
So Age, cloth'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be;
But to a fool the greater his estate
The more uneasy is his Age's weight.
Age's chief arts and arms are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise:
All just returns to Age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes.

* An isle to which condemned men were banished.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Terentum took;
Yet in his age such cheerfulness was seen,
As if his years and mine had equal been:
His gravity was mix'd with gentleness,
Nor had his Age made his good humour less:
Then was he well in years, (the same that he
Was consul that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The Quæstorship, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I Prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law* did pass.
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temp'rate arts of patient Age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats;
Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats:
He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

* Against bribes.

The Argument.

When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.
1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:
2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
3. Next that our sense of pleasure it deprives:
4. Last that approaching death attends our lives.
Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in order, weigh the force.

THE FIRST PART.

The old from such affairs is only freed
Which vig'rous youth and strength of body need;
But to more high affairs our Age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did Fabius and your father Scipio
(Whose daughter my son married) nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,
Who, when the Senate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
Whither's our courage and our wisdom come,
When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome?
The rest with ancient gravity and skill
He spake; (for his oration's extant still.)
'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been
The second time, and there were ten between;
Therefore their argument's of little force,
Who age from great employments would divorce.

As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold,
Whilst he that guides the helm employs his skill,
And gives the law to them by sitting still;
Great actions less from courage, strength and speed,
Than from wise counsels and commands proceed.
Those Arts age wants not which to Age belong;
Not heat but cold experience makes us strong.
A Consul, Tribune, General, I have been,
All sorts of war I have pass'd thro' and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
Yet to the senate I prescribe what's fit.
I ev'ry day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim;)
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which triumph may the gods design for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandsire's ghost,
Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
With Age if he an hundred years had seen:
He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
Which if our ancestors had not retain'd,
The Senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their highest magistrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain.
With vigilant conduct: when that sharp reply
He gave to Salinator I stood by,

Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not lost I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait
As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
When his colleague Carvilius stept aside,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field;
Against the Senate's will he will not yield;
When, being angry, boldly he declares
Those things were acted under happy stars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his son's death did all the rest excel;
(His gallant son, tho' young, had Consul been)
His funeral oration I have seen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philosophers despise.
Tho' he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feasting with his private friends at home,
Such counsel, such discourse from him did come,
Such science in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things present and to come,
Rememb'ring all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
Dying in extreme Age I prophesy'd

That which is come to pass, and did discern
From his survivors I could nothing learn.
This long discourse was but to let you see
That his long life could not uneasy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war:
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live.
Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
And seventh not his studies did forbear?
And, ask'd why he no sooner left the stage?
Said he saw nothing to accuse old Age.
None but the foolish who their lives abuse,
Age of their own mistakes and crimes accuse.
All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
As by Age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd, have been.
When the tragedian Nævius did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
'Twas answer'd that their senators were new,
Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.
Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
But with cold prudence Age doth recompense.
But Age, 'tis said, will memory decay;
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or if by Nature it be dull and slow.
Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know

Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From Age such art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing which is our concern:
Their interest no priest nor sorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer nor philosopher:
No understanding memory can want
Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative.
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his sons before the judges brought,
Because he paid the Muses such respect,
His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
Almost condemn'd he mov'd the judges thus,
'Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus.'
The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
Freed him, and said, 'No fool such lines had penn'd.'
What poets and what orators can I
Recount, what princes in philosophy,
Whose constant studies with their Age did strive;
Nor did they those, tho' those did them, survive.
Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
For never any man was yet so old
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly said, 'Each day we spend
'Discovers something which must needs offend.'
But sometimes Age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends. He should have told

This not to Age, but youth, who oft'ner see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we.
That I in him which he in Age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in Age, and Age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be
Than hopeful and ingenious youth to see,
When they with rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in straight paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my conversation here I see
As well receiv'd by you as your's by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our Age
Of idleness, who all our pow'rs engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold,
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon, the sage, his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;
Which I did only learn that I might know
Those great examples which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wise
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Tho' many of the Ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

Now into our second grievance I must break,
"That loss of strength makes understanding weak."

I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which Nature gave,
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
Old Milo wept to see his naked arm,
And cry'd 'twas dead. Trifler! thine heart and head,
And all that's in them, (not thy arm,) are dead:
This folly ev'ry looker on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and sides.
Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
Their strength decreasing by increasing years;
But they advanc'd in wisdom ev'ry hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in pow'r.
But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And still may own sometimes the Senate hear.
When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead;
Which if I had not strength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius and my Scipio!)
What's to be done or not be done instruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandsire, the great African,
Were joyful when the flow'r of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,

Like oracles their counsels to receive,
How in their progress they should act and live.
And they whose high examples youth obeys,
Are not despised tho' their strength decays;
And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
Tho' the defects of Age) were crimes of youth.
Intemp'rate youth (by sad experience found)
Ends in an Age imperfect and unsound.
Cyrus, tho' ag'd, (if Xenophon say true,)
Lucius Metellus, (whom when young I knew,)
Who held (after his second consulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of these, in body or in mind,
Before their death the least decay did find.
I speak not of myself, tho' none deny
To Age to praise their youth the liberty;
Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:
And tho' from what it was my strength is far,
Both in the first and second Punic war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I Consul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my strength;
And I my guest, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of justice can defend:
Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
"Who would be ancient must be early so."
I would be youthful still, and find no need
To appear old till I was so indeed:

And yet you see my hours not idle are,
Tho' with your strength I cannot mine compare:
Yet this Centurion's doth your's surmount;
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when ent'ring the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his shoulder came:
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But when decay'd 'tis folly to complain.
In Age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As she sets forth the seasons of the year:
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;
To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old Age maturity she gave,
(Scipio) you know how Massinissa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot he walks till night,
When with his horse he never will alight;
Tho' cold or wet his head is always bare;
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance.
Our law (because from Age our strength retires)
No duty which belongs to strength requires.
But Age doth many men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake;

Yet that to Age not singly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beside.
That Scipio who adopted you did fall
Into such pains he had no health at all,
Who else had equall'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
Why should those errors then imputed be
To Age alone, from which our youth's not free?
Ev'ry disease of Age we may prevent,
Like those of youth, by being diligent.
When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
And diet as our vital heat renews;
And if our bodies thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die.
Tho' bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
No weariness the mind could e'er surprise.
Cæcilius, the comedian, when of Age
He represents the follies on the stage,
They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute;
Neither those crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to old men, to whom those crimes belong.
Lust, petulence, rashness, are in youth more strong
Than Age, and yet young men those vices hate
Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:
And so what we call dotage seldom breeds
In bodies but where Nature sow'd the seeds.
There are five daughters and four gallant sons
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,

With a most num'rous family beside,
Whom he alone, tho' old and blind, did guide:
Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
And to his bus'ness, like a bow, stood bent:
By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
He not a master but a monarch seem'd.
All his relations his admirers were;
His sons paid rev'rence, and his servants fear:
The order and the ancient discipline
Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
Authority kept up, old Age secures,
Whose dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old Age approve,
But more the marks of Age in youth I love.
Who this observes may in his body find
Decrepit Age, but never in his mind.
The seven volumes of my own reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
The Pontifical and the Civil law
I study still, and thence orations draw:
And, to confirm my memory, at night
What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
These exercises for my thoughts I find;
These labours are the chariots of my mind.
To serve my friends the senate I frequent,
And there what I before digested vent;
Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs;

Which if I could not do, I should delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in such practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching Age,
Which by degrees invisibly doth creep,
Nor do we seem to die but fall asleep.

THE THIRD PART.

Now must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
Of pleasures which i' th' sea of Age are lost.
O thou most high transcendant gift of Age!
Youth from its folly thus to disengage,
And now receive from me that most divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine*,
Which at Tarentum I long since did hear,
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye Gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?
Which he, with all designs of art or pow'r,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
Intoxicating both by them, she finds,
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken,) all the world confound;
Lust, Murder, Treason, Avarice, and Hell
Itself broke loose, in Reason's palace dwell:

* Archytas, much praised by Horace.

Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkness led.
But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with Age.
Age undermines, and will in time surprise
Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;
And, join'd in league with strong Necessity,
Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
Flàminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
(Then Censor,) from the Senate I displac'd:
When he in Gaul, a Consul, made a feast,
A beauteous courtezan did him request
To see the cutting off a pris'ner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpunished,
Since by a private villainy he stain'd
That public honour which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to pleasures bent)
This seems an honour, not disparagement.
We not all pleasures like the Stoics hate,
But love and seek those which are moderate.
(Tho' divine Plato thus of Pleasures thought,
They us with hooks and baits like fishes caught.)
When Quæstor, to the gods in public halls
I was the first who set up festivals:
Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with conversation and discourse;
Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name;
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their shame
Call'd it a Compotation, not a feast,
Declaring the worst part of it the best.

Those entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my Age, which gives me ease
From those excesses; yet myself I please
With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
(Discourses are to Age continual feasts,)
The love of meat and wine they recompense,
And cheer the mind as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in Age, some nat'ral motions are:
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
Which youth at full possesses; this I grant:
But Age seeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures? he reply'd,
'I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
'From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free.'
But they whom pressing appetites constrain
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Tho' this stands more remote from Age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;

So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
Delighted with itself our Age doth rest.
No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed:
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease,
But those of Age, ev'n with our years increase.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from surfeits our repose is found.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambassador from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
He heard a grave philosopher maintain
That all the actions of our life were vain
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach,
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall,
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (tho' our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays;
For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it,

Which with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment, [sent;
Which from the root through nerves and veins are
Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving, doth itself disclose:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd:
At Nature's godlike pow'r I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'ershade a plain:
But thou, dear Vine! forbidd'st me to be long,
Altho' thy trunk be neither large nor strong;
Nor can thy head (not help'd) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb:
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine:
Tho' Nature gave not legs it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the prouder cedar stands:
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of mortal springs.
But lest thou shouldst consume thy wealth in vain,
And starve thyself to feed a num'rous train;
Or like the bee, (sweet as thy blood,) design'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind.
Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,

The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is raised, (call'd, a gem)
Whence in short space itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture mix'd with sun-beams
I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste, [grows.
But summer doth, like Age, the sourness waste;
Then cloth'd with leaves, from heat and cold secure,
Like virgins, sweet and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell. [dwell,
My walks of trees all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the sev'ral natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth;
And with what arts to enrich ev'ry mould,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate.
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed, doth her laws o'errule.
Nature herself doth from herself depart
(Strange transmigration!) by the pow'r of art.
How little things give law to great! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here ev'n the pow'r divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget, but to create.

Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For Age of what delights it speaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
Great Curius! his remaining days did spend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire.
The Samnites' chiefs, as by his fire he sat,
With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;
'Return,' said he, 'your gold I nothing weigh,
'When those who can command it me obey.'
This my assertion proves he may be old,
And yet not sordid, who refuses gold.
In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
What can in Winter render more delight
Than the high sun at noon and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feast and play,
And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With Age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe that I that Age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.

That most unhappy Age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads.
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our Age those happy fruits present.
Those things to Age most honourable are
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crowding attendance to and from the court:
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lysander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest argument did raise,
That Sparta did with honour Age support,
Paying them just respect at stage and court:
But at proud Athens youth did Age outface,
Nor at the plays would rise or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great Age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, 'Th' Athenians know
'What's to be done; but what they know not do.'
Here our great Senate's orders I may quote,
The first in Age is still the first in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command,
In competition with great years may stand.

Why should our youth's short transient pleasures dare
With Age's lasting honours to compare?
On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
For acting here life's tragic comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel.
But Age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious.
But all those errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect, since jealousy belongs
To Age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins' humours, in our Terence *, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
So Age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of Age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason, there should be:
Is it not folly when the way we ride
Is short for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And, with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants:

* In his comedy called Adelphi.

But Age scarce sows till Death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap:
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty. 262

THE FOURTH PART.

Now against (that which terrifies our Age)
The last and greatest grievance we engage;
To her grim death appears in all her shapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,
Which either should be wish'd for or despis'd:
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?
The youngest in the morning are not sure
That till the night their life they can secure;
Their Age stands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) against Nature strives,
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise.
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws and into cities brought.
Why only should the fear of death belong
To Age, which is as common to the young?

Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you,
Scipio! and me, this maxim makes too true.
But vig'rous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which Age must not expect.
But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd,
With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they who but desir'd
To possess that which we long since acquir'd.
What if our Age to Nestor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that lasting which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past nor what's to come we know.
Our date, how short soe'er, must us content.
When a good actor doth his part present,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
That at the last he may find just applause;
So tho' but short, yet we must learn the art
Of virtue on this stage to act our part,
True wisdom must our actions so direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect;
Yet grieve no more, tho' long that part should last,
Than husbandmen because the spring is past.
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:
So Age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
All things which Nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.

Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely crops:
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
But Age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent:
Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port:
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then Death at his approach we shall contemn.
Tho' to our heat of youth our Age seems cold,
Yet when resolv'd it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded on what succour he rely'd,
When with so few he boldly did engage?
He said he took his courage from his Age.
Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When, leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one
Makes the least vi'lent separation.
Yet tho' our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband.
Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live;

Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends not to bewail his funeral.
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which straight in immortality shall end.
In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space to Age it will remain?
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But tim'rous youth on this should meditate.
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (tho' not its certain date) we know,
Nor whether it may be this night or no.
How then can they contented live who fear
A danger certain, and none knows how near?
They err who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.
Thee, Brutus! Rome's first martyr I must name;
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulf of flame;
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith which to his barb'rous foes he gave:
With the two Scipios did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conqu'ring Hannibal:
The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew.
Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.

Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our Age retires;
And when the last delights of Age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety.
Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your father, Lælius! and yours, Scipio!
My friends, and men of honour, I did know:
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burdens lie oppress'd:
Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,
A place so dark to the celestial light
And pure eternal fire's quite opposite.
The gods thro' human bodies did disperse
An heav'nly soul to guide this universe,
That man, when he of heav'nly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name,
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from gods, in mortal breasts did shine.
Nor from my knowledge did the Ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;

Ha th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)
Why should we doubt of that whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature but immortal can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;
And therefore that no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake:
And since the matter of our soul is pure
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts which not among themselves agree,
Therefore it never can divided be;
And Nature shows (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can speak they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can express;
The words and things they know are numberless,
Which Nature only and no art could find,
But what she taught before she call'd to mind.
These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:

'Fear not when I depart; (nor therefore mourn)
'I shall be now here, or to nothing turn:
'That soul which gave me life was seen by none,
'Yet by the actions it design'd was known;
'And tho' its flight no mortal eye shall see,
'Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
'That soul which can immortal glory give,
'To her own virtues must for ever live.
'Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
'Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
'Tho' a foul foolish prison her immure
'On earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.
'Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
'With beasts, and must return from whence it came;
'But whence into our bodies reason flows,
'None sees it when it comes, or where it goes.
'Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
'Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
'When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
'Then what divine and future things they see!
'Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
'And what they shall hereafter be declare.'
This noble speech the dying Cyrus made,
Me, Scipio! shall no argument persuade,
Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world their name,
Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal:
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd

In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought:
'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
After my death an happier life to find;
Unless our souls from the immortals came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts, some happy port descries.
My friends! your fathers I shall surely see;
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe; for were I on my way,
None should persuade me to return or stay.
Should some god tell me that I should be born
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd.
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before;

Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home, I pass,
Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see;
Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own gallant virtuous Cato meet.
Nor did I weep when I to ashes turn'd
His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
Where his fix'd hopes our interview attend.
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From Age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd,)
And if I err, no pow'r shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness.
Tho' some minute philosophers pretend
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
If it be so I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
If those who this opinion have despis'd,
And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wish that me they had believ'd.
If souls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.

The same uneasiness which ev'ry thing
Gives to our nature life must also bring.
Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is Age,
Acting too long upon this earth, her stage.
Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you which it gives me 'twill give.

OF PRUDENCE.

PREFACE

TO THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before. When I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation, which were Ben Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby: but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more: for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could. The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since

with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso, which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded or that which followed. The author wrote upon the four cardinal virtues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first, Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

Wisdom's first progress is to take a view
What's decent or indecent, false or true.
He's truly prudent who can separate
Honest from vile, and still adhere to that:
Their difference to measure, and to reach,
Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach;
And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
For man's all-searching and inquiring wit;
That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.
Wisdom of what herself approves makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.

Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
To thee all her specific forms I'll show.
He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thyself from flatt'ring Self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd thou after may'st repent:
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others' old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay, [weigh.
Thou may'st choose safely that which most doth
'Tis not secure this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd.
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith 'Who could such ill events expect?'
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good whate'er they act believe.
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.

Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;
Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And others' actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love.
Reason and virtue, all that men can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
Those who are gen'rous, humble, just, and wise,
Who nor their gold nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn,
(For many eyes can more than one discern.)
But yet beware of councils when too full,
Number makes long disputes, and graveness dull:
Tho' their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities.
Debate destroys dispatch, as fruits we see
Rot when they hang too long upon the tree.
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A gen'ral sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel praise deserve,
Tho' in the active part they cannot serve.

In action, learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;
Yet vainly most their age in study spend;
No end of writing books, and to no end;
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose knowledge nor delight nor profit brings;
Themselves with doubts both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
What need we gaze upon the spangled sky;
Or into matter's hidden causes pry,
To describe ev'ry city, stream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is't to hear a sophister that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wise these things we should not mind,
But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digression's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.
Then seek to know those things which make us blest,
And having found them lock them in thy breast:
Inquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these inquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they 'ave past.

'Tis strange to know the way and not t' advance;
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And, standing still themselves, make others go.
In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The soldier that philosopher well blam'd
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
'Tell,' said the soldier, 'venerable Sir!
'Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
'Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,
'Whilst one says only yea, and t' other nay?'
'Oh,' said the Doctor, 'we for wisdom toil'd,
'For which none toils too much.' The soldier smil'd;
'You're grey and old, and to some pious use
'This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
'But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
'For which th' infernal spirits shall you thank.'
Let what thou learnest be by practice shown;
'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' inquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand:
All things by order and true measures done,
Wisdom will end as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure.
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick, the doctor's fetch'd in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.

When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not), to be rich or great.
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath
Laid in the scale of everlasting death?
What's time when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink.
Time's nothing but a word; a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must pay;
Think on the debt against th' accompting-day.
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind;
He's mad that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?
What thoughts man's reason better can become
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds.
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail,
Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.
Christ's blood's our balsam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we shall not find severe;
His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.

Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind.
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till you have topp'd the hill.
To the same end men sev'ral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shows.
Justice and faith never forsake the wise,
Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
Not turning like the wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
Things past and future with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd;
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often pass'd for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's disguise:
As flattery, too oft, like friendship shows,
So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make;
Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great concernments must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty:
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.

Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive.
Instruct the ignorant; to those that live
Under thy care good rules and patterns give:
Nor is't the least of virtues to relieve
Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve.
Thy friend, like flatt'ry, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; ev'n before friendship truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'st to give still promise less:
Hold fast the pow'r thy promise to increase.
Look forward what's to come, and back what's past;
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success:
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent:
When our minds' eyes are disengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;
They quicken sloth, perplexities untye,
Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify;
And tho' our hands from labour are releast,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glass thy own offences mend;
Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning,) or from whence it come.

Of thy own actions others' judgments learn;
Often by small great matters we discern.
Youth what man's age is like to be, doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway.
Let not the pleasing many thee delight; [right.
First judge if those whom thou dost please judge
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no safe descent is found.
In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
To rise, whose raising unsecure remains.
They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
Are wise when they their measures can adjust.
When well at ease, and happy, live content,
And then consider why that life was lent.
When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
Tho' all alone, yet nothing think or do
Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
The highest hill is the most slipp'ry place,
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face;
And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high pow'r, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines.
More in prosperity is reason tost
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:

Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side-winds into safe harbours steer:
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
Who casts out threats and frowns, no man deceives;
Time for resistance and defence he gives;
But flatt'ry still in sugar'd words betrays,
And poison in high-tasted meats conveys:
So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprise,
But when she frowns he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'Tis the first sanction Nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can;
Just or unjust, this law for ever stands;
All things are good by law which she commands.
The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
Who t' us himself, and all we have, did give.
In vain doth man the name of Just expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect.
So must we rev'rence God, as first to know
Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow.
God those accepts who to mankind are friends,
Whose Justice far as their own pow'r extends;
In that they imitate the Pow'r divine;
The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;

And he that doth no good, altho' no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer;
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear:
We live not only for ourselves to care,
Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But sev'ral parts to sev'ral men consign'd.
He that of his own stores no part can give;
May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee pow'rful, give defence
'Gainst fraud and force, to naked innocence:
And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way.
First, to our God we must with rev'rence bow;
The second honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate.
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our justice more compassion should extend:
To such who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with int'rest should be paid.
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase t'will yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and wrong be to another done:

Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine:
That liberality's but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.
And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that's unjust to be a king.
Justice must be from violence exempt,
But fraud's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion, dwells,
But justice both from human hearts expels;
But he's the greatest monster (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and slanders bear their share.
Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears;
Truth above all things a just man reveres.
Tho' not by oaths we God to witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
And yet our attestations we may wrest
Sometimes, to make the truth more manifest,
If by a lie a man preserve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;
Or if I break my promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy trust, conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
Express thyself in plain not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or dispute affords.
Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue;
Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.

When thou art called into public pow'r,
And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;
Small praise from len'ty and remissness comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright.
When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt.
Who accuse rigour make a gross mistake;
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make.
When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown.
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire
T' unlock the gates and set the town on fire.
Yet let the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed:
Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not glad,
Such spectacles, tho' they are just, are sad;
Tho' what thou dost thou ought'st not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent.
Rather than all must suffer some must die;
Yet Nature must condole their misery:
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn and those absolve.
Justice when equal scales she holds, is blind;
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind.
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;

And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die:
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords, like Sampson, and escape;—
So, like a fly the poor offender dies;
But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend;
Or, after warning, the offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just;
Reward them well if they observe their trust:
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made:
If his offence be great, let that suffice;
If light, forgive; for no man's always wise.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that abstersive tree
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her nest;
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,

Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other pris'ner they contest,
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards 'Pensive Chess,'
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilia Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops' heads like knights.

THE END.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

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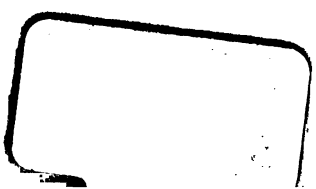
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